Boanerges and *Barnabas*:

JUDGMENT and MERCY, } Or, { WINE and OIL

FOR

Wounded and Afflicted

SOULS.

In Two Parts.

BY

Fra. Quarles.

The Ninth Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Royston*, Bookseller to his most Sacred Majesty, at the Angel in *Amen-Corner*, 1679.

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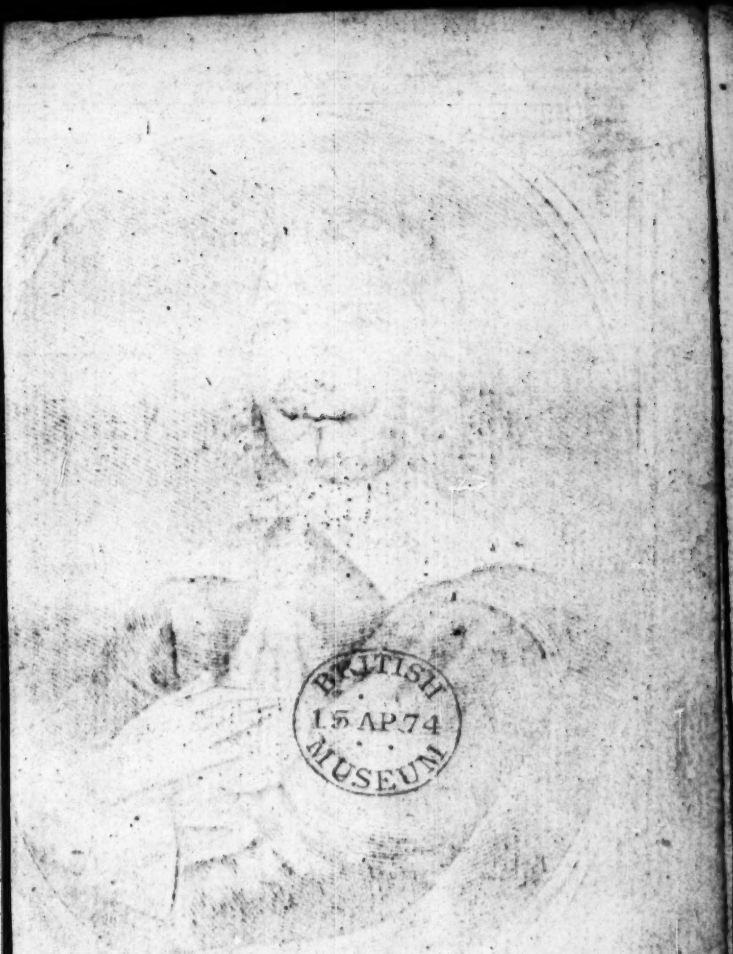
BRITISH
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MUSEUM

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What heere wee see is but a Graven fac
Onely the shadow of that brittle cas
Wherein were treasur'd vp those Gems which
Hath left behind him to Posterity

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THE great and general decay of Religion in this Nation, as it juſtly gives occaſion of wonder, ſo it is of concernment great enough to excuſe the trouble of enquiring into the true cauſes of ſo great a declenſion of Piety. And beſides our own experience it is eaſily obſerved out of all the Hiſtory of the *Church*, that a long peace and a continual ſucceſſion of proſperous times leads on to the corruption of the Faith, the decay of Holineſs and Charity. The Church of Chriſt hath ſeldom been a gainer by a temporal peace; as ſhe grew in Riches and Power, ſhe ſtill went leſs in Piety and Holineſs. Religion as it puts not on ſuch beauties as allure the e of the world, ſo it needs not the warmth of Halcyon days to breed

19

in: like ſome precious gums, it diſtills in greateſt plenty after ſtorms and violent thunders. And Faith and Holineſs have never more flouriſhed, than when the Profeſſors of it have been well exerciſed by the Perſecutions of the Adverſaries. And however the common enemy of our Salvation doth then act the Lion, worrying the little flock of Chriſt, *devouring and breaking in pieces and ſtamping the reſidue with his feet*; yet all this miſchief is more than abundantly recompenſed by thoſe great advantages the Church of God receives by the triumphant ſufferings and exemplary patience of the Saints. Inſomuch that the miſchief he doth in calm and proſperous times is more to be feared, becauſe not ſo eaſily diſcerned and prevented, when by his ſerpentine ſubtilty he inſinuates into the people of God the leaven of ſpiritual pride, ſchiſm,

Dan. 7. 7.

ſchiſm, contempt or neglect of his Word, with all the evils that wantonneſs or ſecurity bring in their retinue: ſo that as the bleſſings of Peace uſe to make up our thankſgivings, we have now reaſon to mention them in our penitential threnes and the ſongs of our ſorrow. This cauſe hath had an univerſal influence, and corrupted even ſome of thoſe whoſe Sacred Office obliged them to maintain the purity and ſincerity of Religion either with their doctrine or their bloud.

Whence the ſecond cauſe has its riſe; the great remiſsneſs both of civil and of ſacred Diſcipline. This made men either tranſgreſs the Laws with impunity, or be cenſured with partiality. For the Eccleſiaſtick power (with grief I mention it, not as an argument of reproach) was not ſo ſtrongly bent againſt prophaneneſs as duty and neceſſity did require. To which I may add that

whoſe parentage is of the ſame cauſe, the lives of many Churchmen bore a greater conformity to the ſins they were to reprove, than the vertues and precepts they taught. The world had ſo high a place in ſome of their hearts, that themſelves ſoon found little intereſt in the hearts of the world. And when the Diſpenſers of Religion fall into contempt, it muſt be a ſtrong arm, and more than that of fleſh, that can bear up Religion it ſelf, and keep that from falling too. As Government in the Church was intended a remedy againſt Schiſm, ſo the corruption of Government let in Schiſms and Factions in a full channel.

And that is a third cauſe of the decay of Piety, *viz.* The Schiſms, which have ſo ſhaken the fabrick of this Church, that nothing but a hand revealed from Heaven can reſtore it again to its former ſtrength and ſoundneſs. An abuſed zeal hath

had

had his evil influence upon the doctrines of almoſt all parties; that they have reſpectively thought the beſt way to find a truth, was to ſtand themſelves at the greateſt diſtance they could from their opponents. There were few parts either of *Faith* or *Obedience* which were not by ſome diſſenting parties reported as needleſs ſuperſtition or ſinful, on no better ground than this, that the thing could not be good in it ſelf, becauſe it came from an adverſary: a ground as vain, as if the *Spaniard* ſhould refuſe the Gold with which his *Indian* fleet comes home laden, becauſe it comes from the *Antipodes* of his Imperial City. By this means Faith and good Works, Prayer and Preaching, Repentance and Evangelical Holineſs, Prayer in Forms and *Extempore* have been alternately cried up to one anothers prejudice or loſs. And the effect hath been as ill as the principle was full

of error and miſtake. And from theſe diſputes, the concluſion hath been made by many, that Religion might be well enough preſerved and God ſufficiently ſerved without any of theſe; that what any Faction diſputed againſt was not at all neceſſary; that the inſtances of all duty were ſo clearly in Scripture determined, that no argument could be ſtrong enough to make a tender conſcience doubt of the neceſſity. If theſe ſpeculations had been confined to the Schools, the miſchief had ſpread no further than the noiſe of their wranglings: but ſince they have been the exerciſe and trouble of the weakeſt underſtandings and the moſt illiterate men, they that held their Religion by the weakeſt tenure have firſt quitted the poſſeſſion. So the publick aſſemblies have been made to ſerve the ends of faction, or wholly forſaken, and the hours of prayer have called them

too

too ſeldom into their cloſets; and the Church hath been abandoned by many, becauſe they could not there hear the ſweet whiſpers of peace and comfort for the rude noiſes of ſtriſe and debate.

For the fourth cauſe; miſtaken zeal hath cauſed many Preachers to intermeddle too buſily in their ſolemn diſcourſes to the people with controverſies not only Theological but Political too, with more reſpect to the intereſt of their party than that of Religion and the Kingdom of *Jeſus*. Thus contention grew, and faction thrived, and charity firſt left our Pulpits and then our hearts: and while men were taken up with the conſideration of myſteries, they neglected plain neceſſary duties, and fell into the ſink of all ſin and impiety; like the *Mileſian* Philoſopher, that with ſo much intention lift up his eyes to behold the ſtars, and conſider their aſpects, that neglecting

leaſing the care of the way he walked in, he fell into a lake, where he ended his life and ſpeculation too. And this evil prevailed the more, becauſe,

In the fifth place, there hath been a want of ſufficient maintenance in many places of the Land for the ſupport of faithful and able Miniſters. Such from their Pulpits might have rebuked this fooliſh ſpirit that was gone forth, and knew how by their doctrine and more edifying example to preach Obedience and practical Religion, inſtead of ſublime notions and uſeleſs myſteries and empty controverſies; and would eſteem it more honour, and find more comfort in ſubduing one luſt, than to have fathom'd all the depths of ſuch knowledge.

By all which it appears, that the diſeaſe is dangerous enough to need a remedy; and that the Reader hath many things beſide his private concern-

cernments to make the matter of his prayers. The way to exempt himſelf from the epidemical guilt of theſe evils is, to contend againſt them by prayer and practice: & that the right uſe of this Book may be of ſome efficacy to reſiſt the growth of the evil, I have thus much reaſon to warrant my belief, becauſe it hath already been more than once ſo well entertain'd abroad. Concerning which I will not weary the Reader, (who hath already, I ſuſpect, too often looked forward to ſee how far it is to the end of this Addreſs) to diſcourſe to him of the Author, or this work. His own pen has ſet him forth more, than now to need either Panegyrick or teſtimonials. And the uſefulneſs of the work I had rather the Reader ſhould underſtand by his own experience than mine. If he be devout, the title and deſign will invite his eye and pleaſe it too: if not, I have no temptation to add

any

any more evidences and aggravation to his crime of ſcoffing Religion and Religious books.

If it be thought neceſſary that ſomething may be ſaid to compoſe the Reader's mind concerning Forms of Prayer, becauſe *Extemporary* effuſions are the only acceptable ſacrifice, what uſe can there be of this Eſſay? I ſhall only ſay this, That the truly pious Reader may make uſe of this in his meditations, or other devotion, or as a pattern or *Directory* to both. This moreover is manifeſt, The Word of God is wholly ſilent in determining whether we ſhould uſe Forms of Prayer or *Extempore*; and in other inſtances ſuch ſilence is taken for an argument of indifferency. But however, the gift of Prayer conſiſts not in a volubility of tongue, and ready command of words, (that hath ſupernatural, and this only natural cauſes) but in the true affection & ſincerity

of

of the heart: For many graceleſs perſons and mere hypocrites have been obſerved to excel in readineſs of affectionate expreſſion, and a great command of Scripture-phraſe. But let the pious Chriſtian ſeriouſly reflect upon his ſins with a true and a growing ſorrow, and work his heart into a deep affection of his wants, and a due apprehenſion of that Majeſty to whom he makes his addreſs, (to which end he may receive great aſſiſtance from this book;) and he who makes ſuch preparation will want neither the gift nor reward of Prayer, whether his prayers be ſet and compoſed, or *extempore*. And if I may but feel the beſt effects of the Prayers of this Book offered up to Heaven with a ſpirit truly broken and humbled, (if the Chriſtian Reader pleaſe to believe I deſerve ſo much charity from him) I ſhall not be without reward, nor he uſe this Book without benefit.

A ſhort Narrative of the Authors Life.

Oncerning thoſe we love, we are curious to know all we can. And if the ſtone be of price, we are not contented the leaſt fragment ſhould periſh. Know then that the Author of this Book was a Gentleman of an ancient Family. His Father was *James Quarles* of *Rumford* Eſquire, Clerk of the Green-cloth, and Purveyor of the Navy to *Queen Elizabeth*, younger Brother to Sir *Robert Quarles*. After his Education at School in the Countrey and at *Chriſt's Colledge* in *Cambridge*, and laſt at *Lincoln's Inne*, he was for ſome time Cup-bearer to the *Queen* of *Bohemia*, and then Secretary to the Reverend and learned the late *Lord Primate* of *Ireland*; laſt of all Chronologer to the City of *London*, in which office he died. And the world had known that by a more eminent teſtimony, if Death had not kept him from finiſhing what he had deſigned and begun. He was the Husband of one Wife, and by her the Father of eighteen children. As in his life he had been moſt religious, ſo was he in his Death; in both a great Example of Devotion. He died *September* 8. 1644. being two and fifty years old, and lieth buried in the Pariſh Church of S. *Foſter London*.

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Judgment and Mercy for Afflicted Souls.

Part I.

The Senſual man's Solace.

COme, let's be *merry* and rejoyce our ſouls in *frolick* and in *freſh delights*: Let's ſcrue our pamper'd hearts a pitch beyond the reach of dull-brow'd ſorrow: Let's paſs the ſlow-pac'd time in melancholy-charming *mirth*, and take the advantage of our *youthful* days: Let's baniſh *care* to the dead Sea of Phlegmatick *old age*: Let a *deep ſigh* be *high Treaſon*, and let a *ſolemn look* be adjudged a *Crime* too great for *Pardon*. My ſerious *ſtudies* ſhall be to draw *mirth* into a body, to analyſe *laughter*, and to paraphraſe upon the various Texts of all *delight*. My *recreations* ſhall be to ſtill *Pleaſure* into a quinteſſence, to reduce *Beauty* to her firſt principles, and to extract a perfect *Innocence* from the milk-white Doves of *Venus*. Why ſhould I ſpend my precious minutes in the ſullen and dejected ſhades of *ſadneſs*? or ravel out my ſhort liv'd days in ſolemn and heart-breaking *Care*? Hours have Eagles wings, and when their haſty flight ſhall put a period to our numbred days, the world is gone with us, and all our forgotten joys are left to be enjoyed by the ſucceeding Generations, and we are ſnatch'd we know not how.

how, we know not whither, and wrapt in the dark boſom of eternal night. Come then, my ſoul, be wiſe, make uſe of the *time preſent*: that which is gone is paſt recalling, loſt, and not to be redeemed. Eat thy Bread with a *merry* heart, and gulp down *care* in *frolick* cups of liberal Wine. Beguile the tedious nights with *dalliance*, and ſteep thy ſtupid ſenſes in unctions and delightful *ſports*: 'Tis all the portion that this tranſitory world can give thee. Let Muſick, Voices, Maſques, midnight Revels, and all that melancholick wiſdom cenſures *vain*, be thy *delights*; and let thy care-abjuring ſoul *chear up* and *ſweeten* the ſhort dayes of thy conſuming *youth*. Follow the ways of thy own *heart*, and take the freedom of thy ſweet *deſires*. Leave no *delight* untried, and ſpare no coſt to heighten up thy *Luſts*. Take *pleaſure* in the *choice* of *pleaſures*, and pleaſe thy curious *eyes* with all *varieties*, to ſatisfie thy ſoul in all things which thy heart *deſires*. I but, my ſoul, when thoſe *evil days* ſhall come wherein thy *waſting pleaſures* ſhall preſent their *Items* to thy *bed-rid view*, when all *diſeaſes* and the *evils of age* ſhall muſter up their Forces in thy crazie bones, where be thy *comforts* then?

His Sentence.

Conſider, O my ſoul, and know that the day will come, and after that another, wherein for all theſe things

Eccleſ. 11. 9.

God will bring thee to judgment.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 14. 13.

EVen in laughter the heart is ſorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heavineſs.

Eccleſ. 2. 1, 2.

I ſaid in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, and therefore enjoy pleaſure: and behold this alſo is vanity. I ſaid of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doth it?

Jam 5. 5.

Ye have lived in pleaſure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nouriſhed your hearts as in the day of ſlaughter.

Eccleſ. 7. 4.

The heart of the wiſe man is in the houſe of mourning: but the heart of fools is in the houſe of mirth.

Iſid. in Synonymis.

Pleaſure is an Inclination to the unlawful objects of a corrupted mind, allured with a momentany ſweetneſs.

Hugo.

Senſuality is an immoderate indulgence of the fleſh, a ſweet poiſon, a ſtrong plague, a dangerous potion, which effeminates the body, and enervates the ſoul.

Caſſ. lib. 4. Ep.

They are moſt ſenſible of the burthen of affliction that are moſt taken with the pleaſures of the fleſh.

The Soliloquy.

WHat haſt thou now to ſay, O my ſoul, why this *judgment*, ſeconded with divine *proofs*, back'd with the *harmony* of holy men, ſhould not proceed againſt thee? Dally no longer with thy own *Salvation*, nor flatter thy own *Corruption*. Remember, the wages of fleſh are *ſin*, and the wages of ſin *Death*. God hath threatned it, whoſe *judgments* are *terrible*; God hath witneſſed it, whoſe *words* are *truth*. Conſider then, my ſoul, and let not *momentany pleaſures* flatter thee into *eternity of torments*. How many that have *trod thy ſteps* are now roaring in the *flames of Hell*? and yet thou trifleſt away the time of thy *Repentance*. O my poor deluded ſoul, *preſume* no longer; Repent *to day*, leſt *to morrow* come too late. Or couldſt thou travel out thy days beyond *Methuſalem*, tell me, alas! what will *Eternity* be the ſhorter for the deduction of a thouſand years? Be wiſely provident therefore, O my ſoul, and bid *vanity*, the common ſorcereſs of the world, farewel. *Life* and death are yet before thee; *Chuſe life*, and the God of life will ſeal thy *choice*. *Proſtrate* thy ſelf before him who delights not in the *death of a ſinner*, and preſent thy *Petitions* to him who can deny thee nothing in the name of a *Saviour*.

His Prayer.

O God in the beauty of whoſe holineſs is the *true joy* of thoſe that *love* thee, the *full happineſs* of thoſe that *fear* thee, and the *only reſt* of thoſe that *prize* thee, in reſpect of which the *tranſitory pleaſures* of the world are *leſs than nothing*, in compariſon of which the greateſt *wiſdom* of the world is *folly*, and the *glory* of the earth but *droſs* and *dung*; how dares my boldneſs thus preſume to preſs into thy glorious preſence? What can my prayers expect but thy juſt *wrath* and heavy *indignation*? O what return can the tainted breath of my polluted lips deſerve, but to be bound hand and foot, and caſt into the flames of Hell? But, Lord, the *merits* of my Saviour are greater than the *offences* of a ſinner, and the ſweetneſs of thy *mercy* exceeds the ſharpneſs of my *miſery*. The horror of thy *judgments* hath ſeized upon me, and I languiſh through the ſenſe of thy *diſpleaſure*. I have forſaken thee the reſt of my diſtreſſed ſoul, and ſet my affections upon the *vanity* of the deceitful world; I have taken *pleaſure* in my *fooliſhneſs*, and have vaunted my ſelf in mine *iniquity*; I have flattered my ſoul with the *honey* of *delights*, whereby I am made ſenſible of the *ſting* of my *affliction*: wherefore I loath and utterly abhor my ſelf, and from the bottom of my heart repent in duſt and aſhes. Behold, O Lord, I am impure and vile, and have wallowed in the puddle of mine

own

own Corruptions. The Sword of thy displeasure is drawn out against me, and what shall I plead, O thou preserver of Mankind? Make me a *new Creature*, O my God, and destroy the *old man* within me. Remove my affections from the love of *transitory things*, that I may run the way of thy *Commandments*. Turn away mine eyes from beholding *vanity*, and make thy *Testimonies* my whole *delight*. Give me strength to discern the *emptiness* of the *creature*, and inebriate my heart with the *fulness* of thy *Joys*. Be thou my portion, O God, at whose right hand stand pleasures for evermore. Be thou my refuge and my shield, and suffer me not to sink under the *corruptions* of my heart. Let not the house of *mirth* beguile me, but give me a sense of the *evil* to come. Accept the free-will-offerings of my mouth, and grant my petitions for the honour of thy Name. Then will I magnifie thy mercies, O God, and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Bernard.

Delicate and tender members become not a head stuck with thorns.

Anonym.

The pleasure of sin vanishes, the guilt remains, and the punishment is eternal.

The

The Vain-glorious man's Vaunt.

WHat tell'ſt thou me of *Conſcience* or a *pious* life? They are good *trades* for a *leaden* ſpirit, that can ſtand *bent* to every *frown*, and wants the *brains* to make a *higher Fortune*, or *courage* to atchieve that *honour* which might *glorifie* their names, and write their *memories* in the *Chronicles* of Fame. 'Tis true, *Humility* is a *needful gift* in thoſe that have no Quality to exerciſe their *pride*; and *Patience* is a *neceſſary Grace* to keep the world in *peace*, and him that hath it in a *whole skin*, and often proves a *vertue* born of a meer *neceſſity*. And civil *Honeſty* is a *fair pretence* for him that hath no wit to act the *Knave*, and makes a man capable of a little higher ſtyle than *Fool*. And bluſhing *Modeſty* is a pretty *innocent quality*, and ſerves to vindicate an eaſie nature from the imputation of all *ill-breeding*. Theſe are *inferior Graces*, that have not got a *good opinion* in the *dull wiſdom* of the world, and appear like water among the *Elements*, to moderate the *body Politick*, and keep it from *combuſtion*; nor do they come into the *work* of *honour*. *Vertue* conſiſts in *Action*, and the *reward* of *Action* is *Glory*. *Glory* is the *great ſoul* of the *little world*, and is the *Crown* of all *ſublime attempts*, and the *point* whereto the *crooked ways* of policy are all *concentrick*. *Honour* conſiſts not with a *pious*

life. Let thoſe that are *ambitious* of *a religious reputation* abjure all *honourable Titles,* and let their *dough-bak'd* ſpirits take a pride in *ſufferance* (the Anvil of all injuries) and be thankfully baffled into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, murthers, treaſons, diſpoſſeſſions, riots are venial things to *men* of *honour,* and oft co-incident in high purſuits. Had my dull *Conſcience* ſtood upon ſuch nice points, that little *honour* I have won had glorified ſome other arm, and left me *begging Morſels* at his Princely gates. Come, come, my ſoul, *Id factum juvat, quod fieri non licet. Fear not* to do, what *crowns* thee being done. Ride on with thy *honour,* and create a *name* to live with fair *Eternity.* Enjoy thy purchas'd *Glory* as the *merit* of thy *renowned Actions,* and let thy memory entail it to ſucceeding generations. Make thy own game: and if thy *Conſcience check* thee, *correct* thy ſawcy *Conſcience,* till ſhe ſtand as mute as metamorphos'd *Niobe.* Fear not the *frowns* of *Princes,* or the *imperious hand* of various *Fortune:* Thou art too *bright* for the one to *obſcure,* and too *great* for the other to cry down.

His Verdict.

But hark, my ſoul, I hear a voice that thunders in mine ear.

Hoſ. 4. 7.

I will change their glory into ſhame.

His

His Proofs.

Pſal. 49. 20.

MAN *that is born in honour and underſtandeth not, is like the beaſts that periſh.*

Prov. 25. 27.

It is not good to eat too much Honey: ſo for men to ſearch their own glory is not glory.

Jer. 9. 23.

Thus ſaith the Lord, Let not the wiſe man glory in his wiſdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he underſtandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord.

Gal. 5. 26.

Let us not be deſirous of vain-glory, &c.

S. Auguſt.

The vain-glory of the world is a deceitful ſweetneſs, an unfruitful labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous bravery, begun without providence, and finiſhed not without repentance.

Chryſoſt.

If thou deſireſt to be magnified and accounted honourable, deſpiſe honour, ſo ſhalt thou be honoured even of all.

S. Greg.

He that makes tranſitory honour the reward of a good work, ſets eternal glory at a low rate.

His Soliloquy.

VAin *glory* is a *Froth*, which blown off diſcovers a great *want of meaſure*. Canſt thou, O my ſoul, be guilty of ſuch an *emptineſs*, and not be challeng'd? Canſt thou appear in the ſearching eye of Heaven, and not expect to be caſt away? Deceive not thy ſelf, O my ſoul, nor flatter thy ſelf with thine own *greatneſs*. Search thy ſelf to the bottom, and thou ſhalt find enough to *humble* thee. Doſt thou glory in the favour of a Prince? The *frowns* of a Prince determine it. Doſt thou glory in thy *ſtrength*? A poor *Ague* betrays it. Doſt thou glory in thy *wealth*? The hand of a *thief* extinguiſhes it. Behold, my ſoul, how like a *Bubble* thou appeareſt, and with a *Sigh* break into ſorrow. The *gate* of Heaven is *ſtrait*; Canſt thou hope to enter without *breaking*? The *Bubble* that would paſs the Floudgates muſt firſt *diſſolve*. My ſoul, melt then in *tears*, and empty thy ſelf of all thy *vanity*, and thou ſhalt find divine *Repletion*; evaporate in thy *Devotion*, and thou ſhalt recruit thy greatneſs to eternal *Glory*.

Anonym.

Remember, O man, from whence thou wert taken, and that thou art brother to the dunghill.

His

His Prayer.

AND can I chuſe, O God, but tremble at thy *Judgments*? Or can my ſtony heart not ſtand amazed at thy *Threatnings*? It is thy voice, O God, and thou haſt ſpoken it: It is thy voice, O God, and I have heard it. Hadſt thou ſo dealt by me as thou didſt by *Babel's* proud King, and driven me from the ſons of men, thou hadſt but done according to thy righteouſneſs, and rewarded me according to my deſervings. What couldſt thou ſee in me leſs worthy of thy vengeance, than in him the example of thy juſtice? or, Lord, wherein am I more uncapable of thy indignation? There is nothing in me to move thy *mercy* but my *miſery*. Thy *goodneſs* is thy ſelf, and hath no ground but what proceedeth from it ſelf: yet have I ſinned againſt that *goodneſs*, and have thereby heaped up wrath againſt the day of wrath; inſomuch that, had not thy grace abounded with my ſin, I had long ſince been confounded in my ſin, and ſwallowed up in the Gulf of thy diſpleaſure. But, Lord, thou takeſt no delight to puniſh, and with thee is no reſpect of perſons: Thou takeſt no pleaſure in the *confuſion* of thy creature, but rejoyceſt rather in the *converſion* of a ſinner. Convert me therefore, O God, I ſhall be then converted: Make me ſenſible of my own corruptions, that I may ſee the vileneſs of my own condition. Pull down the *pride* of my ambiti-

ones heart; *humble* me, thou O God, and I ſhall be humbled; wean me from the thirſt of *tranſitory honour*, and let my whole delight be to *glory* in thee. Touch thou my *conſcience* with the fear of thy name, that in all my actions I may fear to offend thee. Endue me, O Lord, with the ſpirit of *meekneſs*, and teach me to overcome evil with a patient heart: *moderate* and curb the exorbitances of my paſſion, and give me a *temperate* uſe of all thy creatures. Repleniſh my heart with the Graces of thy ſpirit, that in all my ways I may be acceptable in thy ſight. In all conditions give me a *contented* mind, and upon all occaſions grant me a grateful heart; that *honouring* thee here in the Church Militant before men, I may be *glorified* hereafter in the Church Triumphant before thee and Angels; where filled with *true glory* according to the meaſure of Grace thou ſhalt be pleaſed to give me here, I may with Angels and Arch-angels praiſe thy Name for ever and ever hereafter.

S. Chryſoſt.

They who have deſpiſed all the tentations of riches, and have defiled themſelves with no worldly imagination, and have nobly reſiſted the ſtrong impulſes of concupiſcence, oftentimes being overcome with vain glory have loſt all.

The

The Oppreſſors Plea.

I Seek but what's my own by *Law*; It was his *own free Act* and *Deed*: The execution lies for *goods* or *body*, and *goods* or *body* I will have, or elſe my *money*. What if his beggerly *children* pine, or his proud *wife* periſh? They periſh at their *own* charge, not *mine*; and what is that to me? I muſt be *paid*, or he *lie by it* until I have my *utmoſt farthing*, or his *bones*. The *Law* is juſt and good, and being ruled by that, how can my fair proceedings be *unjuſt*? What's *thirty in the hundred* to a Man of Trade? Are we born to thrum Caps or pick Straws? and ſell our *livelihood* for a few *tears*, and a whining face? I thank God they move me not ſo much as a *howling* dog at midnight. I'le *give no day* if *heaven* it ſelf would be *ſecurity*; I muſt have *preſent money*, or his *bones*. The *Commodity* was good enough, as wares went then; and had he had but a thriving wit, with the neceſſary help of a *good merchandable conſcience*, he might have gained perchance as much as now he loſt: but howſoever, gain or not gain, I muſt have my *money*. Two tedious *Terms* my deareſt gold hath lain in his unprofitable hands. The coſt of *Suits* hath made me bleed above a ſcore of *Royals*, beſides my *Intereſt*, travel, half-pints and bribes; all which does but increaſe my beggerly defendants damages, and

ſets him deeper on my ſcore: but right's right, and I will have my *money* or his *bones*. Fifteen ſhillings in the pound compoſition! I'le hang firſt. Come, tell not me of a *good conſcience*: a good conſcience is no parcel of my trade; it hath made more *Bankrupts* than all the looſe wives in the univerſal City. My conſcience is no fool: It tells me that my own's my own, and that a well cramm'd *bag* is no deceitful friend, but will ſtick cloſe to me when all my *friends* forſake me. If to gain a good *eſtate* out of nothing, and to regain a deſperate debt which is as good as nothing, be the fruits and ſign of a *bad conſcience*, God help the *good*. Come, tell not me of griping and *Oppreſſion*. The World is hard, and he that hopes to thrive muſt gripe as hard. What I give I give, and what I lend I lend. If the way to Heaven be to turn *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it. I know not what you call *Oppreſſion*; the *Law* is my direction, but of the two it is more profitable to oppreſs than to be oppreſt. If debtors would be honeſt and diſcharge, our hands were bound; but when their failing offends my *bags*, they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I muſt right them.

But ha! what voice is this that whiſpers in mine ear?

His Puniſhment.

The Lord will ſpoil the ſoul of the Oppreſſors, Prov. 22. 23.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 22. 22, 23.

ROB not the poor because he is poor, neither oppreſs the afflicted in the gates: For the Lord will plead their cauſe, and ſpoil the ſoul of them that have ſpoiled him.

Ezek. 22. 29, 31.

The people of the land have uſed oppreſſion, and exerciſed Robbery, and have vexed the poor and needy; yea they have oppreſſed the ſtranger wrongfully: Therefore I have poured out my indignation upon them, I have conſumed them with the fire of my wrath.

Zech. 7. 9, &c.

Execute true judgment, and ſhew mercy and compaſſion every man to his brother, and oppreſs not the widow nor the fatherleſs, nor the ſtranger nor the poor, and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts againſt his brother. But they refuſed to hearken; therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of Hoſts.

Bern. p. 1691.

We ought ſo to care for our ſelves, as not to neglect the due regard of our neighbour.

Bern. Ibid.

He that is not merciful to another ſhall not find mercy from God: but if thou wilt be merciful and compaſſionate, thou ſhalt be a benefactor to thy own ſoul.

His Soliloquy.

IS it wiſdom in thee, O my ſoul, to covet a *happineſs*, or rather to account it ſo, that is ſought for with a *judgment*, obtained with a *curſe*, and puniſhed with *damnation*; and to neglect that *good* which is aſſured with a *promiſe*, purchaſed with a *bleſſing*, and rewarded with a *Crown* of Glory? Canſt thou hold it a *full eſtate*, *a good peniworth*, which is bought with the dear price of thy God's *diſpleaſure*? Tell me, What continuance can that *Inheritance* promiſe, that is raiſed upon the *ruines* of thy Brother? Or what *mercy* canſt thou expect from heaven, that haſt denied all *mercy* to thy *Neighbour*? O my hard-hearted ſoul, conſider, and relent: Build not an houſe whoſe poſts are ſubject to be rotted with a *curſe*: Conſider what the God of truth hath threatned againſt thy *cruelty*: Relent and turn *compaſſionate*, that thou maiſt be capable of his *compaſſion*. If the *deſire of Gold* hath hardned thy heart, let the *tears* of true *Repentance* mollifie it: ſoften it with *Aarons ointment*, until it become like Wax, to take the impreſſion of that *ſeal* which muſt confirm thy *Pardon*.

Prov. 5. 15.

Drink waters out of thine own Ciſtern.

His Prayer.

BUt will my God be now entreated? Is not my crying ſin too loud for pardon? Am I not ſunk too deep into the Jaws of Hell, for thy ſtrong arm to reſcue? Hath not the *hardneſs* of my *heart* made me uncapable of thy compaſſion? O if my tears might waſh away my ſin, my Head ſhould turn a living Spring. Lord, I have heard thee ſpeak, and am afraid; the word is paſt, and thy judgments have found me out. Fearfulneſs and trembling are come upon me, and the Jaws of Hell have overwhelmed me. I have *oppreſſed the poor*, and added *affliction* to the *afflicted*, and the voice of their miſery is come before thee. They beſought me with tears, and in the anguiſh of their ſouls, but I have ſtopt mine ears againſt the cry of their complaint. But, Lord, thou walkeſt not the ways of man, and remembreſt mercy in the midſt of thy wrath; for thou art good and gracious, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in compaſſion to all that ſhall call upon thee. Forgive me, O God, my ſins that are paſt, and deliver me from the guilt of my *Oppreſſion*. Take from me, O God, this heart of ſtone, and create in me a heart of fleſh. Aſſwage the vehemency of my deſires to the things below, and ſatisfie my ſoul with the ſufficiency of thy Grace. Inflame my affections, that I may love thee with a filial love; and encline me to relie upon thy fatherly providence.

Lee

Let me account *godlineſs* my greateſt *gain*, and ſubdue in me my *luſts* after filthy *lucre*. Preſerve me, O Lord, from the vanity of *ſelf-love*, and plant in my affections the true *love of* my *neighbours*. Endue my heart with the bowels of *compaſſion*, and then reward me according to thy righteouſneſs. Direct me, O God, in the ways of my life, and let a good Conſcience be my continual comfort. Give me a willing heart to make *reſtitution* of what I have wrongfully gotten by *oppreſſion*. Grant me a lawful uſe of all thy Creatures, and a thankful heart for all thy benefits. Be merciful to all thoſe that groan under the burthen of their own wants, and give them patience to expect thy deliverance. Give me a heart that may acknowledge thy favours, and fill my tongue with praiſe and thankſgiving: that living here a new life, I may become a new creature; and being ingraffed in thee by the power of thy grace, I may bring forth fruit to thy honour and glory.

S. Chryſoſt.

God is not honoured in the expence of that money which is bedewed with the tears of the Oppreſſed.

Sol.

He that oppreſſeth the poor upbraideth his Maker.

The

The Drunkard's Jubilee.

WHat *Complement* will the ſeverer world allow to the *vacant hours* of frolick-hearted *youth*? How ſhall their *free*, their *jovial ſpirits* entertain their *time*, their *friends*? What Oyl ſhall be infuſed into the Lamp of dear *ſociety*, if they deny the priviledge of a civil rejoycing *Cup*? It is the *life*, the *radical humour* of *united ſouls*: whoſe love-digeſtive heat even ripens and ferments the green materials of a plighted faith; without the help whereof *new married friendſhip* falls into *divorce*, and joyn'd *acquaintance* ſoon reſolves into the firſt Elements of *ſtrangeneſs*. What mean theſe ſtrict *Reformers* thus to ſpend their hour-glaſſes, and bawl againſt our harmleſs *cups*? to call our meetings *Riots*, and brand our civil mirth with ſtiles of looſe *Intemperance*? when they can ſit at a Siſters Feaſt, devour and gormondize beyond exceſs, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and cloath their ſurfeits in the long fuſtian Robes of a *tedious Grace*. Is it not much better in a fair friendly *Round* (ſince youth muſt have a ſwing) to ſteep our ſoul-afflicting ſorrows in a chirping *Cup*, than hazard our eſtates upon the abuſe of providence in a fooliſh caſt at *Dice*? or at a *Cock-pit* leave our doubtful fortunes to the mercy of unmerciful contention? or ſpend our wanton days in ſacrificing coſtly preſents

to

to a *fleſhly Idol*? Was not *Wine* given to exhilarate the *drooping hearts* and raiſe the drowzy ſpirits of *dejected ſouls*? Is not the liberal *Cup* of the *Sucking-bottle* of the ſons of *Phœbus*, to ſolace and refreſh their palates in the nights of ſad *Invention*? Let dry-brain'd *Zealots* ſpend their idle breaths; my *cups* ſhall be my *cordials* to reſtore my care-befeebled *heart* to the true *Temper* of a well-complexioned *mirth*. My ſolid *Brains* are potent, and can bear enough, without the leaſt offence to my diſtempered *Senſes*, or interruption of my boon companions. My *tongue* can in the very *Zenith* of my *Cups* deliver the expreſſions of my compoſed thoughts with better ſenſe than theſe my grave *Reformers* can their beſt adviſed prayers. My *Conſtitution* is pot-proof, and ſtrong enough to make a fierce encounter with the moſt ſtupendious veſſel that ever ſailed upon the tides of *Bacchus*. My *Reaſon* ſhrinks not; my *Paſſion* burns not.

O but, my ſoul, I hear a threatning voice that interrupts my language.

Eſay 5. 22.

Wo be to them that are mighty to drink Wine.

His

His Proofs.

Wine is a mocker; ſtrong drink is raging: and whoſoever is deceived thereby is not wiſe.

Eſay 5. 11.

Wo be to them that riſe up early in the morning to follow ſtrong drink; that continue till night, until wine inflame them.

Prov. 23. 20.

Be not amongſt wine-bibbers.

1 Cor. 5. 11.

Now I have written unto you, not to keep company; if any that is called a brother be a drunkard, with ſuch a one no not to eat.

Aug. in lib. Pœn.

Whilſt the drunkard ſwallows wine, wine ſwallows him; God diſregards him, Angels deſpiſe him, Men deride him, Vertue declines him, the Devil deſtroys him.

Aug. ad ſac. Virg.

Drunkenneſs is the mother of all evil, the matter of all miſchief, the well-ſpring of all vices, the trouble of the ſenſes, the tempeſt of the tongue, the ſhipwrack of chaſtity, the conſumption of time, a voluntary madneſs, the corruption of manners, the diſtemper of the body, and the deſtruction of the ſoul.

His Soliloquy.

MY ſoul, it is the voice of God, digeſted into a *judgment*. There is no kicking againſt *Pricks*, or arguing againſt a Divine *Truth*. Pleadeſt thou *Cuſtom*? Cuſtom in *ſin* multiplies it. Pleadeſt thou *ſociety*? Society in the *offence* aggravates the puniſhment. Pleadeſt thou *help to Invention*? Woe be to that *barrenneſs* that wants ſuch *ſhowers*. Pleadeſt thou *ſtrength* to bear much Wine? *Woe to thoſe that are mighty to drink ſtrong drink.* My ſoul, thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Creator*, in abuſing that *creature* he made to ſerve thee; Thou haſt ſinned againſt the *creature*, in turning it to the *Creator*'s diſhonour; Thou haſt ſinned againſt *thy ſelf*, in making thy *comfort* thy *confuſion*. How many want that *bleſſing* thou haſt turn'd into a *curſe*? How many *thirſt* whilſt thou *ſurfeiteſt*? What *ſatisfaction* wilt thou give to the *Creator*, to the *creature*, to *thy ſelf*, againſt all whom thou haſt tranſgreſſed? To *thy ſelf*, by a *ſober life*; to the *creature*, by a *right uſe*; to thy *Creator*, by a true *Repentance*; the way to all which is *Prayer* and *Thankſgiving*.

His

His Prayer.

HOW truly then, O God, this heavy woe belongs to this my boaſted ſin? How many judgments are compriſed and abſtracted in this woe, and all for me, even me, O God, the miſerable ſubject of thy eternal wrath; even me, O Lord, the mark whereat the ſhafts of thy diſpleaſure level? Lord, I was a ſinner in my firſt conception, and in ſin hath my Mother brought me forth: I was no ſooner, but I was a ſlave to ſin; and all my life is nothing but the practice and trade of high Rebellion. I have turn'd thy bleſſings into thy diſhonour, and all thy graces into wantonneſs. Yet haſt thou been my God even from the very womb, and didſt ſuſtain me when I hung upon my Mothers breaſt. Thou haſt waſhed me, O Lord, from my pollution; but like a Swine I have returned to my mire. Thou haſt glaunced into my breaſt the bleſſed motions of thy holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the ſpring-tides of my in-born corruption. I have vomited up my filthineſs before thee, and like a dog have I returned to my vomit. Be merciful, O God, unto me. Have mercy on me, O thou Son of *David*. I cannot, O Lord, expect the childrens bread; yet ſuffer me to lick the crums that fall beneath their table. I that have ſo oft abuſed the greateſt of thy bleſſings, am not worthy of the meaneſt of thy favours. Look, look upon me according to the goodneſs of thy mercy,

mercy, and not according to the greatneſs of my offences. Give me, O God, a *ſober* heart, and a lawful *moderation* in the enjoyment of thy Creatures. Reclaim my appetite from unſeaſonable delights, leſt I turn thy bleſſings into a curſe. In all my dejection be thou my comfort, and let my rejoycing be only in thee. Propoſe to mine eyes the evilneſs of my days, and make me careful to redeem my time. Wean me from the pleaſure of vain *ſociety*, and let my *Companions* be ſuch as fear thee. Forgive all ſuch as have been partners in my ſin, and turn their hearts to the obedience of thy Laws. Open their ears to the reproofs of the wiſe, and make them powerful in reformation. Allay that luſt which my *intemperance* hath inflam'd, and cleanſe my affections with the grace of thy good ſpirit. Make me thankful for the ſtrength of my body, that I may for the time to come return it to the advantage of thy glory.

S. Auguſt.

It is moſt ſhameful, that luſt ſhould ſubdue him whom the ſtrength of man cannot: that he ſhould be overcome with wine, that ſcorns to ſtoop to anothers ſword.

Ecclus. 31. 25.

Shew not thy valiantneſs in wine, for wine hath deſtroyed many.

The

The Swearers Apologie.

Will *Boanerges* never ceaſe? And will theſe *Plague-denouncers* never leave to thunder judgments in my trembling ear? Nothing but *plagues*? nothing but *judgments*? nothing but *damnation*? What have I done to make my caſe *deſperate*? And what have they not done to make my ſoul *deſpair*? Have I ſet up falſe Gods like the *Egyptians*? Or have I bowed before them like the *Iſraelites*? Have I violated the Sabbath like the *Libertines*? Or, like curſed *Cham*, have I diſcovered my Fathers nakedneſs? Have I embrued my hands in blood like *Barabbas*? Or like *Aboſom* defiled my fathers Bed? Have I like *Jacob* ſupplanted my elder brother? Or like *Ahab* intruded into *Naboths* Vineyard? Have I born falſe witneſs like the wanton *Elders*? Or like *David* coveted *Uriahs* Wife? Have I not given *Tithes* of all I have? Or hath my *purſe* been hide-bound to my *hungry* brother? Hath not my *life* been *blameleſs* before men? and my *demeanour unreproveable* before the world? Have I not hated *Vice* with a perfect hatred? and countenanc'd *vertue* with a due reſpect? What mean theſe *ſtrict obſervers* of my life, to ranſack every *action*, to carp at every *word*, and with their ſharp cenſorious tongues to ſentence every *frailty* with *damnation*? Is there no *allowance* to humanity?

humanity? No *Grains* to fleſh and bloud? Are we all *Angels*? Has mortality no *priviledge* to ſuperſede it from the utmoſt puniſhment of a little *neceſſary* frailty? Come, come, my ſoul, let not theſe *judgment-thunders* fright thee: Let not theſe *Qualms* of their *exuberant Zeal* diſturb thee. Thou haſt not curſed like *Shimei*, nor rail'd like *Rabſhakeh*, nor lied like *Ananias*, nor ſlander'd like thy *accuſers*. They that cenſure thy *Gnats* ſwallowed their own *Camels*. What if the luxuriant ſtyle of thy diſcourſe do chance to ſtrike upon an obvious *Oath*? art thou ſtraight hurried into the boſom of a *Plague*? What if the *cuſtom* of a harmleſs *Oath* ſhould captivate thy heedleſs tongue? Can nothing under ſudden *judgment* ſeize upon thee? What if anothers *diffidence* ſhould force thy earneſt lips into a haſty *Oath*, in confirmation of a ſuffering *truth*? Muſt thou be ſtraightways branded with *damnation*? Was *Joſeph* mark'd for everlaſting death, for ſwearing by the life of *Egypts* King? Was *Peter* when he ſo denied his Maſter, ſtraight damn'd for *ſwearing*, and forſwearing? O flatter not thy ſelf, my ſoul, nor turn thou *Advocate* to ſo high a ſin: Make not the *ſlips* of Saints a *preſident* for thee to *fall*.

His Arraignment.

If the *Rebukes* of fleſh may not prevail, hear then the *threatning* of the Spirit, which ſaith, *The Plague ſhall not depart from the houſe of the Sweerer.*

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 7.

THou ſhalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltleſs that taketh his Name in vain.

Zech. 5. 3.

And every one that ſweareth ſhall be cut off.

Matth. 5. 34, &c.

Swear not at all: neither by Heaven, for it is God's Throne; nor by Earth, for it is his foot-ſtool: But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatſoever is more than theſe cometh of evil.

Jer. 23. 10.

Becauſe of ſwearing the Land mourneth.

Auguſt in Ser.

The murtherer killeth the body of his brother; but the ſwearer murthers his own ſoul.

Auguſt. in Pſal. 88.

It's well that God hath forbidden man to ſwear, leſt by cuſtom of ſwearing (inaſmuch as we are apt to miſtake) we commit perjury: there's none but God can ſafely ſwear, becauſe there's no other but may be deceived.

Auguſt. de Mendacio.

I ſay unto you, Swear not at all: Leſt by ſwearing ye come to a facility of ſwearing, from a facility to a cuſtom, and from a cuſtom ye fall into perjury.

His

His Soliloquy.

O What a *judgment* is here! How terrible! How full of execution! The *Plague*! the extract of all diſeaſes! none ſo mortal, none ſo comfortleſs! it makes our houſe a *Priſon*, our friends *ſtrangers*. No *comfort* but in the expectation of the *months* end. I, but this judgment excludes that comfort too; *The Plague ſhall never depart from the houſe of the ſwearer*. What, never? *Death* will give it a Period. No, but it ſhall be entail'd upon his *houſe*, his *family*. O deteſtable! O deſtructive ſin! that leaves a *Croſs* upon the doors of *Generations*, and lays whole *families* upon the duſt. A ſin whereto neither *Profit* incites, nor *Pleaſure* allures, nor *Neceſſity* compels, nor *Inclination* of nature perſwades; a meer *voluntary*, begun with a *malignant* imitation, and continued with an *habitual* preſumption. Conſider, O my ſoul, every *Oath* hath been a nail to wound that *Saviour* whoſe *bloud* (O mercy above expreſſion!) muſt ſave thee: Be ſenſible of thy *Actions* and his *ſufferings*: Abhor thy ſelf in duſt and *aſhes*, and magnifie his mercy that hath turn'd this judgment from thee. Go, waſh thoſe wounds which thou haſt made with tears, and humble thy ſelf with Prayer and true Repentance.

His Prayer.

ETernal and Omnipotent God, before whoſe glorious name Angels and Archangels bow and hide their faces, to which the bleſſed Spirits and Saints of thy triumphant Church ſing forth perpetual *Hallelujahs*; I, a poor Sprig of diſobedient *Adam*, do here make bold to take that holy Name into my ſin polluted lips. I have hainouſly ſinned, O God, againſt thee, and againſt it; I have diſparaged it in my thoughts, diſhonoured it in my words, profaned it in my actions; and I know thou art a jealous God, and a conſuming fire, as faithful in thy promiſes, ſo fearful in thy judgments. I therefore fly from the dreadful name of *Jehovah*, which I have abuſed, to that gracious name of *Jeſus*, wherein thou art well pleaſed: in that moſt ſacred Name, O God, I fall before thee, and for his beloved ſake, O Lord, I come unto thee. Cleanſe thou my *heart*, O God, and then my *tongue* ſhall praiſe thee: waſh thou my *ſoul*, O Lord, and then my *lips* ſhall bleſs thee. Work in my heart a fear of thy diſpleaſure, and give me an awful reverence of thy *Name*. Set thou a watch before my *lips*, that I offend not with my *tongue*. Let no reſpects entice me to be an inſtrument of thy *diſhonour*, and let thy *attributes* be precious in my eyes; teach me the way of thy Precepts, O Lord, and make me ſenſible of all my offences. Let not my ſinful *cuſtom* in

ſinning

ſinning againſt thy Name take from my guilty ſoul the *ſenſe* of my ſin. Give me reſpect unto all thy Commandments; but eſpecially preſerve me from the danger of this my boſom ſin. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy ſervants, and ſtrike into my inward parts a fear of thy judgments. Let all my communication be order'd as in thy preſence, and let the words of my mouth be governed by thy Spirit. Avert thoſe judgments from me which thy Word hath threatned, and my ſin hath deſerved, and ſtrengthen my reſolution for the time to come. Work in me a true godly ſorrow, that it may bring forth in me a newneſs of life. Sanctifie my thoughts with the continual meditation of thy Commandments, and mortifie thoſe paſſions which provoke me to offend thee. Let not the *examples* of others induce me to this ſin, nor let the frailties of my fleſh ſeek Fig-leaves to cover it. Seal in my heart the full aſſurance of thy Reconciliation, and look upon me in the bowels of compaſſion; that crowning my weak deſires with thy All-ſufficient power, I may eſcape this *judgment* which thy juſtice hath threatned here, and obtain that *happineſs* thy mercy hath promiſed hereafter.

S. Chryſoſt.

There is none that uſeth to ſwear often, but will ſometimes chance to forſwear: as he that gives the reins to his tongue too much, often ſpeaks that which he bluſhes for in ſilence.

The

The Procraſtinator's Remora's.

ELL me no more of *Faſting*, *Prayer*, and *Death*: They fill my thoughts with *dumps* of *Melancholy*. Theſe are no *ſubjects* for *a youthful ear*; no *contemplations* for an *active* ſoul. Let them whom ſullen *Age* hath weaned from aiery *pleaſures*, whom wayward *fortune* hath condemned to *ſighs* and *groans*, whom ſad *diſeaſes* have beſlaved to *drugs* and *diets*; let them conſume the remnant of their wretched days in dulls *devotion*: Let them afflict their aking ſouls with the untunable diſcourſes of *mortality*; let them contemplate on *evil days*, and read ſharp *Lectures* of their own experience. For me, my bones are full of unctuous *marrow*, and my bloud of ſprightly *Youth*. My fair and free eſtate ſecures from the fears of fortune's *frown*. My *ſtrength* of *conſtitution* hath the power to grapple with ſorrow, ſickneſs, nay the very pangs of death, and overcome. 'Tis true, God muſt be *ſought*: What impious tongue dare be ſo baſely bold to contradict ſo *known a Truth*: And by *Repentance* too: What ſtrange impiety dare *deny* it? or what preſumptuous lips dare *diſavow* it? But there is a *time* for all things, yet none prefixt for this, no *day deſigned*; but, *At what time ſoever*. If my *unſeaſonable heart* ſhould ſeek him now, the work would be too ſerious for ſo *green a ſeeker*. My thoughts are

yet unſetled, my *fancy* yet too-too gameſome, my *judgment* yet unſound, my *will* unſanctified. To ſeek him with an *unprepared* heart is the high way *not to find* him; or to find him with unſetled reſolution is the next way to *loſe* him; and indeed it wants but little of *prophaneneſs*, to be *unſeaſonably religious*. What is once to be done, is long to be deliberated. Let the *boiling pleaſures* of the rebellious fleſh evaporate a little, and let me drain my boggy ſoul from thoſe corrupted in-bred *humors* of *collapſed nature*: and when the tender *bloſſom* of my *youthful vanity* ſhall begin to *fade*, my ſetled *underſtanding* will begin to *knot*, my ſolid *judgment* will begin to *ripen*, my rightly-guided *will* will be *reſolved*, both what to *ſeek*, and when to *find*, and how to *prize*: till then my tender *youth*, in her purſuit, will be diſturb'd with every *blaſt* of honour, diverted with every flaſh of pleaſure, miſled by *counſel*, turned back with *fear*, puzled with *doubt*, interrupted by *paſſion*, withdrawn with *proſperity*, and diſcourag'd with *adverſity*.

His Repulſe.

Take heed, my ſoul: when thou haſt loſt thy ſelf in thy *journey*, how wilt thou find thy God at thy *journeys end*? whom thou haſt loſt by too long *delay*, thou wilt hardly find with too late a *diligence*. Take time while time ſhall ſerve: that day may come wherein,

Hoſ. 5. 6.

Thou ſhalt ſeek the Lord, but ſhalt not find him.

His

His Proofs.

Esay 55. 6.

SEek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.

Heb. 12. 17.

He found no place for repentance, though he sought it with tears carefully.

Luke 12. 20.

Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.

Revel. 2. 21.

I gave her a space to repent, but she repented not: Behold therefore I will cast her, &c.

Greg. lib. Mor.

Seek God whilst thou canst not see him; for when thou seest him thou canst not find him: seek him by hope, and thou shalt find him by faith. In the day of grace he is invisible, but near; in the day of judgment he is visible, but far off.

Bern. Ser. 24.

If we would not seek God in vain, let us seek him in truth, often and constantly: Let us not seek another thing in stead of him, nor any other thing with him, nor for any other thing leave him.

His Soliloquy.

O My ſoul, thou haſt ſought *wealth*, and haſt either not found it, or *cares* with it: Thou haſt ſought for *pleaſure*, and haſt found it, but no *comfort* in it: Thou ſoughteſt *honour*, and haſt found it, and perchance *fallen* with it: Thou ſoughteſt *friendſhip*, and haſt found it *falſe*; *ſociety*, and haſt found it *vain*. And yet thy *God*, the fountain of all wealth, pleaſure, honour, friendſhip and ſociety, thou haſt ſlighted as a toy not worth the finding. Be wiſe, my ſoul, and bluſh at thy own *folly*. Set thy deſires on the right *object*. Seek *wiſdom*, and thou ſhalt find knowledge, and wealth, and honour, and length of days. Seek *heaven* and *earth* ſhall ſeek *thee*; and defer not thy *Inqueſt*, leſt thou loſe thy *opportunity*. *To day* thou maiſt find him whom *to morrow* thou maiſt ſeek with tears, and miſs. *Yeſterday* is *too late*, to *morrow* is *uncertain*, to *day* is only *thine*. I but, my ſoul, I fear me too long delay hath made *this day too late*. Fear not, my ſoul: he that has given thee his *Grace to day* will forget thy *neglect* of *yeſterday*: ſeek him therefore by true *repentance*, and thou ſhalt find him in thy Prayer.

His Prayer.

O God, that like thy precious Word art *hid* to none but who are *loſt*, and yet art *found* by all that ſeek thee with an upright heart, caſt down thy gracious eye upon a loſt ſheep of *Iſrael*, ſtrayed through the vanity of his unbridled youth, and wandred in the wilderneſs of his own invention. Lord, I have too much delighted in mine own ways, and have *put* the *evil day* too *far from me*. I have wallowed in the *pleaſures* of this deceitful world, which periſh in the uſing, and have *neglected* thee my God, at whoſe right hand are *pleaſures* for evermore. I have drawn on *iniquity* as with *Cart ropes*, and have committed *evil* with *greedineſs*. I have *quencht* the motions of thy good *ſpirit*, and have *delayed* to ſeek thee by true and unfeigned *repentance*. Inſtead of ſeeking thee whom I have loſt, I have withdrawn my ſelf from thy preſence when thou haſt *ſought* me. It were but *juſtice* therefore in thee to ſtop thine ears at my petitions, or turn my Prayers as ſin into my boſom. But, Lord, thou art a gracious God, and full of pity and unwearied compaſſion, and thy loving-kindneſs is from generation to generation. Lord, in not *ſeeking* thee I have utterly *loſt* my ſelf, and if thou *find* me not, I am *loſt* for ever; and if thou *find* me, thou canſt not but find me in my *ſins*, and then thou *findeſt* me to my own *deſtruction*. How miſerable, O Lord, is

my condition! How neceſſary is my confuſion that have neglected to *ſeek* thee, and therefore am afraid to be found of thee! But, Lord, if thou look upon the all-ſufficient *merits* of thy Son, thy *juſtice* will be no loſer in ſhewing mercy upon a ſinner: In his *name* therefore I preſent my ſelf before thee; in his *merits* I make my humble approach unto thee: in his name I offer up my feeble Prayers; for his merits grant me my petitions. Call not to mind the *rebellions* of my fleſh, and remember not, O God, the vanities of my youth: Inflame my *heart* with the *love* of thy preſence, and reliſh my meditations with the *pleaſure* of thy ſweetneſs. Let not the conſideration of thy *juſtice* overwhelm me in *deſpair*, nor the meditation of thy mercy perſwade me to preſume. Sanctifie my *will* by the wiſdom of thy Spirit, that I may *deſire* thee as the chiefeſt good. Quicken my *deſires* with a fervent zeal, that I may *ſeek* my Creator in the days of my youth. Teach me to *ſeek* thee according to thy *will*, and then be found according to thy *promiſe*; that *living* in me here by thy *grace*, I may hereafter *reign* with thee in *glory*.

Greg.

God that hath promiſed pardon to the penitent, hath not promiſed the reſpite of to morrow to the impenitent ſinner.

The

The Hypocrites Prevarication.

Here is no ſuch ſtuff to make a *cloak* on as *Religion*; nothing ſo faſhionable, nothing ſo profitable: it is a *Livery* wherein a wiſe man may ſerve two maſters, *God* and the *world*, and make a gainful ſervice by either. I ſerve both, and in both *my ſelf*, in *prevaricating* with both. Before *man* none ſerves his God with more ſevere *devotion*, for which among the beſt of men I work my own ends and ſerve my ſelf. In *private* I ſerve the *world*, not with ſo ſtrict *devotion*, but with more *delight*, where fulfilling of her ſervants *luſts* I work my end and ſerve my ſelf. The houſe of *Prayer* who more frequents than I? In all Chriſtian *duties* who more forward than I? I *faſt* with thoſe that faſt, that I may *eat* with thoſe that eat: I *mourn* with thoſe that mourn. No hand more open to the *cauſe* than mine, and in their families none *prays longer* and with *louder* zeal. Thus when the *opinion* of a *holy life* hath cried the *goodneſs* of my Conſcience up, my *trade* can lack no *cuſtom*, my *wares* can want no *price*, my *words* can need no *credit*, my *actions* can lack no *praiſe*. If I am *covetous*, it is interpreted *providence*; if *miſerable*, it is counted *temperance*; if *melancholy*, it is conſtrued *godly ſorrow*; if *merry*, it is voted *ſpiritual* joy: If I be *rich*, 'tis thought the *bleſſing* of a *godly life*; if *poor*,

ſuppoſed the fruit of *conſcionable dealing*: if I be *well ſpoken* of, it is the merit of *holy converſation*; if *ill*, it is the *malice* of *Malignants*. Thus I ſail with every wind, and have my *end* in all conditions. This *cloak* in *Summer* keeps me cool, in *Winter* warm, and hides my naſty Bag of all my *ſecret luſts*. Under this Cloak I walk in *publick fairly* with *applauſe*, and in *private* ſin *ſecurely* without *offence*, and offeriate *wiſely* without *diſcovery*. *I* compaſs Sea and Land to make a *Proſelyte*; and no ſooner *made*, but he *makes* me. At a *Faſt I* cry *Geneva*, and at a *Feaſt I* cry *Rome*. *If I* be *poor*, *I counterfeit abundance* to ſave my credit, if *Rich*, *I diſſemble Poverty* to ſave charges. *I* moſt frequent *Schiſmatical Lectures*, which *I* find moſt *profitable*, from whence learning to divulge and maintain *new doctrines*, they maintain me in ſuppers thrice a week. *I* uſe the help of a *lie* ſometimes, as a Religious *Stratagem* to uphold the *Goſpel*; and *I* colour *oppreſſion* with God's *judgments* executed upon the *wicked*. *Charity I* hold an extraordinary *duty*, therefore not *ordinarily* to be performed. What *I openly reprove abroad*, for my own *profit*, that *I ſecretly act at home*, for my own *pleaſure*.

His Woe.

But ſtay, *I* ſee a hand-writing in my heart damps my ſoul: 'tis characſtered in theſe ſad words.

Matth. 23. 13.

Woe be to you, Hypocrites.

His

His Proofs.

Job 20. 5.

THe triumphing of the wicked is ſhort; the joy of a hypocrite is but for a moment.

Job 15. 34.

The Congregation of the hypocrites ſhall be deſolate.

Prov. 11. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth deſtroyeth his neighbour: but through knowledge ſhall the juſt be delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Phariſees, which is hypocriſie.

Job 36. 13, 14.

The hypocrites in heart heap up wrath: They die in their youth, and their life is amonſt the unclean.

Salvian. de Gubern. Dei, l. 4.

The hypocrites love not thoſe things they profeſs, and what they pretend in words they diſclaim in practice: their ſin is the more damnable becauſe uſhered in with pretence of piety, having the greater guilt becauſe it obtains a godly repute.

Hieron Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, than to be thought holy; for what profits it thee to be thought to be what thou art not? and that man doubles his guilt, who is not ſo holy as the world thinks him, and counterfeits that holineſs which he hath not.

His Soliloquy.

HOW like a living *Sepulchre* did I appear; without, beautified with *Gold* and rich *invention*; within, nothing but a loathed *corruption*? So long as this fair *Sepulchre* was clos'd, it paſt for a curious Monument of the *Builders Art*, but being opened by theſe ſpiritual *Keys*, 'tis nothing but a *Receptacle* of offenſive *putrefaction*. In what a *naſty dungeon* haſt thou, my ſoul, ſo long remain'd unſtifled? How wert thou *wedded* to thy own *corruptions*, that could'ſt endure thy unſavoury filthineſs? The *world* hated me, becauſe I *ſeemed* good; *God* hated me, becauſe I *only ſeemed good*. I had no *friend* but my ſelf, and this friend was my boſom-enemy. O my ſoul, is there *water* enough in *Jordan* to cleanſe thee? Hath Gilead *Balm* enough to *heal* thy ſuperannuated *ſores*? I have ſinned: I am convinced, I am convicted. God's *Mercy* is above *Dimenſions*, when ſinners have not ſinned beyond *Repentance*. Art thou, my ſoul, truly *penitent* for thy ſin? Thou haſt free *intereſt* in his *mercy*. Fall then, my ſoul, before his *Mercy-ſeat*, and he will crown thy *Penitence* with his *pardon*.

His Prayer.

O God, before the brightneſs of whoſe All-diſcerning *eye* the *ſecrets* of my *heart* appear, before whoſe clear *omniſcience* the very *entrals* of my *ſoul* lie open, who art a God of righteouſneſs and truth, and loveſt uprightneſs in the inward parts; How can I chuſe but fear to thruſt into thy glorious preſence, or move my ſinful lips to call upon that Name which I ſo often have diſhonoured, and made a *Cloak* to hide the baſeneſs of my *cloſe* tranſgreſſions? Lord, when I look into the progreſs of my filthy life, my guilty conſcience calls me to ſo ſtrict account, and reflects me to ſo large an inventory of my *preſumptuous ſins*, that I commit a greater ſin in thinking them more infinite than thy *mercy*. But, Lord, thy *mercies* have no date, nor is thy *goodneſs* circumſcribed. The gates of thy compaſſion are alwayes open to a *broken heart*, and promiſe entertainment to a *contrite ſpirit*. The burthen of my *ſins* is grievous, and the remembrance of my *hypocriſie* is intolerable. I have *ſinned* againſt thy Majeſty with a *high hand*, but I repent me from the bottom of an *humble heart*: as thou haſt therefore given me *ſorrow* for my ſins, ſo crown that gift in the freeneſs of *Remiſſion*. Be fully *reconcil'd* to me through the All ſufficient *merits* of thy Son my Saviour, and ſeal in my afflicted heart the full aſſurance of thy gracious *favour*. Be thou

exalted

exalted, O God, above the Heavens, and let me praiſe thee with a *ſingle* heart. Cleanſe thou my inward parts, O God, and purifie the cloſet of my polluted ſoul. *Fix* thou my *heart*, O thou ſearcher of all ſecrets, and keep my *affections* wholly to thee. Remove from me all *by* and baſe *reſpects*, that I may ſerve thee with an *upright* ſpirit. Take not the word of truth out of my mouth, nor give me over to *deceitful* lips. Give me an *inward* reverence of thy Majeſty, that I may *openly confeſs* thee in the truth of my *ſincerity*. Be thou the only *object* and *end* of all my actions; and let thy *honour* be my great reward. Let not the *hopes* of filthy lucre or the *praiſe* of men incline me to thee; neither let the *pleaſure* of the world nor the *fears* of any *loſs* entice me from thee. Keep me from thoſe *judgments* my *hypocriſie* hath deſerved, and ſtrengthen my reſolution to abhor my former life. Give me ſtrength, O God, to ſerve thee with a *perfect heart* in the *newneſs* of *life*, that I may be delivered from the *old man*, and the ſnares of *death*. Then ſhall I praiſe thee with my *entire affections*, and glorifie thy name for ever and ever.

Anonym.

The Hypocrite, that deceives the eye of man, cannot the eye of God: He fears the eye of them that can only obſerve, but fears not the eye of God, who will certainly puniſh.

The

The Ignorant mans faultering.

O U tell me, and you tell me that I muſt be a a *good man*, and *ſerve* God, and *do* his *will*; and ſo I do, for ought I know. I am ſure I am as *good* as God has *made* me, and I can *make* my ſelf no *better*, ſo I cannot. And as for *ſerving* God, I am ſure I go to *Church* as well as the beſt in the Pariſh, though I be not ſo *fine*. And I make no queſtion, if I had better *cloaths*, but I ſhould do God as much credit as another man, though I ſay it. And as for *doing* God's *will*, I beſhrew me, I leave that to them that are *book-learn'd* and can do it more wiſely. I believe the *Vicar* of our Pariſh *can* do it, and *has done* it too, as well as any within five miles of his head: and what need I trouble my ſelf to *do* what is ſo *well done* already? I hope he being ſo good a *Church-man*, and ſo great a *Scholard*, and can ſpeak *Latin* too, would not leave that to ſo ſimple a man as I. It is enough for me to know that God is a *good man*; and that the ten *Commandments* are the beſt prayers in all the book, unleſs it be the *Creed*; and that *I* muſt love my *Neighbour* as well as he loves *me*: and for all other *Quilicomos*, they ſhall never trouble my brains, *an Grace a God*. Let me go a *Sunlayes* and *ſerve* God, *obey* the *King* (God bleſs him) *do* no man no *wrong*, ſay the *Lords prayer* every morning and evening, follow my work, give a *Noble* to the

poor

poor at my *death*, and then ſay, *Lord have mercy upon me*, and go away like a *Lamb*, I make no queſtion but I ſhall deſerve *heaven* as well as he that wears a *gayer coat*. But yet I'me not ſo *ignorant* neither, nor have not gone ſo often to *Church*, but I know *Chriſt* died for *me* too, as well as for any other man, I'de be ſorry elſe; and that next to our *Vicar*, I ſhall go to *heaven* when I am *dead* as ſoon as another: nay more, I know there be two Sacraments, *bread* and *wine*, and but two, (though the *Papiſts* ſay there be ſix or ſeven) and that I verily believe I ſhall be ſaved by thoſe *Sacraments*; and that I love God above all, or elſe 'twere pity of life; and that when I am dead and rotten (as our *Vicar* told me) I ſhall *riſe* again and be the ſame man as I was But for that he muſt excuſe me, till I have *better ſatisfaction*: for all his learning, he cannot make me ſuch a fool, unleſs he ſhew me a better reaſon for't than yet he has done.

His Award.

But one thing he told me, now I think on't troubles me woundly, namely, that God is my *Maſter*, all which I confeſs; and that I muſt *do* his *will* (whether I know how to do it or not) or elſe it will go ill with me. I'le read it (he ſaid) out of God's *Bible*; and I ſhall remember the words ſo long as I have a day to live, which are theſe,

Luke 12.48.

He that knoweth not his maſters will, and doth things worthy of Stripes, ſhall be beaten with few Stripes.

His

His Proofs.

1 Cor. 14. 20.

BRethren, be not children in underſtanding: howbeit in malice be ye children, but in underſtanding be men.

1 Cor. 15. 34.

Awake to righteouſneſs and ſin not; for ſome have not the knowledge of God: I ſpeak it to your ſhame.

Epheſ. 4. 18.

Walk not in the vanity of your minds, having the underſtanding darkned, being alienated from the life of God, through the Ignorance which is in you, becauſe of the blindneſs of your hearts.

Levit. 5. 17.

And if a ſoul ſin and commit any of theſe things which are forbidden to be done by the commandments of the Lord, though he wiſt it not, yet he is guilty, and ſhall bear his iniquity.

Greg. Mag. Moral.

It is good to know much, and to live well: but if we cannot attain both, it is better to deſire piety than wiſdom; for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth bleſſedneſs conſiſt in intellectuals. The only brave thing is a religious life.

Juſt. Mart. reſp. ad orthod.

To ſin againſt knowledge is ſo much the greater offence than an ignorant treſpaſs, by how much the crime which is capable of no excuſe is more hainous than the fault which admits a tolerable plea.

His

His Soliloquy.

HOW well it had been for thee, O my ſoul, if *I* had been *book learned*! Alas! *I* cannot *read*, and what *I* hear *I* cannot underſtand; *I* cannot *profit* as *I ſhould*, and therefore cannot be as *good* as *I would*, for which *I* am right ſorry. That *I* cannot *ſerve* God as well as my betters, hath been often a great grief to me; and that *I* have been ſo *ignorant* in good things, hath been a great heart-breaking to me. *I* can ſay no prayers for want of knowledge to read, but *Our Father*, and the *Creed*: But the comfort is, God knows my heart. But *I* truſt in God *Our Father*, being made by Chriſt himſelf, will be enough for me that know not how to make a better. *I* endeavour to do all our *Vicar* bids me; and when *I* receive the *Communion I* truly forgive all the world for a *fortnight* after or ſuch a matter: but then ſome old *injury* makes me *forget* my ſelf; but *I* cannot help it, an my life ſhould lie on't. O my ingrant ſoul, what ſhall *I* do to be ſaved? All that *I* can ſay is, *Lord have mercy upon me*; and all that *I* can do is, but to do my good will: and that I'le do with all my heart, and ſay my *Prayers* too as well as God will give me leave, an grace a God.

His Prayer.

O God the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon me miſerable ſinner. I am, as I muſt needs confeſs, a ſinful man, as my forefathers were before me. *I* have heard many Sermons, and have had many good leſſons from the mouths of painful Miniſters; but through the *dulneſs* of my *underſtanding*, and for *want* of *learning*, *I* have not profited ſo much as elſe *I* ſhould have done: ſpare me therefore, O God, ſpare me whom thou haſt redeemed with thy precious bloud, and be not angry for ever. *I* muſt confeſs the *painfulneſs* of my *calling* and the *heavineſs* of my own *nature* hath taken from me the delight of *hearing* thy word; and the ignorance of learning, which *I* was never brought up to, hath kept me from *reading* it; inſomuch that, inſtead of growing better, *I* fear *I* have grown worſe and worſe, and have been ſo far from doing thy *will*, that *I* do not *underſtand* what thy *will is* very well. But thou, O merciful God, that didſt reveal thy ſelf to poor *Shepherds* and *Fiſhermen*, that had no more learning than *I*, have mercy upon me for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake. Thou that haſt promiſed to inſtruct the *ſimple*, and to lead the ignorant into thy way, be good and merciful to me, *I* beſeech thee. Thou that draweſt the *needy* out of the duſt, and the *poor* out of the dunghil, give me the *knowledge* of thy *will*, and teach me how to *ſerve* thee. Rouſe up the *drowzineſs* of

of my *heart*; open mine *eyes* that I may *see the* truth, and mine *ears* that I may underſtand thy Word; and ſtrengthen my *memory* that I may lay it up in my *heart*, and ſhew it in my *life* and *vocation* to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord, write thy will in my heart, that when I *know* it, I may *do* it willingly. O teach me what thy pleaſure is, that I may do my beſt to perform it. Give me faith to lay hold on Chriſt Jeſus, who died for me, that after I am dead I may riſe again and live with him. Give me a good heart, that I may deal honeſtly with all men, and do as I would be done to. Bleſs me in my calling, and proſper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feed me and clothe me, and to give to the poor. Mend all that is amiſs in me, and expect from me according to the meaſure thou haſt given me. Forgive me all my ſins, and make me willing to pleaſe thee; that living a good life, I may make a gracious death, and ſo at laſt I may come to Heaven and live for ever, for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake, *Amen.*

Anonym.

That only is the beſt knowledge that makes us better.

Anonym.

Ignorance will not excuſe ſin, when it ſelf is a ſin.

The

The Slothful mans Slumber.

O What a world of *Curſes* the eating of the *forbidden fruit* hath brought upon mankind, and unavoidably entail'd upon the ſons of men! Among all which no one appears to me more terrible and full of ſorrow, and bewraying greater wrath, than that inſufferable, that horrible puniſhment of *labour*, and to purchaſe Bread with ſo extreme a price as *ſweat*. But, O what hap, what happineſs have they, whoſe *dying parents* have procured a *quiet* fortune for their unmoleſted *children*, and conveyed deſcended *Rents* to their ſucceeding heirs, whoſe *eaſie* and contented lives may ſit and ſuck the ſweetneſs of their *cumberleſs eſtates*, and with their folded hands enjoy the delicates of this toilſome world! How bleſſed, how delicious are thoſe *eaſie* morſels, that can find the way to my ſoft palat, and then attend upon the wanton leiſure of my *ſilken ſlumbers*, without the *painful practice* of my boſom-folded *hands*, or *ſad contrivement* of my ſtudious and *contracted Brows*! Why ſhould *I* tire my tender youth, and torture out my groaning days in *toil* and *travel*, and diſcompoſe the happy peace of my harmonious thoughts with *painful grinding* in the common *mill* of dull mortality? Why ſhould *I* rob my craving eye-lids of their delightful *Reſt*, to cark and care, and purvey for that *Bread* which

which every work-abhorring *vagabond* can find of *Alms* at every good mans door? Why ſhould *I* leave the warm protection of my care-beguiling *Doune*, to play the droiling drudge for daily food, when the young empty *Ravens* (that have no hands to work, nor providence but heaven) can call and be ſupplied? The pale-faced *Lilly* and the bluſhing *Roſe* neither ſpin nor ſow, yet princely *Solomon* was never robed with ſo much glory; and ſhall *I* then affl& my body, and beſlave my heaven-born ſoul, to purchaſe *Rags* to clothe my nakedneſs? *Is* my condition worſe than *Sheep* ordained for ſlaughter, that crop the ſpringing *graſs*, cloath-ed warm in ſoft *Raiment*, purchas'd without their providence or pains? Or ſhall the pam-per'd *Beaſt*, that ſhines with fatneſs and grows wanton through his careful *Grooms* indulgence, find better meaſure at the worlds too partial hands than *I*? Come, come, let thoſe take *pains* that love to leave their names enroll'd in memorable monuments of *Parchment*. The day has grief enough without my help; and let *to morrow's ſhoulders* bear to morrow's *burthens*.

His Doom.

But ſtay, my ſoul, O ſtay thy raſh reſolves: take heed whilſt thou avoideſt the puniſhment of ſin, *labour*, thou meet not the reward of idle-neſs, a *judgment*

Prov. 19. 15.

The idle ſoul ſhall ſuffer hunger.

His

His Proofs.

Eccleſ. 10. 18.

BY much ſlothfulneſs the building decayeth; and through idleneſs of the hands the houſe droppeth through.

Ezek. 16. 49.

Behold this was the iniquity of thy ſiſter Sodom: *pride, fulneſs of bread, and abundance of idleneſs was in her, and in her daughters, neither did ſhe ſtrengthen the hand of the poor and needy.*

Prov. 6 6, 7, 8.

Go to the Piſmire, O ſluggard, behold her ways and be wiſe. For ſhe having no guide, governour nor ruler, prepareth her meat in Summer, and gathereth her food in harveſt.

Nilus in Paræneſ.

Idleneſs is the womb or fountain of all wickedneſs: for it conſumes and waſtes the riches and vertues which we have already, and diſenables us to get thoſe we have not.

Ibid.

Wo be to the idle ſoul, for he ſhall hunger after that which his riot conſumed.

His Soliloquy.

HOW preſumptuouſly haſt thou, my ſoul, tranſgreſt the expreſs *Commandment* of thy God! How haſt thou daſh'd thy ſelf againſt his *judgments*! How hath thy undeſerving hand uſurpt the *diet*, and weareſt on thy back the *wages* of the painful ſoul! Art thou not condemned to *Rags*, to *Famine*, by him whoſe Law commanded thee to *labour*? And yet thou pamper'ſt up thy ſides with *ſtolen food*, and yet thou deck'ſt thy wanton body with *unearned ornaments*; whiles they that ſpend their daily ſtrength in their commanded *callings* (whoſe labour gives them intereſt in them) want *Bread* to feed, and *Rags* to cloath them. Thou art no young *Raven*, my ſoul, no *Lilly*. Where *ability* to *labour* is, there *Providence* meets *action*, and crowns it. He that forbids to *cark* for *to morrow*, denies Bread to the *Idleneſs* of *to day*. Conſider, O my ſoul, thy own *delinquency*, and let *imployment* make thee capable of thy God's *protection*. The Bird that *ſits* is a fair mark for the Fowler, while they that uſe the *wing* eſcape the danger. Follow thy *calling*, and heaven will follow thee with his *Bleſſing*. What thou haſt formerly *omitted*, preſent repentance may *redeem*; and what *judgments* God hath threatned, early *Petitions* may avert.

His Prayer.

MOſt great and moſt glorious God, who for the ſin of our firſt parents haſt condemned our frail bodies to the puniſhment of *labour*, and haſt commanded every one a *Calling* and a Trade of life, that hateſt *Idleneſs* as the *root of evil*, and threatneſt *poverty* to the *ſlothful hand*; *I* thy poor ſuppliant convicted by thy judgments, and conſcious of my own tranſgreſſion, fly from thy ſelf to Thee, and humbly appeal from the high *Tribunal* of thy *Juſtice*, and ſeek for refuge in the *Sanctuary* of thy *Mercy*. Lord, *I* have led a life diſpleaſing to thee, and have been a ſcandal to my profeſſion; have ſlighted thoſe *Bleſſings* which thy goodneſs hath promiſed to a *conſcionable calling*, and have ſwallowed down the Bread of *idleneſs*. *I* have *impaired* the *Talent* thou gaveſt me, and have loſt the opportunity of *doing* much *good*. *I* have filled my heart with idle imaginations, and have laid my ſelf open to the *luſts* of the fleſh. *I* have abuſed thy favours in the *miſexpending* of my precious *time*, and have taken no delight in thy Sabbaths. *I* have doted too much on the *pleaſures* of this World, and like a *Droan* have fed upon the *hony* of *Bees*. If thou, O God, ſhouldſt be extreme to ſearch my ways with too ſevere an eye, thou couldſt not chuſe but whet thy indignation, and pour the vials of thy wrath upon me. Look therefore not upon my *ſins*, O Lord; but through

through the *merits* of my Saviour, who hath made a full ſatisfaction for all my ſins. What through my *weakneſs I* have failed to do, the *fulneſs* of his *ſufferings* hath moſt exactly done. *In* him, O God, in whom thou art well pleaſed, and for his ſake, be gracious to my ſin. Alter my heart and make it willing to pleaſe thee, that in my life *I* may adorn my profeſſion. Give me a care and a conſcience in my *calling*, and grant thy bleſſing to the lawful *labours* of my hand. Let the fidelity of my vocation improve my *Talent*, that *I* may enter into my Maſter's joy. Rouſe up the dulneſs and deadneſs of my heart, and quench thoſe *flames* of luſt within me. Aſſiſt me, O God, in the *Redemption* of my *time*, and deliver my ſoul from the evilneſs of my dayes. Let thy *providence* accompany my moderate *endeavours*, and let all my *imployments* depend upon thy *providence*; that when the labours of this ſinful *world* ſhall ceaſe, *I* may feel and enjoy the benefit of a *good conſcience*, and obtain the reſt of a new Jeruſalem in the Eternity of glory.

Anonym.

He that is idle, is ready for Satan to ſet on work.

The

The Proud mans Oſtentation.

'Le make him feel the *weight* of my *diſpleaſure*, and teach him to *repent* his *ſawcy boldneſs*. How dares his *baſeneſs* once preſume to breath ſo near my *perſon*, much more to take my *name* into his dunghil *mouth*? Methinks the luſtre of my *ſparkling eye* might have had the power to aſtoniſh him into *good manners*, and ſent him back to caſt his mind into a fair *Petition*, humbly preſented with his trembling hand. But thus to preſs into my *preſence*, to preſs ſo near my *face*, and then *to ſpeak*, and ſpeak to *me*, as if I were his *equal*, is more than ſufferable. The way to be *contemn'd* is to *digeſt contempt*; but he that would be *honour'd* by the vulgar ſort muſt wiſely keep a *diſtance*. A *countenance* that's reſerv'd breeds *fear* and *obſervation*: but *affability* and too *eaſie an acceſs* makes fools too *bold*, and *reputation cheap*. What *price* I ſet upon my own *deſerts*, inſtructs *opinion* how to *prize* me. That which baſe ignorance miſcalls thy *pride*, is but a conſcious knowledge of thy *merits*. *Dejected ſouls*, craven'd with their own *diſtruſts*, are the *worlds Foot-balls* to be kick'd and ſpurn'd: but *brave* and true *heroick ſpirits*, that know the *ſtrength* of their own *worth*, ſhall baffle *baſeneſs* and *preſumption* into a *Reverential ſilence*, and ſpight of envy flouriſh in an honourable *repute*. Come then, my ſoul, ad-

vance thy *noble*, thy ſublimer *thoughts*, and prize thy ſelf according to thoſe *parts*, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none can equal. Let not the inſolent *affronts* of vaſſals interrupt thy *Peace*, nor ſeem one ſcruple *loſs* than what thou art. Be thou thy ſelf, *reſpect* thy ſelf, receive thou *honour* from *thy ſelf*; rejoyce thy ſelf in *thy ſelf*, and prize thy ſelf for *thy ſelf*. Like *Cæſar*, admit no *equal*; and like *Pompey*, acknowledge no *ſuperiour*. Be covetous of thine own *honour*, and hold another's *glory* as thy *injury*. Renounce *humility* as an *Hereſie* in reputation, and *weakneſs* as the worſt *diſeaſe* of a true-bred noble ſpirit. Diſparage *worth* in all but in thy ſelf, and make another's infamy a *foil* to magnifie thy glory. Let ſuch as have no reaſon to be *proud*, be *humbled* of neceſſity; and let them that have no parts to *value*, be *deſpondent*. But as for thee, thy *Cards* are good; and having skill enough to play thy hopeful *Game*, *vie* boldly, conquer and triumph.

His Deſolation.

But ſtay, my Soul, the *Trump* is yet unturn'd: boaſt not too ſoon, nor call it a fair day till night: the turning of a hand may make ſuch *alterations* in thy flattering fortunes, that all thy *glorious expectations* may chance to end in *loſs* and unſuſpected *ruine*. That God which thruſt that *Babylonian* Prince from his Imperial *Throne*, to graze with beaſts, hath ſaid,

Prov. 15. 25.

The Lord will deſtroy the houſe of the proud.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 11. 2.

When pride cometh then cometh ſhame; but with the lowly is wiſdom.

Jer. 13. 15.

Hear ye, and give ear, and be not proud; for the Lord hath ſpoken.

Eſay 2. 12.

The day of the Lord of Hoſts ſhall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up, and he ſhall be brought low.

Prov. 16. 5.

Every one that is proud in heart is abomination to the Lord.

James 4. 6.

God reſiſteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.

Iſidor. Hiſpal.

Pride made Satan fall from the higheſt heaven: therefore they that pride themſelves in their vertues, imitate the Devil; and fall more dangerouſly, becauſe they aſpire and climb to the higheſt pitch, from whence is the greateſt fall.

Greg. Mor.

Pride grows ſtronger in the riot whilſt it braves it ſelf with preſumptuous advances, yet the higher it climbs the lower it falls: for he that heightens himſelf by his own pride is always deſtroyed by the judgment of God.

His Soliloquy.

HOW wert thou *muffled*, O my ſoul! How were thine eyes *blinded* with the *corruption* of thine own *heart*! When I beheld my ſelf by my own *light*, I ſeem'd a glorious thing; my *ſun* knew no *eclipſe*, and all my *imperfections* were *gilded* over with vain glory: but now the *day ſpring* from above hath ſhin'd upon my heart, and the diviner light hath driven away thoſe foggy *miſts*, I find my ſelf another thing: my *Diamonds* are all turn'd *Pebbles*, and my glory is turn'd to ſhame. O my deceived ſoul, how great a darkneſs was thy light! The thing that ſeem'd ſo *glorious* and ſparkled in the night, by day appears but *rotten wood*; and that bright *Gloe worm*, that in darkneſs out-ſhin'd the *Chryſolite*, is by this new found light no better than a crawling *worm*. How inſeparable, O my ſoul, is pride and folly! which like *Hippocrates twins* ſtill live and die together. It blinds the eye, befools the judgment, knows no ſuperiors, hates equals, diſdains inferiors; is the wiſe mans ſcorn, and the fools *Idol*. Renounce it, O my ſoul, leſt thy God renounce *thee*. He that hath threatned to reſiſt the *proud*, hath promiſed to give Grace to the *humble*; and what true *Repentance* ſpeaks, free *mercy* hears and crowns.

His Prayer.

O God the fountain of all true *Glory*, and the giver of all free grace, whose Name is only *honourable* and whose works are only *glorious*, that shewest thy ways to the *meek*; and takest compassion upon an *humble* spirit, that hatest the presence of a *lofty* eye, and destroyest the *proud* in the imaginations of their hearts; vouchsafe, O Lord, thy gracious ear, and hear the sighing of a contrite heart. I know, O God, the *quality* of my *sin* can look for nothing but the *extremity* of thy *wrath*; I know the *crookedness* of my condition can expect nothing but the *Furnace* of thy *indignation*; I know the *insolence* of my *corrupted nature* can hope for nothing but the *execution* of thy *judgments*: Yet, Lord, I know withal thou art a gracious God, of evil repenting thee, and slow to wrath; I know thy nature and property is to shew compassion, apt to conceive, but readier to forgive; I know thou takest no pleasure in the destruction of a sinner, but rather that he should repent and live: In confidence and full assurance whereof I am here prostrate on my *bended* knees, and with an *humble* heart. Nor do I press into thy holy presence, trusting in my own merits, lest thou shouldest deal with *me* as I have dealt by *others*; but being encouraged by thy gracious invitation, and heavy laden with the burthens of my sins, I come to thee, O God, who

art the refuge of a wounded ſoul, and the Sanctuary of a broken ſpirit. Forgive, O God, forgive me what is paſt recalling, and make me circumſpect for the time to come. Open mine eyes that I may ſee how *vain* a thing I am, and how polluted from my very birth. Give me an inſight of my own corruptions, that I may truly *know* and loath *my ſelf*. Take from me all *vain-glory* and *ſelf-love*, and make me careleſs of the *world's applauſe*. Endue me with an *humble* heart, and take this *haughty* ſpirit from me. Give me a true diſcovery of my own *merits*, that I may truly fear and tremble at thy *judgments*. Let not the world's contempt deject me, nor the diſreſpects of men *diſmay* me. Take from me, O God, a *ſcornful eye*, and curb my tongue that ſpeaks *preſumptuous* things. Plant in my heart a *brotherly* love, and cheriſh in me a charitable affection. Poſſeſs my ſoul with patience, O God, and eſtabliſh my heart in the *fear* of thy name; that being *humbled* before thee in the *meekneſs* of my *ſpirit*, I may be *exalted* by thee through the *freeneſs* of thy *Grace*, and crowned with thee in the *Kingdom* of *Glory*.

Anonym.

Pride is its own puniſhment, for nothing makes men more contemptible in the eyes of others.

The

The Covetous man's care.

BElieve me, the *Times* are hard and dangerous; *Charity* is grown cold, and *Friends* uncomfortable; an empty *Purſe* is full of ſorrow, and hollow *Bags* make a heavy heart. Poverty is a civil *Peſtilence*, which frights away both friends and kindred, and leaves us to a *Lord have mercy upon us.* It is a *ſickneſs* very catching and infectious, and more commonly *abhorr'd* than cured. The beſt Antidote againſt it is *Angelica* and *Providence*, and the beſt Cordial is *Aurum potabile.* Gold taken faſting is an approved ſoveraign. Debts are ill *humors*, and turn at laſt to dangerous *obſtructions.* Lending is a mere *conſumption of the radical humour*, which if conſumed, brings a patient to *nothing.* Let others truſt to Courtiers *promiſes*, to friends *performances*, to Princes *favours*; give me a Toy call'd *Gold*, give me a thing call'd *Money.* O bleſſed *Mammon*, how extremely ſweet is thy all-commanding preſence to my thriving ſoul! In baniſhment thou art my dear *companion:* In captivity thou art my precious *ranſom*: In trouble and vexation thou art my dainty *reſt*: in ſickneſs thou art my *health*; in grief my only *joy*; in all extremity my only *truſt. Vertue* muſt vail to thee; nay *Grace* it ſelf not reliſh'd with thy *ſweetneſs* would even diſpleaſe the righteous palates of the ſons of men. Come then, my

ſoul, adviſe, contrive, project; go, compaſs Sea and Land; leave no *exploit* untried, no *path* untrod, no *time* unſpent; afford thine eyes no ſleep, thy *head* no *reſt*; neglect thy ravenous *belly*, uncloath thy *back*; deceive, betray, ſwear and forſwear to compaſs ſuch a *friend*. If thou be baſe in birth, 'twill make thee *honourable*; if weak in power, it will make thee formidable. Are thy friends few? 'twill make them *numerous*. Is thy cauſe bad? 'twill gain thee *Advocates*. True, *wiſdom* is an excellent help, in caſe it *bend this way*; and *learning* is a gentile Ornament, if not too *chargeable*: yet by your leave, they are but eſtates for term of life: but *everlaſting* Gold, if well advantag'd, will not only bleſs thy days, but thy ſurviving children from generation to generation. Come, come, let others fill their brains with dear-bought *wit*, turn their pence into expenceful *charity*, and ſtore their boſoms with unprofitable *piety*; let them *loſe* all to *ſave* their imaginary *conſciences*, and *begger* themſelves at home to be thought *honeſt* abroad: fill thou thy *bags* and *barns*, and *lay up* for many years, and take thy *reſt*.

His Curſe.

But, O my ſoul, what follows wounds my heart and ſtrikes me on my knees.

Luke 12. 20.

Thou fool, this night ſhall thy ſoul be required of thee.

His

His Proofs.

Mat. 6. 24.

YE *cannot ſerve God and Mammon.*

Job 20. 15.

He hath ſwallowed down riches, and he ſhall vomit them up again: God ſhall caſt them out of his belly.

Prov. 15. 27.

He that is greedy of gain troubles his own houſe; but he that hateth gifts ſhall live.

2 Pet. 2. 3.

Through covetouſneſs they ſhall with feigned words make merchandiſe of you, whoſe judgment now of a long time lingreth not, and whoſe damnation ſlumbreth not.

Nilus in Paræneſ.

Wo to the covetous, for his Riches forſake him, and Hell fire takes him.

S. Auguſt.

O thou covetous man, why doſt thou treaſure up ſuch bidden miſchief? why doſt thou dote on the image of the King ſtamped on coin, and hateſt the Image of God that ſhines in men?

Idem.

The Riches which thou treaſureſt up are loſt; thoſe thou charitably beſtoweſt are truly thine.

His Soliloquy.

WHat think'ſt thou now, my ſoul? If the *judgment* of *holy men* may not *inform* thee, let the *judgments* of thy angry God *enforce* thee. Weigh thy own carnal *affections* with the ſacred *Oracles* of Heaven, and light and darkneſs are not more contrary. What thou *approveſt*, thy God *condemns*; what thou *deſireſt*, thy God *forbids*. Now, my ſoul, if *Mammon* be God, follow him; if *God* be God, adhere to him: *Thou canſt not ſerve God and Mammon*. If thy conſcience feel the *hook*, nibble no longer. Many ſins leave thee in the *way*, this follows thee to thy *lives end*; the *Root* of evil, the *Canker* of all goodneſs; It *blinds* Juſtice, *poiſons* Charity, *ſtrangles* Conſcience, *beſlaves* the Affections, *betrays* Friendſhip, *breaks* all Relations. It is a root of the Devil's own *planting*; *pluck* it up. Think not that a *pleaſure* which God hath *threatned*; nor that a *bleſſing* which Heaven hath *curſed*. *Devour* not that which thou or thy heir muſt *vomit* up. Be no longer poſſeſs'd with ſuch a *Devil*, but *caſt* him *out*; and if he be too *ſtrong*, *weaken* him by *Faſting*, and *exerciſe* him by *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God that art the *fulneſs* of all *Riches* and *Magazin* of all *treaſure*, in the enjoyment of whoſe favour the ſmalleſt morſel is a *rich inheritance*, and the courſeſt Pulſe is a *large portion*, without whoſe bleſſing the greateſt plenty *enriches* not, and the higheſt diet *nouriſhes* not; how have I (an earth-worm, and no man) fixt my whole heart upon this tranſitory world, and neglected thee the only deſirable good! I bluſh, O Lord, to confeſs the baſeneſs of my life, and am utterly aſham'd of mine own fooliſhneſs. I have placed my affections upon the naſty *Rubbiſh* of this world, and have ſlighted the ineſtimable *Pearl* of my ſalvation. I have wallow'd in the *mire* of my inordinate deſires, and refuſed to be waſh'd in the *ſtreams* of thy compaſſion. I have put my confidence in the *faithfulneſs* of my ſervant, and have doubted the *providence* of thee my gracious Father. I have ſerved unrighteous mammon with greedineſs, and have preferred droſs and dung before the Pearly gates of new Jeruſalem. Thou haſt promiſed to be all in all to thoſe that fear thee, and not to fail the ſoul that truſts in thee; but I refuſed thy gracious offer, and put my confidence in the vanity of the Creature. But, gracious God, to whom Repentance never comes unſeaſonable, that find'ſt an ear when ſinners find a tongue, regard the contrition of a bleeding heart, and withdraw not thy mercy

from

from a penſive ſoul. Give me new thoughts, O God, and with thy holy Spirit new mould my deſires. Inform my will, and ſanctifie my affections, that they may reliſh thy ſweetneſs with a full delight. Create in me, O God, a ſpiritual ſenſe, that I may take pleaſure in things that are above. Give me a *contented thankfulneſs* for what I have, that I may neither in *poverty* forſake thee, nor in *plenty* forget thee. Arm me with continual *patience*, that I may chearfully put my truſt in thy *providence*. Moderate my care for momentary things, that I may uſe the world as if I us'd it not. Let not the loſs of any earthly good too much deject me, leſt I ſhould ſin with my lips and charge thee fooliſhly. Give me a *charitable* hand, O God, and fill my heart with *brotherly compaſſion*, that I may chearfully exchange the *corruptible treaſure* of this world into the *incorruptible Riches* of the world to come; and proving a faithful ſteward in thy ſpiritual houſhold, I may give up my account with joy, and be made partaker of thy eternal joy in the Kingdom of thy glory.

S. Chryſoſt.

The veſſel of our deſires grows greater under our endeavours to fill it.

We brought nothing into the world, and we ſhall carry nothing out with us.

The Self lovers Self fraud.

GOD hath required my *heart*, and he ſhall have it: God hath commanded truth in the *inward parts*, and he ſhall be obeyed. My *ſoul* ſhall praiſe the Lord, and all that is within me, and I will ſerve him in the *ſtrength* of my deſires. And in *common* caſes the *tongue's profeſſion* of his *name* is no leſs than neceſſary: But when it lies upon a *life*, upon the ſaving of a *livelihood*, upon the flat undoing of a *Reputation*, the caſe is altered. My *life* is dear, my fair *poſſeſſions* precious, and my *Reputation* is the very Apple of my eye. To ſave ſo great a *Stake*, methinks *equivocation* is but *venial*, if a *ſin*. If the true loyalty of mine heart ſtands ſound to my *Religion* and my *God*, my well-informed *Conſcience* tells me that in ſuch *extremities* my frighted *tongue* may take the priviledge of a *Salvo* or a *mental reſervation*, if not in the expreſſion of a fair *compliance*. What? ſhall the real *breach* of a holy *Sabbath*, dedicated to God's higheſt glory, be tolerated for the welfare of an *Oxe*? May that breach be ſet upon the ſcore of *mercy*, and commended above *ſacrifice*, for the ſafeguard of an *Aſs*? And may I not diſpence with a bare *lip-denial* of my urg'd *Religion* for the neceſſary *preſervation* of the threatned *life* of a man? for the ſaving of the whole *livelihood* and ſubſiſtence of a Chriſtian? What?

ſhall

ſhall I periſh for the want of food, and dye a *Martyr* to that fooliſh conſcience which forbids me to rub the ears of a little ſtanding *Corn*? *Jacob* could purchaſe his ſick Father's bleſſing with a down-right *lie*, and may I not *diſſemble* for a *life*? The young man's great *poſſeſſions* taught his timorous tongue to ſhrink from and decline his heart's *profeſſion*, and who could blame him? Come, if thou freely give thy *houſe*, canſt thou in conſcience be denied a *biding-room* for thy protection? The *Syrian Captain* (he whoſe heart was fixt on his now-firm-reſolv'd and true devotion) reſerved the houſe of *Rimmon* for his neceſſary attendance, and yet went in *peace*. *Peter* (upon the rock of whoſe confeſſion the *Church* was grounded) to ſave his *liberty*, with a falſe, nay with a perjur'd tongue, nay more, at ſuch a time when as the *Lord of life* (in whoſe behalf he drew his Sword) was queſtion'd for his innocent life, *denied* his *Maſter*; and ſhall I be ſo great an unthrift of my bloud, my life, to loſe it for a meer *lip-denial* of that *Religion* which now is ſetled, and needs no bloud to ſeal it?

His Retribution.

But ſtay, my *Conſcience* checks me, there's a *judgment* thunders; Hark.

Matth. 10. 33.

He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in Heaven.

His

His Proofs.

2 Tim. 3. 1, 2.

KNow that in the latter days perillous times ſhall come: For men ſhall be lovers of their own ſelves.

Eſay 45. 23.

I have ſworn by my ſelf, the word is gone out of my mouth in Righteouſneſs, and ſhall not return, that unto me every knee ſhall bow, and every tongue ſhall ſwear.

Rom. 10. 10.

With the heart man believeth unto Righteouſneſs, and with the mouth confeſſion is made to ſalvation.

Luke 9. 26.

Whoſoever ſhall be aſhamed of me and my words, of him ſhall the Son of man be aſhamed when he ſhall come in Glory.

Auguſt.

The love of God and the world are two different things. If the love of this world dwell in thee, the love of God forſakes thee: renounce that, and receive this: 'tis fit the more noble love ſhould have the beſt place and acceptance.

Theoph.

It is not enough only to believe with the heart, for God will have us confeſs with our mouth: every one that confeſſes that Chriſt is God, ſhall find Chriſt profeſſing to the Father, that man is a faithful ſervant; but thoſe that deny Chriſt ſhall receive that fearful doom, (Neſcio vos) *I know you not.*

His

His Soliloquy.

MY ſoul, in ſuch a time as this, when the civil *Sword* is warm with *ſlaughter*, and the waſting *Kingdom* welters in her *Bloud*, wouldſt thou not give thy *life* to ranſom her from *ruine*? Is not the God of Heaven and Earth worth many *Kingdoms*? Is thy *welfare* more conſiderable than his *glory*? Dar'ſt thou *deny* him for thy own *ends*, that denied thee nothing for thy good? Is a poor clod of earth we call *Inheritance* priſable with his *greatneſs*, or a puff of breath we call *Life* valuable with his *honour*, in compariſon of whom the very Angels are impure? Bluſh, O my ſoul, at thy own guilt. He that accounted his *bloud*, his *life* not worth the keeping, to ranſom thee a wretch, loſt by thy own rebellion, deſerves he not the abatement of a *luſt*, to keep him from a new *crucifying*? My ſoul, if Religion *bind* thee not, if judgments *terrifie* thee not, if natural affection *incline* thee not, yet let common reaſon perſwade thee to love him above a *trifle*, that loved thee above his *life*: And thou that haſt ſo often denied him, *deny* thy ſelf for ever, and he will *own* thee; repent, and he'l pardon thee; pray to him, and he will hear thee.

Anon.

He that loves himſelf moſt, hath of all men the happineſs to have the ſcureſt rivals.

His

His Prayer.

O God, whoſe *glory* is the end of my creation, and whoſe free *mercy* is the cauſe of my redemption; that gaveſt thy Son, thy only Son, to die for me, who elſe had periſhed in the common deluge of thy wrath; what ſhall I render for ſo great a *mercy*? What thankfulneſs ſhall I return for ſo infinite a *love*? Alas! the moſt that I can do is nothing; the beſt that I can preſent is worſe than nothing, ſin. Lord, if I yield my body for a ſacrifice, I offer nothing but a lump of filth and loathſome putrefaction; or if I give my ſoul in contribution, I yield thee nothing but thy image quite defaced and polluted with my luſts; or if I ſpend the ſtrength of the whole man, and with both heart and tongue confeſs and magnifie thy Name, how can the praiſes of my ſinful lips, that breath from ſuch a ſink, be pleaſing to thee? But, Lord, ſince thou art pleaſed in thy well-pleaſing Son to accept the poverty of my weak endeavours, ſend down thy holy Spirit into my heart, cleanſe it from the filth of my corruptions, and make it fit to praiſe thee. Lord, open thou my mouth, and my lips ſhall ſhew forth thy praiſe. Put a new ſong into my mouth, and I will praiſe thee and confeſs thee all day long. I will not hide thy goodneſs in my mouth, but will be ſhewing forth thy truth and thy ſalvation. Let thy praiſes be my honour, and let thy goodneſs be the ſubject of

my

my undaunted Song. Let neither *Reputation*, *Wealth*, nor *Life* be precious to me in compariſon with thee. Let not the world's deriſion daunt me, nor examples of infirmity deject me. Give me courage and wiſdom to ſtand for thy honour; O make me worthy, able and willing to ſuffer for thy name. Lord, teach me to deny my ſelf, and to reſiſt the motions of my own corruptions. Create in me, O God, a ſingle heart, that I may love the Lord Jeſus in ſincerity. Remember not, O Lord, the ſins of my fear, and pardon the hypocriſie of my ſelf-love. Waſh me from the ſtains and guilt of this my hainous offence, and deliver me from this fearful judgment thou haſt threatned in thy Word. Convince all the Arguments of my unſanctified wit, whereby I have become an advocate to my ſin. Grant that my life may adorn my profeſſion, and make my tongue an inſtrument of thy glory. Aſſiſt me, O God, that I may praiſe thy goodneſs, and declare thy wonders among the children of men. Strengthen my faith, that it may truſt thee; and let my works ſo ſhine, that men may praiſe thee: that my heart *believing* unto righteouſneſs, and my tongue *confeſſing* to ſalvation, I may be acknowledged by thee here, and glorified by thee in the Kingdom of glory.

Sa.

He that pleaſeth himſelf pleaſeth a fool.

The Worldly man's Verdour.

FOR ought I ſee the caſe is even the ſame with him that *prays*, and him that does not *pray*; with him that *ſwears*, and him that *fears an Oath*. I ſee no difference; if any, thoſe that they call the *wicked* have the advantage; Their crops are even as *fair*, their flocks as *numerous* as theirs that wear the ground with their religious *knees*, and faſt their bodies to a *skeleton*; nay in the uſe of bleſſings (which only makes them ſo) they far exceed. They term me *Reprobate*, and ſtyle me *unregenerate*. 'Tis true, I *eat* my labours with a jolly heart, *drink* frolick cups, ſweeten my pains with time-beguiling *ſports*, make the beſt *advantage* of my own, *pray* when I think on't, *ſwear* when they urge me, hear Sermons at my *leiſure*, follow the *luſts* of my own *eyes*, and take the *pleaſure* of my own *ways*: and yet, God be thanked, my Barns are *furniſh'd*, my Sheep *ſtand ſound*, my Cattel *ſtrong* for labour, my Paſtures *rich* and flouriſhing, my Body *healthful*, and my Bags are *full*; whilſt they that are ſo *pure*, and make ſuch *conſcience* of their ways, that *run* to Sermons, fig to *Lectures*, pray *thrice* a day by the hour, hold *faith and troth* prophane, and drinking *healths* a ſin, do often find *lean* harveſts, *eaſie* flocks and *empty* purſes. Let them be godly that can live on *Air* and *Faith*, and

eaten

eaten up by *Zeal* can whine themſelves into an *Hoſpital*, or bleſs their lips with charitable *ſcraps*. If godlineſs have this *reward*, to have ſhort meals for *long Prayers*, weak eſtates for *ſtrong faiths*, and good conſciences upon ſuch bad conditions, let them boaſt of their *penny-worths*, and let me be *wicked* ſtill, and take my *chance* as falls. Let me have *judgment* to diſcover a *profitable* Farm, and *wit* to take it at an *eaſie Rent*, and *Gold* to ſtock it in a *liberal manner*, and *skill* to manage it to my *beſt advantage*, and *luck* to find a *good increaſe*, and *providence* to husband wiſely what I *gain*: I ſeek no further, and I wiſh no more. Husbandry and Religion are two ſeveral *occupations*, and look two ſeveral ways, and he is the only *wiſe* man can reconcile them.

His Withering.

But ſtay, my ſoul, I fear thy reckoning fails thee. If thou haſt judgment to *diſcover*, wit to *bargain*, Gold to *imploy*, skill to *manage*, providence to *diſpoſe*; Canſt thou command the Clouds to *drop*? or if a wet ſeaſon meet thy *Harveſt*, and with open ſluces overwhelm thy *hopes*, canſt thou let down the *floud-gates*, and ſtop the watry *Flux*? Canſt thou command the *Sun* to ſhine? Canſt thou forbid the *Mildews*, or control the breath of the malignant *Eaſt*? Is not this God's ſole *Prerogative*? And hath not that God ſaid,

Pſal. 92. 7.

When the workers of iniquity do flouriſh, it is that they ſhall be deſtroyed for ever?

His

His Proofs.

Job 21. 7.

WHerefore do the wicked live, become old, yea are mighty in power?

8. *Their ſeed is eſtabliſhed in their ſight, and their off-ſpring before their eyes.*

9. *Their houſes are ſafe from fear, neither is the wrath of God upon them.*

10. *Their Bull gendreth, and faileth not; their Cow calveth, and caſteth not her Calf.*

11. *They ſend forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance.*

12. *They take the Timbrel and the Harp, and rejoyce at the ſound of the Organ.*

13. *They ſpend their days in wealth, and in a moment they go down to the Grave.*

Nil. in Paræneſ.

Wo be to him that purſues empty and fading pleaſures: becauſe in a ſhort time he fats and pampers himſelf as a Calf to the ſlaughter.

Bernard.

There's no miſery more true and real than falſe and counterfeit pleaſure.

Hieron.

It's not only difficult, but impoſſible, to have heaven here and hereafter; to live in ſenſual luſts, and to attain ſpiritual bliſs; to paſs from one paradiſe to another; to be a mirrour of felicity in both worlds; to ſhine with glorious rays both in this globe of earth, and the orb of heaven.

His

His Soliloquy.

HOw ſweet a feaſt is till the *reckoning* come! A fair day ends often in a *cold* night, and the road that's pleaſant ends in *Hell*. If worldly pleaſures had the promiſe of *continuance*, proſperity were ſome comfort; but in this neceſſary *viciſſitude* of good and evil, the prolonging of adverſity *ſharpens* it. It is no common thing, my ſoul, to enjoy two Heavens: *Dives* found it in the preſent, *Lazarus* in the future. Hath thy encreaſe met with no *damage*? thy reputation with no *ſcandal*? thy pleaſure with no *Croſs*? thy proſperity with no *adverſity*? Preſume not: God's checks are *ſymptomes* of his *mercy*; but his ſilence is the *Harbinger* of a *judgment*. Be circumſpect and provident, my ſoul. Haſt thou a fair *Summer*? provide for a hard *Winter*: the World's *River* ebbs alone; it flows not: he that goes merrily with the *ſtream*, muſt *hale* up. Flatter thy ſelf therefore no longer in thy *proſperous* ſin, O my deluded ſoul, but be truly ſenſible of thy own *preſumption*. Look ſeriouſly into thy approaching danger, and humble thy ſelf with true contrition. If thou procure *ſour herbs*, God will provide his *Paſſover*.

His Prayer.

HOW weak is man, O God, when thou forſakeſt him! How fooliſh are his Counſels, when he plots without thee! How wild his progreſs when he wanders from thee! How miſerable till he return unto thee! How his wit fails! How his wiſdom faulters! How his wealth melts! How his providence is befool'd! and how his ſoul beſlav'd! Thou ſtrik'ſt off the Chariot-wheels of his Inventions, and he is perplext: Thou confoundeſt the *Babel* of his imaginations, and he is troubled. Thou croſſeſt his deſigns, that he may *fear* thee; and thou ſtop'ſt him in his ways, that he may *know* thee. How merciful art thou, O God, and in thy very judgments, Lord, how gracious! Thou mighteſt have ſtruck me into the loweſt pit as eaſily as on theſe bended knees, and yet been juſtified in my confuſion; But thou haſt threatned like a gentle Father, as loth to puniſh thy ungracious child. Thou knoweſt the crooked thoughts of man are vain, ſtill turning point to their contrivers ruine. Thou ſaw'ſt me wandring in the maze of death, whilſt I with violence purſued my own deſtruction. But thou haſt warn'd me by thy ſacred Word, and took me off that I might live to praiſe thee. Thou art my confidence, O God; Thou art the Rock, the Rock of my ſalvation. Thy Word ſhall be my guide, for all thy paths are Mercy and Truth. Lord, when I look upon my former world-

worldlineſs, I utterly abhor my converſation: ſtrengthen me with thy aſſiſtance, that I may lead a new life; make me more and more ſenſible of my own condition, and perfect thou the good work thou haſt begun in me. In all my deſigns be thou my Counſellor, that I may proſper in my undertakings. In all my actions be thou my guide, that I may keep the path of thy Commandments. Let all my own devices come to nought, leſt I preſume upon the Arm of fleſh: let not my wealth increaſe without thy bleſſing, leſt I be fatted up againſt the day of ſlaughter. Have thou a hand in all my juſt imployments, then proſper thou the work of thy hands; O proſper thou thy handy-work, and make it mine, who have no intereſt in it till thou own me as thy Child. Then ſhall my ſoul rejoyce in thy favours, and magnifie thy name for all thy mercies; then ſhall my lips proclaim thy loving-kindneſs, and ſing thy praiſes for ever and for ever.

Eccleſ. 11. 9.

Walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the ſight of thine eyes: But know thou that for all theſe things God will bring thee to judgment.

The

The Laſcivious man's Heaven.

CAn fleſh and bloud be ſo unnatural to forget the Laws of *Nature*? can blowing youth immure it ſelf within the *Icy* walls of Veſtal *Chaſtity*? Can *luſty* diet and *mollitious* reſt bring forth no other fruits but *faint* deſires, *rigid* thoughts, and *Phlegmatick* conceits? Should we be *Rocks* and *Stones*, and (having active ſouls) turn altogether *paſſives*? Muſt we turn *Ancorites*, and ſpend our days in Caves and Hermitages, and ſmother up our precious hours in *cloiſtered* folly, and *recluſe* devotion? Can Roſie *cheeks*, Can Ruby *lips*, can ſnowy *breaſts* and ſparkling *eyes*, preſent their *beauties* and perfections to the ſprightly view of *young* mortality? and muſt we ſtand like *Statues* without ſenſe or motion? Can ſtrict Religion impoſe ſuch *cruel* Tasks, and even *impoſſible* Commands upon the raging thoughts of her unhappy votaries, as to withſtand and contradict the inſtinct and very principles of *Nature*? Can fair-pretending piety be ſo barbarous to condemn us to the *flames* of our affections, and make us *Martyrs* to our own *deſires*? Is't not enough to conquer the rebellious *Actions* of imperious fleſh, but muſt we manacle her hands, darken her eyes, nay worſe, reſtrain the freedom of her very *thoughts*? Can full *perfection* be expected here? Or can our work be *perfect* in this vale of

imperfection? This were a life for *Angels*, but a task too hard for frail, for tranſitory *man*. Come, come, we are but *men*, but *fleſh* and *bloud*, and our born *frailties* cannot grapple with ſuch potent *tyranny*. What *nature* and *neceſſity* requires us to do, is *venial* being done. Come, ſtrive no more againſt ſo ſtrong a *ſtream*, but take thy fill of *beauty*; ſolace thy wanton heart with *amorous* contemplations; cloath all thy words with *courtly Rhetorick*, and ſoften thy lips with *dialects* of *love*; *ſurfeit* thy ſelf with pleaſure, and *melt* thy paſſion into warm delights; walk into Nature's univerſal *Bower*, and pick what *flower* does moſt ſurprize thine eye; drink of all waters, but be tied to none; ſpare neither coſt nor pains to compaſs thy *deſires*. Enjoy *varieties*: emparadiſe thy ſoul in *freſh* delights. The *change* of pleaſure makes thy pleaſure *double*. Raviſh thy ſenſes with perpetual *choice*, and glut thy ſoul with all the *delicates* of love.

His Hell.

But hold: There is a voice that whiſpers in my troubled ear; a voice that blanks my thoughts, and ſtops the courſe of my reſolves; a voice that chils the boſom of my ſoul, and fills me with amazement: *Mark*.

Gal. 5. 21.

They which do ſuch things ſhall not inherit the Kingdom of God.

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 14.

THou ſhalt not commit Adultery.

Mat. 5. 28.

Whoſoever looks upon a woman to luſt after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

Rom. 13. 13.

Let us walk honeſtly as in the day; not in rioting or in drunkenneſs, nor in chambering, nor in wantonneſs.

1 Pet. 2. 11.

Abſtain from fleſhly luſts, which war againſt the ſoul.

Nilus in Paræn.

Wo be to the fornicator and adulterer, for his garment is defiled and ſpotted, and the heavenly Bridegroom caſts him out from his chaſt nuptials.

A world of preſumptuous and hainous offences do ariſe and ſpring from the filthy fountain of adulterous luſt, whereby the gate of heaven is ſhut, and poor man excluded from God.

S. Greg. Mor.

Hence the fleſh lives in ſenſual delights for a moment, but the immortal ſoul periſheth for ever.

His Soliloquy.

LUſt is a *Brand* of original fire, rak'd up in the *Embers* of fleſh and bloud, uncover'd by a natural *inclination*, blown by corrupt *communication*, quench'd with *faſting* and *humiliation*: It is rak'd up in the *beſt*, uncovered in the *moſt*, and blown in *thee*, O my luſtful ſoul. O turn thine *ear* from the *pleadings* of Nature, and make a *Covenant* with thine *eyes*. Let not the language of *Delilah* inchant thee, leſt the hands of the *Philiſtines* ſurprize thee. Review thy *paſt pleaſures*, with the *charge* and *pains* thou hadſt to compaſs them, and ſhew me, where's thy *penny-worth*? Foreſee what *puniſhments* are prepar'd to meet thee, and tell me, what's thy *purchaſe*? Thou haſt barter'd away thy *God* for a *luſt*; ſold thy *eternity* for a *trifle*. If this bargain may be recall'd by *tears*, diſſolve thee, O my ſoul, into a ſpring of *waters*; if to be revers'd with *price*, reduce thy whole eſtate into a *Sack-cloth* and an *Aſh-tub*. Thou whoſe Liver hath ſcorch'd in the *flames* of luſt, humble thy heart in the *Aſhes* of Repentance: And as with *Eſau* thou haſt ſold thy Birthright for *Broth*, ſo with *Jacob* wreſtle by Prayer till thou get a *bleſſing*.

Anonym.

Conſider well, how empty thy pleaſure will be when it is paſt, and thou cutteſt off the chief ſtrength of the temptation.

His

His Prayer.

O God, before whoſe face the Angels are *impure*, before whoſe clear omniſcience all Actions *appear*, to whom the very ſecrets of the heart *are open*; I here acknowledge, to thy glory and my ſhame, the filthineſs and vile *impurity* of my *Nature*. Lord, I was filthy in my very conception, and in filthineſs my Mother's womb incloſed me, brought forth in filthineſs, and filthy is my very innocency, filthy in the motions of my fleſh, and filthy in the apprehenſions of my ſoul; my words all cloth'd with filthineſs, and in all my actions filthy and unclean, in my inclination filthy, and in the whole courſe of my life nothing but a continued filthineſs. Waſh me, O God, and make me clean, cleanſe me from the filthineſs of my corruption. Purge me, O Lord, with Hyſſop, and create a clean heart within me. Correct the vagrant *motions* of my *fleſh*, and quench the fiery darts of Satan. Let not the Law of my corrupted members rule me; O let *concupiſcence* have no Dominion over me. Give me courage to fight againſt my *luſts*, and give my weakneſs ſtrength to overcome: make ſharp my Sword againſt this body of ſin, but moſt againſt my *Delilah*, my boſome ſin. Deliver me from the tyranny of temptation, or give me power to ſubdue it. Confine the liberty of my *wanton appetite*, and give me temperance in a ſober diet. Grant

me a heart to ſtrive with thee in Prayer, and hopeful patience to attend thy leiſure. Keep me from the habit of an *idle* life, and cloſe mine ears againſt *corrupt* communication. Set thou a watch before my lips, that all my words may ſavour of ſobriety. Preſerve me from the vanity and pride of life, that I may walk blameleſs in my converſation. Protect me from the fellowſhip of the unclean, and from all ſuch as are of evil report. Let thy grace, O God, be ſufficient for me, to protect my ſoul from the buffetings of Satan. Make me induſtrious and diligent in my calling, leſt the enemy get advantage over me. In all my temptations let me have recourſe to thee. Be thou my refuge when I call upon thee. Forgive, O God, the ſins of my youth. O pardon the multitudes of my ſecret ſins. Encreaſe my hatred to my former life, and ſtrengthen my reſolution for the time future. Hear me, O God, and let the words of my mouth be always acceptable to thee, O God, my ſtrength and my Redeemer.

S. Hierom.

Pleaſure leaves behind it a greater thirſt than that which it pretends to quench; and though it be taken in a full draught, yet does not ſatisfie.

Prov. 6. 27.

Can a man take fire into his boſome, and his cloaths not be burnt?

The Sabbath-breaker's profanation.

THE glittering *Prince* that ſits upon his regal and imperial *Throne*, and the ignoble *Peaſant* that ſleeps within his ſordid houſe of Thatch, are both alike to God. An *Ivory* Temple and a Church of *Clay* are priz'd alike by him. The fleſh of *Bulls*, and the perfumes of *Myrrh* and *Caſſia* ſmoak his Altars with an equal pleaſure: And does he make ſuch difference of *days*? Is he that was ſo weary of the *New-Moons*, ſo taken with the *Sun*, to tie his *Sabbath* to that only day? the *tenth* in tithes is any one in *ten*, and why the *ſeventh day* not any one in *ſeven*? We ſanctifie the day, the day not us. But are we *Jews*? Are we ſtill bound to keep a *legal* Sabbath in the ſtrictneſs of the Letter? Have the Gentiles no *priviledge* by the vertue of *Meſſiah*'s coming? or has the *Evangelical Sabbath* no immunities? The *ſervice* done, the *day*'s diſcharg'd, my *liberty* reſtor'd; and if I meet my *profits* or my *pleaſures* then, I'le give them entertainment. If *buſineſs* call me to account, I dare afford a careful ear; or if my *ſports* invite me, I'le entertain them with a chearful heart. I'le go to *Mattens* with as much devotion as my neighbour; I'le make as low *obeiſance* and as juſt *reſponds* as any: but as ſoon as *Even-ſong*'s ended, my Church devotion and my *Pſalter* ſhall ſanctifie my *Pue* till the next Sabbath

call. Were it not more for an old *cuſtom*'s ſake than for the *good* I find in Sabbaths, that *Ceremony* might as well be ſpared. It is a day of *Reſt*: And what's a Reſt? A relaxation from the toil of *labour*. And what is labour but a painful exerciſe of the frail body? But where the *exerciſe* admits no toil, there *Relaxation* makes no *Reſt*. What labour is it for the *worldly* man to compaſs Sea and Land to accompliſh his deſires? What labour is it for the impatient *lover* to meaſure *Helleſpont* with his widened arms to haſten his *delight*? What labour for the *youth* to number muſick with their ſprightly *paces*? Where leiſure's reconcil'd to labour, labour is but an *active reſt*. Why ſhould the Sabbath then, a *day of reſt*, divorce from thoſe delights that make thy *reſt*? Afflict their ſouls that pleaſe; my *reſt* ſhall be what moſt conduces to my hearts *delight*. Two hours will vent more *Prayers* than I ſhall need, the reſt remains for *pleaſure*.

His Extirpation.

Conſcience, why ſtart'ſt thou? A *judgment* ſtrikes me from the mouth of Heaven, and ſaith,

Exod. 31. 14.

Whoſoever doth any work on my Sabbath, his ſoul ſhall be cut off.

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 20 8, 9, &c.

REmember to keep holy the Sabbath-day; six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do: but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 13, 14.

Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you. Verily my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a sign betwixt me and you, throughout your Generations.

Luke 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices and ointments, and rested on the Sabbath-day according to the Commandment.

Gregor.

We ought upon the Lord's day to rest from bodily labour, and wholly to addict our selves to prayers, that whatsoever hath been done amiss the week before, may upon the day of our Lord's resurrection be expiated and purged by fervent prayers.

Cyr. Alex.

Sin is the store-house of death and misery, it kindles flames for its dearest friends. Therefore whosoever when he should rest from sin, busieth himself in the dead and fruitless works of wickedness, and renouncing all piety, lusts after such things as will bring him into eternal destruction and everlasting flames, justly deserves to die and perish with the damned; because when he might have enjoy'd a pious rest, he laboured to run headlong to his own destruction.

His Soliloquy.

MY ſoul, how haſt thou *profaned* that *day* thy God hath *ſanctified*! How haſt thou *encroached* on that which Heaven hath *ſet apart*! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath *twelve hours*, what happineſs canſt thou expect in a *perpetual* Sabbath? Is ſix *days too little* for thy ſelf, and two *hours too much* for thy God? O my ſoul, how doſt thou prize *temporals* beyond *eternals*? Is it equal that God who gave thee a body, and *ſix days* to provide for it, ſhould demand *one day* of thee, and be denied it? How *liberal* a *Receiver* art thou, and how *miſerable* a *Requiter*! But know, my ſoul, his Sabbaths are the *Apple* of his eye. He that hath power to vindicate the *breach* of it, hath threatned judgments to the *breaker* thereof. The God of mercy that hath mitigated the *rigour* of it for charity ſake, will not diminiſh the honour of it for profaneneſs ſake. Forget not then, my ſoul, to remember his *Sabbaths*, and remember not to forget his *Judgments*, leſt he forget to remember thee in *Mercy*. What thou haſt neglected, bewail with *contrition*; and what thou haſt repented, forſake with *reſolution*; and what thou haſt reſolved, ſtrengthen with *devotion*.

Anonym.

The true Sabbath is to reſt from ſin.

His

His Prayer.

O Eternal, juſt and all-diſcerning Judge, in thy ſelf glorious, in thy Son gracious, who trieſt without a witneſs, and condemneſt without a Jury; O! I confeſs my very actions have betray'd me, thy Word hath brought in evidence againſt me, my own conſcience hath witneſſed againſt me, and thy judgment hath paſt ſentence againſt me: And what have I now to plead but my own *miſery*? and whither ſhould that miſery flee but to the God of *mercy*? And ſince, O Lord, the way to mercy is to leave my ſelf, I here diſclaim all intereſt in my ſelf, and utterly renounce my ſelf. I that was created for thy glory, have diſhonoured thy Name: I that was made for thy ſervice, have profaned thy *Sabbaths*: I have ſlighted thy *Ordinances*, and turned my back upon thy *Sanctuary*. I have neglected thy *Sacraments*, abuſed thy *Word*, deſpis'd thy *Miniſters*, and contemned their *miniſtry*. I have come into thy Courts with an *unprovided* heart, and have drawn near with *uncircumciſed* lips. And, Lord, I know thou art a jealous God, and moſt ſevere againſt all ſuch as violate thy *Reſt*. The glory of thy Name is precious to thee, and thine honour is as the Apple of thine eye. But thou, O God, that art the God of Hoſts, haſt publiſhed and declared thy ſelf the Lord of mercy. The conſtitution of *Sabbath* was a work of *time*: but, Lord, thy

mercy

mercy is from all *eternity*. I that have *broke* thy *Sabbaths*, do here preſent thee with a broken heart: thy hand is not ſhortned that thou canſt not heal, nor thy ear deafned that thou canſt not hear. Stretch forth thine hand, O God, and heal my wounds; bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear my Prayers. Alter the fabrick of my ſinful heart, and make it tender of thy glory. Make me *ambitious* of thy *ſervice*, and let thy *Sabbaths* be my whole delight. Give me a holy *reverence* of thy *Word*, that it may prove a light to my ſteps and a Lanthorn to my feet. Endue my heart with Charity and faith, that I may find a comfort in thy *Sacraments*. Bleſs thou the Miniſters of thy ſacred Word, and make them holy in their lives, ſound in their *Doctrine*, and laborious in their callings. Preſerve the univerſal Church in theſe diſtracted times; give her Peace, Unity and Uniformity; purge her of all Schiſm, Error and Superſtition. Let the Kings daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleaſure in her beauty; that being honour'd here to be a member of her Militant, I may be glorified with her Triumphant.

Anonym.

He that thinks it too much to keep a ſhort Sabbath here, ſhall never be thought worthy to celebrate the eternal Sabbath hereafter.

The Cenſorious man's Crimination.

Know there is much of the ſeed of the *Serpent* in him by his very looks, if his words betray'd him not He hath eaten the Egge of the *Cockatrice*, and ſurely he remaineth in the ſtate of *perdition*. He is not within the *Covenant*, and abideth in the *Gall* of bitterneſs. His *ſtudied Prayers* ſhew him to be a high Malignant, and his *Jeſu worſhip* concludes him *popiſhly affected*. He comes not to our private meetings, nor contributes a penny to the Cauſe. He cries up learning and the Book of *Common-prayer*, and takes no arms to haſten *Reformation*. He fears God for his own *ends*, for the ſpirit of *Antichriſt* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, he goes a whoring after his own inventions. He can hear an *Oath* from his Superior without reproof, and the *heatheniſh Gods named* without ſpitting in his face. Wherefore my ſoul deteſteth him, and I will have no *converſation* with him: for what fellowſhip hath *light* with *darkneſs*, or the pure in heart with the unclean? Sometimes he is a *Publican*; ſometimes a *Phariſee*, and always an *Hypocrite*. He rails againſt the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jeſus*: he is quick-ſighted at the infirmities of the Saints, and in his heart rejoyceth at our *failings*: he honours not a preaching *Miniſtery*, and too much

much leans to a *Church-government:* he paints *devotion* on his face, whilſt *pride* is ſtampt within his heart: he places *ſanctity* in the walls of a *Steeple-houſe*, and adores the *Sacrament* with his popiſh knee: his Religion is a *Weather-cock*, and turns *breaſt* to every *blaſt* of wind. With the pure he ſeems *pure*, and with the *wicked* he will joyn in *fellowſhip*. A *ſober* language is in his mouth, but the *poiſon* of Aſps is under his tongue. His works conduce not to *edification*, nor are the motions of his heart ſanctified. He adores great ones for preferment, and ſpeaks too partially of authority. He is a *Laodicean* in his faith, a *Nicolaitan* in his works, a *Phariſee* in his *diſguiſe*, a *rank Papiſt* in his heart; and I thank my God I am not as this man.

His Commination.

But ſtay, my ſoul, take heed whilſt thou judgeſt another, leſt God judge thee: how com'ſt thou ſo expert in *anothers* heart, being ſo often deceived in thy *own*? A *Saul to day* may prove a *Paul to morrow*. Take heed whilſt thou wouldſt ſeem *religious*, thou appear not *uncharitable*; and whilſt thou *judgeſt* man, thou be not *judged of God*, who ſaith,

Mat. 7. 1.

Judge not, leſt ye be judged.

His

His Proofs.

John 7. 24.

JUdge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment.

Rom. 14. 10.

But why doſt thou judge thy brother? or why doſt thou ſet at nought thy brother? We ſhall all ſtand before the judgment-ſeat of Chriſt.

1 Cor. 4. 5.

Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkneſs, and will make manifeſt the counſel of the heart.

Rom. 14. 13.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a ſtumbling-block or accuſation to fall in his brothers way.

God is judge himſelf, Pſal. 50. 6.

S. Auguſt.

Apparent and notorious iniquities ought both to be reproved and condemned: but we ſhould never judge ſuch things as we underſtand not, nor can certainly know whether they be done with a good or evil intent.

S. Auguſt.

When thou knoweſt not apparently, judge charitably; becauſe it's better to think well of the wicked, than by frequent cenſuring to ſuſpect an innocent man guilty of an offence.

S. Auguſt.

The unrighteous Judge ſhall be juſtly condemned.

His

His Soliloquy.

HAS thy brother, O my ſoul, a *beam* in his eye, and haſt thou no *mote* in thine? Clear thine own, and thou wilt ſee the better to cleanſe his. If a *Thief* be in his Candle, blow it not out, leſt thou wrong the *flame*; but if thy *ſnuffers* be of Gold, ſnuff it. Has he offended thee? *Forgive* him. Hath he treſpaſs'd againſt the Congregation? *Reprove* him. Hath he ſinned againſt God? *Pray* for him. O my ſoul, how uncharitable haſt thou been? How Phariſaically haſt thou judg'd? Being ſick of the *Jaundies*, how haſt thou cenſur'd another *yellow*? and with *blotted* fingers made his *blur* the greater? How has the *pride* of thy own heart *blinded* thee toward thy ſelf? How *quick-ſighted* to another? Thy *brother* has *ſlipt*, but *thou* haſt *fallen*, and haſt blanch'd thy *impiety* with the publiſhing his *ſin*. Like a *Flie*, thou ſting-eſt his ſores, and feed'ſt on his corruptions. *Jeſus* came eating and drinking, and was judg'd a *glutton*: *John* came faſting, and was chal-leng'd with a *devil*. Judge not, my ſoul, leſt thou be judged: malign not thy brother, leſt God laugh at thy deſtruction. Wouldſt thou eſcape the puniſhment? *judge thy ſelf*: Wouldſt thou avoid the ſin? *humble thy ſelf*.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the only ſearcher of the Reins, to whom the ſecrets of the heart of Man are only known, to whom alone the judgment of our thoughts, our words and deeds belong, and to whoſe ſentence we muſt ſtand or fall; I a preſumptuous ſinner, that have thruſt into thy place, and boldly have preſumed to execute thy office, do here as humbly confeſs the inſolence of mine attempt, and with a ſorrowful heart repent me of my doings: and though my convinced conſcience can look for nothing from thy wrathful hand but the ſame meaſure which I meaſured to another, yet in the confidence of that mercy which thou haſt promiſed to all thoſe that truly and unfeignedly believe, I am become an humble ſuiter for thy gracious pardon. Lord, if thou ſearch me not with a favourable eye, I ſhall appear much more unrighteous in thy ſight than this my uncharitably condemned brother did in mine. O look not therefore, Lord, upon me as I am, leſt thou abhor me; but through the merits of my bleſſed Saviour caſt a gracious eye upon me. Let his humility ſatisfie for my preſumption, and let his meritorious ſufferings anſwer for my vile uncharitableneſs. Let not the voice of my offence provoke thee with a ſtronger cry than the language of his Interceſſion. Remove from me, O God, all ſpiritual pride, and make me little in my own conceit. Lord,

light

light me to my ſelf, that by thy light I may diſcern how dark I am. Lighten that darkneſs by thy holy Spirit, that I may ſearch into my own corruptions. And ſince, O God, all gifts and graces are but nothing, and nothing can be acceptable in thy ſight without charity, quicken the dulneſs of my faint affections, that I may love my brother as I ought. Soften my marble heart that it may melt at his infirmities. Make me careful in the examination of my own ways, and moſt ſevere againſt my own offences. Pull out the beam out of mine own eye, that I may ſee clearly, and reprove wiſely. Take from me, O Lord, all grudging, envy and malice, that my ſeaſonable reproofs may win my brother. Preſerve my heart from all cenſorious thoughts, and keep my tongue from ſtriking at his name. Grant that I make right uſe of his Infirmities, and read good leſſons in his failings; that loving him in thee, and thee in him, according to thy command, we may both be united in thee as members of thee, that thou maiſt receive honour from our communion here, and we eternal glory from thee hereafter in the world to come.

Th. de Kempis.

There are two leſſons which God every day gives his elect: One, to ſee their own faults; the other, the goodneſs of God.

The

The Liar's Fallacies.

NAy, if Religion be ſo ſtrict a Law, to bind my tongue to the *neceſſity* of a truth on all occaſions, at all times, and in all places, the gate is too *ſtrait* for me to enter; or if the general rules of down right truth will admit no few *exceptions*, farewel all honeſt *mirth*, farewel all *trading*, farewel the whole *converſe* betwixt man and man. If always to ſpeak punctual truth be the true *Symptom* of a bleſſed ſoul, *Tom tell-troth* has a happy time, and *fools* and *children* are the only men. If *Truth* ſit Regent, in what faithful breaſt ſhall *ſecrets* find repoſe? What *Kingdom* can be ſafe? What *Commonwealth* can be ſecure? What *War* can be ſucceſsful? What *Stratagem* can proſper? If bloudy times ſhould force Religion to *ſhroud* it ſelf beneath my roof, upon demand, ſhall my falſe truth *betray* it? Or ſhall my brother's life, or ſhall my own be ſeis'd upon through the cruel truth of my down-right *confeſſion*? or rather not be ſecured by a fair *officious* lie? Shall the righteous Favourite of Egypt's Tyrant by vertue of a *loud lie* ſweeten out his joy, and heighten up his ſoft affection with the *Antiperiſtaſis* of *tears*? and may I not prevaricate with a ſullen truth to ſave a brother's *life* from a bloud-thirſty hand? Shall *Jacob* and his too indulgent *Mother* conſpire in a *lie* to purchaſe a paternal *bleſſing* in the falſe name and habit of a *ſupplanted brother*? and ſhall I queſtion to preſerve

preſerve the granted bleſſing of a *life* or *livelihood* with a harmleſs lie? Come, come, my ſoul, let not thy timorous *conſcience* check at ſuch poor things as theſe. So long as thy officious tongue aims at a *juſt end*, a lie is no offence; ſo long as thy perjurious lips confirm not thy untruth with an *audacious* brow, thou needſt not fear. The weight of the *cauſe* relieves the burthen of the *Crime*. Is thy *Center* good? No matter how crooked the lines of the *Circumference* be; *Policy* allows it. If thy *journeys end* be Heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy *journey* be; *Divinity* allows it. Wilt thou condemn the Egyptian *Midwives* for ſaving the *infant* Iſraelites by ſo merciful a *lie*? When *Martial execution* is to be done, wilt thou fear to *kill*? When *hunger* drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou be afraid to *ſteal*? When *civil wars* divide a Kingdom, will *Mercuries* decline a lie? No, circumſtances *excuſe*, as well as *make* the lie. Had *Caſar*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander* been regulated by ſuch *ſtrict divinity*, their names had been as ſilent as their *duſt*. A *lie* is but a fair *put-off*, the *ſanctuary* of a ſecret, the *riddle* of a lover, the *Stratagem* of a Souldier, the *policy* of a Stateſman, and a *ſalve* for many deſperate ſores.

His Flames.

But hark, my ſoul, there's ſomething rounds mine ear, and calls my language to a *Recantation*. The Lord hath ſpoken it.

Liars ſhall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimſtone, Revel. 21. 8.

His

His Proofs.

THou *ſhalt not raiſe a falſe Report,* Ex. 20. Levit. 19. 11.

Ye ſhall not deal falſly, neither lie one to another.

Prov. 12. 22.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight.

Prov. 19. 5.

He that ſpeaketh lies ſhall not eſcape.

Epheſ. 4. 25.

Put away lying, and every one ſpeak truth with his Neighbour: for we are members one of another.

Revel. 21. 27.

There ſhall in no wiſe enter into the new Jeruſalem any thing that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

S. Auguſt.

Whoſoever thinks there's any kind of lie that is not a ſin, ſhamefully deceives himſelf, miſtaking a lying or cozening knave for a ſquare or honeſt man.

Gregor.

Eſchew and avoid all falſhood: though ſometime certain kinds of untruth are leſs ſinful, as to tell a lie to ſave a mans life; yet becauſe the Scripture ſaith, The lyar ſlayeth his own ſoul, *and* God will deſtroy them that tell a lie, *therefore Religious and honeſt men ſhould always avoid even the beſt ſort of lies; neither ought another mans life to be ſecured by our falſhood or lying, leſt we deſtroy our own ſoul in labouring to ſecure another mans life.*

His

His Soliloquy.

WHat a *child*, O my ſoul, hath thy falſe boſom harbour'd! And what reward can thy indulgence expect from ſuch a *Father*? What bleſſing canſt thou hope from Heaven, that pleadeſt for the *Son* of the Devil, and crucifieſt the *Son* of God? God is the Father of *Truth*. To ſecure thy eſtate thou denieſt the *truth* by framing of a *lie*: To ſave thy brother's *life* thou oppoſeſt the *truth* in juſtifying a *lie*. Now tell me, O my ſoul, art thou worthy the name of a *Chriſtian*, that denieſt and oppoſeſt the *nature* of Chriſt? Art thou worthy of *Chriſt*, that preferreſt thy *eſtate* or thy brother's *life* before him? O my unrighteous ſoul, canſt thou hold thy brother worthy of death for giving thee the *lie*, and thy ſelf guiltleſs that *makeſt* a *lie*? I, but in ſome caſes *truth* deſtroys thy life; a *lie* preſerves it. My ſoul, was God thy *Creator*? then make not the Devil thy *preſerver*. Wilt thou deſpair to *truſt* him with thy life that *gave* it, and make him thy *Protector* that ſeeks to *deſtroy* it? Reform thee and repent thee, O my ſoul; hold not thy life on ſuch conditions, but truſt thee to the hands that made thee.

S. Hierom.

Let not thy tongue know how to lie or ſwear; and let there be in thee ſo great a love of truth, that thou account whatever thou ſayeſt as ſealed with an Oath.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art the God of *truth*, whoſe word is *truth*, that hateſt *lying* lips, and abominateſt the *deceitful* tongue, that baniſheſt thy preſence all ſuch as *love* or *make* a *lie*, and loveſt *truth*, and requireſt *uprightneſs* in the inward parts; I the moſt wretched of the ſons of men, and moſt unworthy to be called thy ſon, make bold to caſt my ſinful eyes to Heaven. Lord, I have ſinned againſt Heaven and againſt *truth*, and have turned thy grace into a *lie*. I have renounced the ways of righteouſneſs, and have harboured much iniquity within me, which hath turned thy wrath againſt me. I have tranſgreſs'd againſt the checks of my own conſcience, and have vaunted of my tranſgreſſion: which way ſoever I turn mine eye, I ſee no object but ſhame and confuſion. Lord, when I look upon my ſelf, I find nothing there but fuel for thy wrath, and matter for thine indignation and my condemnation. And when I caſt mine eyes to Heaven, I there behold an angry God, and a ſevere revenger. But, Lord, at thy right hand I ſee a Saviour and a ſweet Redeemer. I ſee thy wounded Son cloathed in my fleſh, and bearing mine infirmities, and interceding for my numerous tranſgreſſions; for which my ſoul doth magnifie thee, O God, and my ſpirit rejoyceth in him my Saviour. Lord, when thou lookeſt upon the vaſt ſcore of my offences, turn thine

ey

eyes upon the infinite merits of his ſatisfaction. O when thy juſtice calls to mind my ſins, let not thy mercy forget his ſufferings. Waſh me, O waſh me in his bloud, and thou ſhalt ſee me clothed in his righteouſneſs. Let him that is all in all to me, be all in all for me; make him to me ſanctification, juſtification and redemption. Inſpire my heart with the ſpirit of thy truth, and preſerve me from the deceitfulneſs of *double tongues*. Give me an inward confidence to rely upon thy fatherly providence, that neither fear may deter me, nor any advantage may turn me from the ways of thy *truth*. Let not the ſpecious goodneſs of the *end* encourage me to the unlawfulneſs of the *means*, but let thy Word be the warrant to all my actions. Guide my foot-ſteps that I may walk uprightly, and quicken my conſcience that it may reprove my failings. Cauſe me to feel the burthen of this my habitual ſin, that coming to thee by a true and ſerious repentance, my ſins may obtain a full and a gracious forgiveneſs. Give me a *heart* to make a Covenant with my *lips*: that both my *heart* and *tongue* being ſanctified by thy Spirit, may be both united in *truth* by thy mercy, and magnifie thy name for ever and for ever.

Str.

He that is afraid to tell the truth, denieth himſelf to be a man.

The

The Revengeful man's Rage.

What a *Julip* to my ſcorching ſoul is the delicious *bloud* of my *Offender*! And how it cools the burning *Fever* of my boiling veins! It is the *Quinteſſence* of pleaſures, the *height* of ſatisfaction, and the very *marrow* of all delight, to bath and paddle in the *bloud* of ſuch whoſe bold *affronts* have turn'd my wounded *patience* into *fury*. How full of ſweetneſs was his death, who dying was reveng'd upon three thouſand enemies? How ſweetly did the *younger brother's bloud* allay the ſoul-conſuming flames of the *elder*, who took more pleaſure in his *laſt breath*, than Heaven did in his firſt *Sacrifice*? Yet had not Heaven condemned his *action*, nature had found an Advocate for his *paſſion*. What ſturdy ſpirit hath the power to rule his *ſuffering* thoughts, or curb the head-ſtrong fury of his *Iraſcible* affections? Or who but fools (that cannot taſte an injury) can *moderate* their high-bred *ſpirits*, and ſtop their *paſſion* in her full *carriere*? Let heavy Cynicks, they whoſe leaden ſouls are taught by ſtupid reaſon to ſtand *bent* at every wrong, that can digeſt an *injury* more eaſily than a complement, that can proteſt againſt the Laws of *nature*, and cry all natural *affection* down, let them be *And-irons* for the injurious world to work a *Heat* upon; let them find ſhoulders to receive the pain-

full *ſtripes* of peeviſh Mortals, and to bear the *wrongs* of daring inſolence; let them be drawn like Calves prepar'd for ſlaughter, and bow their ſervile necks to ſharp *deſtruction*; let them ſubmit their ſlaviſh *boſoms* to be trod and trampled under foot at every ones pleaſure: My *Eagle-ſpirit* flies a higher pitch, and like ambitious *Phaeton* climbs into the *fiery Chariot*, and drawn with Fury, Scorn, Revenge and Honour, tramples through all the ſpheres, and brings with it *confuſion* and *combuſtion*: my reeking Sword ſhall vindicate my *reputation*, and rectifie the injuries of my *honourable name*, and quench it ſelf in the plenteous *ſtreams* of bloud. Come, tell not me of Charity, Conſcience, or Tranſgreſſion. My *Charity* reflects upon my ſelf, begins at home, and guided by the *juſtice* of my *paſſion*, is bound to labour for an *honourable ſatisfaction*. My *Conſcience* is bloud-proof, and I can broach a life with my illuſtrious weapon, with as little *reluctation* as kill a Flea that ſucks my bloud without *commiſſion*; and I can drink a *health* in *bloud* upon my bended knee to *Reputation*.

His Retaliation.

But hark, my ſoul, I hear a languiſhing, a dying *voice* cry up to Heaven for vengeance. It cries aloud, and thunders in my ſtartling ear. I tremble, and my ſhivering bones are fill'd with horrour. It cries againſt me: and hear what Heaven replies,

All that take up the Sword ſhall periſh by the Sword, Mat. 26. 52.

His

His Proofs.

Levit. 19. 18.

THou ſhalt not avenge, or bear any grudge againſt the Children of thy people, but thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thy ſelf: I am the Lord.

Deut. 32. 35.

To me belongeth Vengeance and Recompence.

Ezek. 25. 12, 13.

Becauſe that Edom hath dealt againſt the houſe of Judah, by taking vengeance, and hath greatly offended, and reveng'd himſelf upon them:

Therefore thus ſaith the Lord God, I will alſo ſtretch out mine hand upon Edom, and will cut off man and beaſt from it.

Mat. 5. 39.

Reſiſt not evil; but whoſoever ſhall ſmite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other alſo.

Tertul.

What's the difference between one that doth an injury, and another that outragiouſly ſuffers it, except that the one is firſt, and the other ſecond in the offence? but both are guilty of mutual injury in the ſight of God, who forbids every ſin, and condemns the offender.

Idem.

How can we honour God, if we revenge our ſelves?

Gloſſ.

Every man is a murtherer, and ſhall be puniſhed as Cain *was, if he do (as* Cain *did) either aſſault his brother with violence, or purſue him with hatred.*

His Soliloquy.

REvenge is an Act of the *Iraſcible* affections, deliberated with *malice*, and executed without *mercy*. How often, O my ſoul, haſt thou curſed thy ſelf in the perfecteſt of *Prayers*? how often haſt thou turned the ſpiritual *body* of thy Saviour into thy *damnation*? Can the *Sun* riſe to thy *comfort*, that hath ſo often ſet in thy *wrath*? So long as thy wrath is kindled againſt thy brother, ſo long is the *wrath* of God burning againſt thee. O wouldſt thou offer a pleaſing *Sacrifice* to Heaven? Go firſt and be *reconciled* to thy brother. I, but who ſhall right thy *honour* then? Is thy honour wrong'd? *Forgive*, and it is vindicated. I, but this kind of heart-ſwelling can brook no *Poultice* but revenge. Take heed, my ſoul, the *remedy* is worſe than the diſeaſe. If thy intricate *diſtemper* tranſcend thy power, make choice of a *Phyſician* that can purge that *humor* that foments thy *malady*. Rely upon him; ſubmit thy *will* to his directions: he hath a tender heart, a skilful hand, a watchful eye, that makes thy *welfare* the price of all his *pains*, expecting no reward, no fee, but *praiſes* and *thankſgiving*.

S. Bernard.

Be humble in asking of pardon, and eaſie in giving it, and thou wilt be at peace with all the world.

His

His Prayer.

O God thou art the God of *Peace*, and the lover of *unity* and concord, that doſt command all thoſe that ſeek forgiveneſs, to *forgive*, that hateſt the *froward* heart, but ſheweſt mercy to the *meek* in ſpirit; With what a face can I appear before thy mercy-ſeat? or with what countenance can I lift up theſe hands thus ſtained with my *brother's bloud*? How can my lips that daily breed *revenge* againſt my *brother*, preſume to own thee as my *Father*, or expect from thee thy bleſſing as thy *child*? If thou forgive my *treſpaſſes*, O God, as I forgive my *treſpaſſers*, in what a miſerable eſtate am I, that in my very prayers condemn my ſelf, and do not only limit thy compaſſion by my *uncharitableneſs*, but draw thy judgments on my head for my *Rebellion*? That heart, O God, which thou requireſt as a holy preſent, is become a ſpring of *malice*. Theſe hands which I advance, are ready inſtruments of baſe *revenge*. My thoughts, that ſhould be ſanctified, are full of *bloud*, and how to compaſs evil againſt my brother is my continual meditation. The courſe of all my life is wilful diſobedience, and my whole pleaſure, Lord, is to diſpleaſe thee. My conſcience hath accuſed me, and the voice of *bloud* hath cried againſt me: But, Lord, the *bloud* of *Jeſus* cries louder than the *bloud* of *Abel*, and thy mercy is far more infinite than my ſin. The *bloud* that was ſhed

by me cries for vengeance, but the *bloud* that was ſhed *for me* ſues for mercy. Lord, hear the language of this bloud, and by the merits of this voice be reconciled unto me. That time which cannot be recalled, O give me power to redeem, and in the mean time a ſetled reſolution to reform. Suppreſs the *violence* of my headlong paſſion, and eſtabliſh a *meek* ſpirit within me. Let the ſight of my own vileneſs take from me the ſenſe of all diſgrace, and let the Crown of my reputation be thy honour. Poſſeſs my heart with a deſire of *unity* and concord, and give me *patience* to endure what my *impenitency* hath deſerved. Breath into my ſoul the ſpirit of *love*, and direct my affections to their right object: turn all my *anger* againſt that ſin that hath provoked thee, and give me *holy revenge*, that I may exerciſe it againſt my ſelf. Grant that I may love thee for thy ſelf, my ſelf in thee, and my neighbour as my ſelf. Aſſiſt me, O God, that I may ſubdue all evil in my ſelf, and ſuffer patiently all evil as a puniſhment from thee. Give me a *merciful* heart, O God; make it ſlow to *wrath* and ready to *forgive*. Preſerve me from the act of evil, that I may be delivered from the fear of evil; that living here in charity with men, I may receive that ſentence of, *Come ye bleſſed*, in the Kingdom of glory.

The Secure man's Triumph.

O now, my ſoul, thy happineſs is *entail'd*, and thy illuſtrious name ſhall live in thy *ſucceeding* Generations. Thy dwelling is eſtabliſh'd in the *fat* of all the land; thou haſt what mortal *heart can wiſh*, and wanteſt nothing but *immortality*. The *beſt* of all the land is thine, and thou art planted in the *beſt* of *Lands*. A land whoſe *Conſtitutions* make the beſt of Government, which *Government* is ſtrengthned with the beſt of *laws*, which *Laws* are executed by the beſt of Princes; whoſe *Prince*, whoſe *Laws*, whoſe *Government*, whoſe *Land* makes us the *happieſt* of all ſubjects, makes us the *happieſt* of all people. A land of ſtrength, of plenty, and a land of peace; where every ſoul may ſit beneath his *Vine*, unfrighted at the horrid language of the hoarſe *Trumpet*, unſtartled at the warlike ſummons of the roaring *Cannon*. A land whoſe *beauty* hath ſurpriz'd the ambitious hearts of foreign Princes, and taught them by their *martial Oratory* to make their vain attempts. A land whoſe ſtrength reads vanity in the deceived hopes of *Conquerors*, and crowns their enterprizes with a *ſhameful overthrow*. A land whoſe native plenty makes her the worlds *Exchange*, *ſupplying* others, able to ſubſiſt *without ſupply* from foreign Kingdoms; in it ſelf *happy*, and abroad *honourable*. A land that hath no *vanity*,

but what the ſweeteſt of all bleſſings, *peace* and plenty; that hath no *miſery* but what is propagated from that blindneſs which cannot ſee her own *felicity*. A land that flows with *Milk* and *Honey*, and in brief wants nothing to deſerve the title of a *Paradiſe*. The *Curb* of *Spain*, the *pride* of *Germany*, the *aid* of *Belgia*, the *ſcourge* of *France*, the *Empreſs* of the World, and *Queen* of *Nations*. She is begirt with walls, whoſe builder was the hand of *Heaven*, whereon there daily rides a *Navy-Royal*, whoſe unconquerable power proclaims her Prince invincible, and whiſpers ſad deſpair into the fainting hearts of *foreign* Majeſty. She is compact within her ſelf in *unity*, not apt to *civil* diſcords or *inteſtine* broils: The *envy* of all Nations, the *ambition* of all Princes, the *terror* of all enemies, the *ſecurity* of all neighbouring States. Let timorous *Pulpits* threaten ruine, let propheſying *Church-men* dote, till I believe. How often and how long have theſe loud *Sons* of *Thunder* falſe-propheſied her deſolation? and yet ſhe ſtands the *glory* of the world. Can Pride demoliſh the *Towers* that defend her? Can Drunkenneſs dry up the Sea that walls her? Can flames of Luſt diſſolve the *Ordnances* that protect her?

His Overthrow.

Be well adviſ'd, my ſoul, there is a *voice* from Heaven roars louder than thoſe Ordnances, which ſaith,

Thus ſaith the Lord, The whole land ſhall be deſolate; Jer. 4. 27.

His

His Proofs.

Eſay 14. 7, &c.

THe whole Earth is at reſt and at quiet, they break forth into ſinging.

Yea the Fir-trees rejoyce at thee, and the Cedars of Lebanon ſing, &c.

Yet ſhalt thou be brought down to Hell, to the ſides of the Pit.

Jer. 5. 12.

They have belied the Lord, and ſaid, It is not he, neither ſhall evil come upon us, neither ſhall we ſee ſword or famine.

1 Cor. 10. 12.

Let him that ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall.

Luke 17. 27.

They did eat and drink, and they married wives and were given in marriage, until the floud came and deſtroyed them all.

S. Auguſt.

Whilſt Lot *was exerciſed in ſuffering reproach and violence, he continued holy and pure, even in the filth of* Sodom: *but in the mount, being in peace and ſafety, he was ſurpriſed by ſenſual ſecurity, and defiled himſelf with his own daughters.*

Greg Mag.

Our proſperous and happy ſtate is often the occaſion of more miſerable ruine: a long peace hath made many men both careleſs and cowardly; and that's the moſt fatal blow when an unexpected enemy ſurpriſeth us in a deep ſleep of peace and ſecurity.

His Soliloquy.

SEcurity is an *improvident careleſneſs*, caſting out all fear of approaching danger. It is like a great *Calm* at Sea, that foreruns a *Storm*. How is this verified, O my ſad ſoul, in this our *bleeding* Nation! Wert thou not till now for many years even nuzzl'd in the boſom of habitual *peace*? Didſt thou foreſee this *danger*? Or couldſt thou have contrived a way to be thus *miſerable*? Didſt thou not laugh *invaſion* to ſcorn? or didſt thou not leſs fear a *Civil War*? Was not the *Title* of the *Crown* unqueſtionable? And was not our mixt *Government* unapt to fall into diſeaſes? Did we want good *Laws*? or did our Laws want *execution*? Did not our Prophets give *lawful warning*? Or were we moved at the ſound of *Judgments*? How haſt thou liv'd, O my uncareful ſoul, to ſee theſe Prophecies fulfill'd, and to behold the *vials* of thy angry God pour'd forth? Since *Mercies*, O my ſoul, could not *allure* thee, yet let theſe *Judgments* now at length *enforce* thee to a true *repentance*. Quench the *Fire-brand* which thou haſt kindled; turn thy mirth to right *mourning*, and thy feaſts of joy to *humiliation*.

Caſſian.

There is no better expedient of ſecurity, than to commit all our intereſt to God, who knows how to give good things to them that ask him.

His

His Prayer.

O God by whom Kings reign and Kingdoms flouriſh, that ſetteſt up where none can batter down, and pulleſt down where none can countermand; I a moſt humble Suiter at the Throne of Grace, acknowledge my ſelf unworthy of the leaſt of all thy mercies, nay worthy of the greateſt of all thy judgments. I have ſinned againſt thee, the Author of my being; I have ſinned againſt my conſcience, which thou haſt made my accuſer; I have ſinned againſt the peace of this Kingdom, whereof thou haſt made me a member: If all ſhould do, O God, as I have done, *Sodom* would appear as righteous, and *Gomorrha* would be a precedent to thy wrath upon this ſinful Nation. But, Lord, thy *mercy* is *inſcrutable*, or elſe my *miſery* were *unſpeakable*: for that mercy ſake be gracious to me in the free pardoning of all my offences. Blot them out of thy remembrance for his ſake in whom thou art well pleaſed. Make my head a fountain of tears to quench that brand my ſins have kindled towards the deſtruction of this flouriſhing Kingdom. Bleſs this Kingdom, O God; eſtabliſh it in piety, honour, peace and plenty. Forgive all the crying ſins, and remove all thy judgments far from her. Bleſs, bleſs her Governour, thy ſervant, our dread Sovereign. Endue his ſoul with all religious, civil, and princely vertues. Preſerve his royal perſon in health,

ſafety:

ſafety and proſperity; prolong his days in honour, peace or victory, and crown his death with everlaſting glory. Bleſs him in his royal Conſort; unite their hearts in love and true Religion. Bleſs him in his Princely iſſue; ſeaſon their youth with the fear of thy name. Direct thy Church in doctrine and in diſcipline; and let her enemies be converted, or confounded. Purge her of all ſuperſtition and hereſie; and root out from her whatſoever thy hand hath not planted. Bleſs the Nobility of this Land; endue their hearts with truth, loyalty, and true policy. Bleſs the Tribe of *Levi* with piety, learning, and humility. Bleſs the Magiſtrates of this Kingdom; give them religious and upright hearts, hating covetouſneſs. Bleſs the Gentry with ſincerity, charity and a good conſcience. Bleſs the Commonalty with loyal hearts, painful hands, and plentiful increaſe. Bleſs the two great Seminaries of this Kingdom; make them fruitful nurſeries both to the Church and Common-wealth. Bleſs all thy Saints every where, eſpecially thoſe that ſtood in the gap betwixt this Kingdom and thy judgments; that being all members of that Body whereof thou Chriſt art Head, we may all joyn in humiliation for our ſins, and in the propagation of thy honour here, and be made partakers of thy glory in the Kingdom of glory hereafter.

The Preſumptuous man's Felicity.

Ell bauling Babes of *Bugbears*, to fright them into quietneſs; or terrifie youth with *old wives Fables*, to keep their wild affections in awe: ſuch *Toys* may work upon their timorous apprehenſions, when wholſome *precepts* fail, and find no audience in their youthful ears. Tell not me of Hell, Devils, or damned ſouls, to enforce me from thoſe *pleaſures* which they *nick-name ſin*. What tell ye me of *Law*? my ſoul is ſenſible of *Evangelical precepts* without the needleſs and uncorrected thunder of the *killing Letter*, or the terrible periphraſe of ſome roaring *Boanerges*, the tediouſneſs of whoſe language ſtill determines in *damnation*; wherein I apprehend God far more *merciful* than his *Miniſters*. 'Tis true, I have not led my life according to the Phariſaical *ſquare* of their *opinions*, neither have I found judgments according to their *prophecies*; whereby I muſt conclude that God is wonderfully *merciful*, or they wonderfully *miſtaken*. How often have they thundred *torment* againſt my *voluptuous life*? and yet I feel no *pain*. How bitterly have they threatned *ſhame* againſt the *vaunts* of my *vain-glory*? yet find I *honour*. How fiercely have they preach'd *deſtruction* againſt my *cruelty*? and yet I *live*. What *Plagues* againſt my *ſwearing*? yet not *infected*. What

diſeaſes

diſeaſes againſt my *drunkenneſs*? and yet *ſound*. What *danger* againſt *procraſtination*? yet how often hath God been found upon the *death-bed*? What *damnation* to *Hypocrites*? yet who more *ſafe*? What *ſtripes* to the *Ignorant*? yet who more *ſcot-free*? What *poverty* to the *Slothful*? yet themſelves *proſper*. What *falls* to the *Proud*? yet ſtand they *ſureſt*. What *curſes* to the *Covetous*? yet who *richer*? What *judgments* to the *Laſcivious*? yet who more *pleaſure*? What *vengeance* to the *Profane*, the *Cenſorious*, the *Revengeful*? yet none live more *unſcourg'd*. Who deeper *branded* than the *Liar*? yet who more *favour'd*? Who more *threatned* than the *Preſumptuous*? yet who leſs *puniſh'd*? Thus are we fool'd and kept in awe with the ſtrict *fancies* of thoſe *Pulpit-men*, whoſe opinions have no ground but what they gain from popularity: Thus are we frighted from the *liberty* of *Nature* by the politick *Chimeraes* of *Religion*; whereby we are neceſſitated to the obſerving of thoſe *Laws*, whereof we find a greater neceſſity of breaking.

His Anathemaes.

But ſtay, my ſoul, there is a voice that darts into my troubled thoughts, which ſaith,

Deut. 29.

Becauſe thou haſt not kept my Laws, all the curſes in this book ſhall overtake thee, till thou be deſtroyed.

His

His Proofs.

Deut. 29. 27.

AND the anger of the Lord was kindled againſt the land, to bring upon it all the Curſes that are written in this book.

2 Chron. 34. 24.

Thus ſaith the Lord, Behold I will bring evil upon this place, and upon the inhabitants thereof, even all the curſes that are written in the book.

Deut. 28. 15.

But if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to obſerve and do all his Commandments and his Statutes which I command thee this day, all theſe curſes ſhall come upon thee, and overtake thee.

Bernard.

It is certain thou muſt die, and uncertain when, how, or where: ſeeing death is always at thy heels, thou muſt (if thou be wiſe) always be ready to die.

Idem.

To commit a ſin, is an humane frailty: to perſiſt in it, is a deviliſh obſtinacy.

Idem.

There are ſome who hope in the Lord, but yet in vain; becauſe they only ſmooth and flatter themſelves that God is merciful, but repent not of their ſin: ſuch confidence is vain and fooliſh, and leads to deſtruction.

His

His Soliloquy.

PRe*ſumption* is a ſin, whereby we depend upon God's *mercies* without any warrant from God's word. It is as great a ſin, O my ſoul, to hope for God's mercy without *Repentance*, as to diſtruſt God's mercy upon *Repentance*. In the firſt thou wrongeſt his *Juſtice*; in the laſt, his *Mercy*. O my preſumptuous ſoul, let not thy *proſperity in ſinning* encourage thee to ſin; leſt climbing *without warrant* into his mercy, thou fall without mercy into his judgment. Be not deceived; a long *Peace* makes a bloudy *War*, and the abuſe of continued mercies makes a ſharp judgment. Patience when ſlighted turns to *fury*, but ill requited ſtarts to *vengeance*. Think not that thy unpuniſh'd ſin is hidden from the eye of Heaven, or that God's judgments will delay for ever. The ſtalled Ox that wallows in his plenty, and waxes wanton with eaſe, is not far from *ſlaughter*. The *Ephah*, O my deſperate ſoul, is long a filling, but once being full, the leaden cover muſt go on, and then it hurries on the wings of the wind. Adviſe thee then, and whilſt the *Lamp* of thy proſperity laſts, provide thee for the *evil day*, which being come, *Repentance* will be out of date, and all thy *Prayers* will find no ear.

Tertul.

A Chriſtian hath no morrow, that is, ſhould put off no duty, until the morrow.

His

His Prayer.

GRacious God, whoſe mercy is unſearchable, and whoſe goodneſs is unſpeakable, I the unthankful object of thy continued favours, and therefore the miſerable ſubject of thy *continual wrath*, humbly preſent my ſelf-made miſery before thy ſacred Majeſty. Lord, when I look upon the horridneſs of my ſin, ſhame ſtrikes me dumb; but when I turn mine eye upon the infiniteneſs of thy mercy, I am emboldned to pour forth my ſoul before thee: as in the one finding matter for confuſion, ſo in the other arguments for compaſſion. Lord, I have *ſinned grievouſly*, but my Saviour hath *ſatiſfied abundantly*; I have treſpaſſed *continually*, but he hath ſuffered *once for all*. Thou haſt numbred my tranſgreſſions by the hairs of my head, but his mercies are innumerable like the ſtars of the ſky: My ſins in greatneſs are like the mountains of the Earth, but his mercy is greater than the Heavens. O if his mercy were not greater than my ſins, my ſins were unpardonable: for his therefore and thy mercies ſake cover my ſins, and pardon my tranſgreſſions. Make my head a fountain of tears, and accept my contrition, O thou Well-ſpring of all mercy. Strengthen my reſolution, that for the time to come I may deteſt all ſin. Encreaſe a holy anger in me, that I may revenge my ſelf upon my ſelf for diſpleaſing ſo gracious a Father. Fill my heart with a *fear* of

thy

thy *judgments*, and ſweeten my thoughts with the *meditation* of thy *mercies*. Go forwards, O my God, and perfect thy own work in me, and take the glory of thy own free goodneſs: furniſh my mouth with the praiſes of thy name, and repleniſh my tongue with continual thankſgiving. Thou haſt promiſed pardon to thoſe that repent: behold, I repent: Lord, quicken my Repentance. Thou mighteſt have made me a terrible example of thy juſtice, and ſtruck me into Hell in the height of my preſumption; but thou haſt made me capable of thy mercies, and an object of thy commiſeration: for thou art a gracious God, long-ſuffering, and ſlow to anger; thy name is wonderful, and thy mercies incomprehenſible. Thou art only worthy to be praiſed. Let all the people praiſe thee, O God, O let all the people praiſe thee. Let Angels and Archangels praiſe thee; Let the Congregations of Saints praiſe thee; Let thy works praiſe thee; Let every thing that breaths praiſe thee for ever and ever, *Amen.*

Pſal. 50. 21.

Theſe things haſt thou done and I kept ſilence, Thou thoughteſt that I was altogether ſuch an one as thy ſelf: but I will reprove thee, and ſet them in order before thine eyes.

BRITISH
15 AP 74
MUSEUM

BAR-

BARNABAS,

OR,

The Compaſſionate

SAMARITAN,

Pouring *Oil* into Wounded

SPIRITS.

The Second Part.

BY

Fra. Quarles.

The Ninth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Royſton*, Bookſeller to his moſt Sacred Majeſty, at the Angel in *Amen-Corner*, 1679.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls.

Part II.

The weary man's Burthen.

GOD, who in himſelf is the fulneſs and perfection of all Glory, who needed no Tongue to praiſe it, no Pen to expreſs it, no Work to magnifie it, created a World for his own pleaſure, furniſh'd it of his own goodneſs, made *Man* out of his own meer motion, appointed him his *Lieutenant* here upon Earth, and as a *witneſs* and an *inſtrument* of his Glory, the ſole *end* of his *Creation:* But *Man* grew *proud*, *tranſgreſs'd* againſt his firſt *Commandment* and *fell*, and by his *fall* deſtroyed his then unborn *poſterity*. *Sin* entred the world, and *death* by ſin: and I poor miſerable *creature*, born in ſin, have turned his glory to *diſhonour*, my due obedience to *Rebellion*, and my happineſs into eternal *death*. How intolerable is the *Burthen* of this ſin! How inſufferable is the *weight* of my *offences*! If I but *think* of *Heaven*, it clogs my *contemplations*. If I but *pray* to *Heaven*, it preſſes down my *devotion*. I have loſt the *favour* of my God, I have fruſtrated the

fruſtrated the *end* of my creation, I have broke the peace of my *conſcience*, I have clipt the wings of my *faith*, I have daſh'd the comfort of my *hopes*. Good Angels have forſaken me, my conſcience hath accuſed me, God's *Prophets* have condemned me, and *Hell* gapes for me. What ſhall I do? Or whither ſhall I flie? Shall I ſeek to *Angels*? Alas, I have turned them away diſpleaſed: They will not hear me, or if they would, they cannot help me. Shall I flie to my own Conſcience? alas, that will flie on me. Shall I truſt on my own *merits*? alas, they are falſe *Lights*, and will light me to my own ruine. Or ſhall I take the wings of the Morning, and flie to the utmoſt parts of the Earth? alas, my ſins will follow me, my ſins will *haunt* me whereſoever I go. Poor miſerable man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from this burthen? Poor miſerable man that I am, who ſhall releaſe me from this Bondage? Is there no *Comfort* for a poor diſtreſſed *ſoul*? Is there no *Eaſe* for a poor diſconſolate *Sinner*? Is there no *Balſam* for a *wounded Heart*? no *Refuge* for a *guilty Penitent*?

His Reſt.

O my ſoul, why art thou ſo ſad? and why is thy ſpirit ſo diſquieted within thee? Put thy truſt in God, who hath ſaid,

Mat. 11. 28.

Come unto me all you that are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt.

His

His Proofs.

Jer. 6. 16.

THus ſaith the Lord, Stand ye in the old ways and ſee, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye ſhall find reſt for your ſouls.

Iſa. 51. 11.

The redeemed of the Lord ſhall return, and come with ſinging unto Sion, and everlaſting joy ſhall be upon their heads: They ſhall obtain gladneſs and joy; and ſorrow and mourning ſhall flie away.

Mat. 11. 29.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye ſhall have reſt unto your ſouls.

Hieron. in Epiſt.

Doſt thou fear poverty? Chriſt calls the poor man bleſſed: art thou afraid of labour? pains are the parents of a Crown: art thou hungry? Faith fears no famine. God, the Generaliſſimo *of the world, with his Militia of Angels beholds thy Combate, and prepares for thy laborious victory a crown of everlaſting reſt.*

Aug. de Virgin.

Sow thy heart with divers ſeeds, with Faſting, Prayer, Reading, Alms, that the end of thy labour may be the harveſt of thy reſt.

His Soliloquy.

TRue, my ſoul, if thou ſhouldſt only caſt an eye upon the *letter* of the *Law*, that letter would ſoon caſt thee and condemn thee; or if thy only object were the baſe *corruptions* of thy ſinful *heart*, there were ſufficient cauſe to juſtifie that condemnation; or hadſt thou nothing elſe to truſt to but thine own *abilities*, thy caſe were too too miſerable for expreſſion; or ſhouldſt thou ſeriouſly conſider that glorious *Majeſty* thou haſt *offended*, there were no hopes for conſolation: But, O my ſoul, there is a *Goſpel* to mitigate the rigour of that *Letter*; there is a *Chancery* to moderate the ſeverity of that *Law*; there is a *Saviour* to moderate betwixt that *God* and thy *Offences*. Art thou in *bondage*? O my ſoul, here is *freedom*; Art thou *dejected*? here is *comfort*; Art thou *purſued*? here is a *refuge*; Art thou *overburthened*? here is *reſt*; Art thou *condemned*? here is a *pardon*. Appeal therefore from the Throne of *Juſtice* to the Seat of *Mercy*; from the *juſtice* of *Jehovah* to the *mercy* of thy *Jeſus*: *deny* thy ſelf, and he will *own* thee; *empty* thy ſelf, and he will *fill* thee: Let not thy *ſins* affright thee, he hath *ſatisfied*: Let not *Hell* diſmay thee, he hath *ſuffered*: Let not the *firſt death* trouble thee, he hath *ſweetned* it: Let not the *ſecond death* terrifie thee, he hath *conquered* it. Fear not to *come* to him, for he hath *called* thee: Fear not to *pray* to him, for he will *hear* thee.

His

His Prayer.

O God, whoſe perfect glory needed not the help of *Man*, yet madeſt him for thy *Glory*, wherein conſiſted his eternal *Happineſs*; I a poor *ſon* of *Adam*, fallen by his *Sin*, and wallowing in my own *corruptions*, lie proſtrate here before the foot-ſtool of thy *Mercy-ſeat*, acknowledging my grievous *Sins*, and humbly begging *pardon* for my manifold *tranſgreſſions*. How infinite is thy *Mercy*, O God, that haſt not ſpared thy only *Son*, but made his precious *Bloud* a Ranſom to redeem me from the jaws of *Death*! I have made my ſelf a great *Delinquent*, and thou haſt appointed *Him* my gracious *Advocate*: I have made my ſelf a *Sinner*, and he hath given himſelf to be my *Saviour*. To thee therefore, O my bleſſed *Jeſus*, whoſe *Death* is my *deliverance*, I flie: Before thee (who art more *merciful* than I am *miſerable*) I fall. Thy *Mercies* have invited me, thy *Merits* have emboldned me, to preſent my *groans* before thy gracious *Ears*, and to lay my *Burthen* upon thy dying *Shoulders*. O Lamb of God which takeſt away the *Sins* of the *World*, have mercy upon me. O Lamb of God that takeſt away the *Burthen* of my ſins, have mercy upon me; and grant me thy *Reſt*. O thou that tookeſt my *fleſh* upon thee, grant me thy *Spirit*. Sanctifie my *thoughts*: Be merciful to my *ſins*; Be gracious unto my *Prayers*. Let the *Interceſſion* of

thy *merits* reſtore me to the *favour* of my *God*. Let the *freeneſs* of thy *mercy* releaſe me from the *burthen* of my *Conſcience*. *Wean* me from my ſelf: *Direct* me in thy *ways*. Be thou my *Reſt*: Be thou my *Refuge*. Fix thou my wavering *faith*: Recal my wandring *Hopes*. Give thy *Angels* charge over me, whom I have ſo often ſent grieved away. *Eſtabliſh* me with a free *Spirit*, and *reſtore* me to the joy of thy *Salvation*. Let that *power* that calls me, enable me to come; and let my coming be rewarded in thy *Promiſe*. Let thy *Word* comfort me, let thy *Truth* conduct me, and let thy *Spirit* counſel me; that being relieved by the bounty of thy *Grace*, releaſed from the *Burthen* of my ſins, and redeemed by the vertue of thy *Bloud*, I may come to thee with the *Confidence* of a Son, and be received of thee in the *Compaſſion* of a Father, and after this life of *Grace*, live with thee in thy Kingdom of *Glory*.

S. Aug.

Chriſt is the way, the truth, and the life: the way, wherein thou ſhouldſt go; the truth, whither thou wouldſt arrive; the life, which thou wouldſt enjoy.

Heb. 2. 18.

For in that he himſelf hath ſuffered, being tempted, he is able to ſuccour them that are tempted.

The

The Sinner's Sentence.

The *miſerable* condition of *Mankind*! What loads of ſelf-made *miſery* are fallen upon the *ſons of men*! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the will to ſtand; and being fallen by his ambitious *will*, hath loſt the *power* to *riſe*. He was created *good*; but not content with ſuch a goodneſs, grew covetous to encreaſe it by the knowledge of that which (being known) deprived him of that goodneſs. *Evil* he deſired to know; and not knowing the miſery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miſerable. That God, the ſweetneſs of whoſe *preſence* was the *perfection* of man's *felicity*, he rebelliouſly declined; and being the *Favourite* of Heaven, made himſelf a *fire-brand* of Hell: and I, his miſerable child, am made more miſerable by my *own offences*. What *mercy* can I expect from this juſt God, whoſe *juſtice* I have ſo oft offended? What *judgment* may I now ſuſpect from that merciful God whoſe *mercy* I have ſo oft abuſed? Is not the practice of my life, *Sin*? Are not the wages of my ſin, *Death*? If *one ſin* deſtroyed a world of men, ſhall not a *world of ſins* deſtroy one man? I that have not feared to provoke his *Juſtice*, am now afraid to think him *Juſt*. I that have ſlighted his *mercy*, have now no warrant to hope him *merciful*,

ciful. He that *made* the eye, can he chuſe but *ſee*? He that ſees all things, beholds he not my *ſin*? Can he behold my ſin, and not *puniſh*? Can he puniſh, and I not be *confounded*? What am I poor duſt and aſhes to ſtand before ſo great an enemy? Did he not create me for his ſervice, and ſhall not his hand deſtroy me for my *Rebellion*? What *Advocate* ſhall plead my cauſe? What *Sanctuary* ſhall ſecure me? Shall that *Bloud* ſave me which I have ſpilt? Will that Judge quit me which I have crucified? Shall I preſent my prayers to Heaven? Alas! my very prayers will return like *Thunderbolts* upon my head. Shall I lay my ſins before the eye of Heaven? Ah me! I dare not, leſt they draw down vengeance into my boſom.

His Sanctuary.

Be not afraid, my ſoul, God's mercy far tranſcends thy miſery. Chear up; where *ſin* abounds, there *grace* abounds much more. O now, my ſoul, depart in *peace*, for thine eyes ſhall ſee thy *ſalvation*. Open thine ears and hear what the Spirit ſaith.

John 11. 26.

He that believeth in me ſhall never die.

His Proofs.

Rom. 1. 17.

THe juſt ſhall live by Faith.

John 3. 16.

God ſo loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whoſoever believeth in him ſhall not periſh, but have everlaſting life.

Acts 16. 31.

Believe on the Lord Jeſus, and thou ſhalt be ſaved, and thy houſhold.

John 5. 24.

Verily, verily, I ſay unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that ſent me, hath everlaſting life, and ſhall not come into condemnation, but is paſſed from death unto life.

Chryſoſt.

The faith of the true Catholick Religion is the light of the ſoul, and the gate of life, and the foundation of eternal happineſs.

Caſſiod.

Man enjoys all things in himſelf that enjoys himſelf; but he only enjoys himſelf that enjoys his God; and he alone enjoys his God that believes in him.

Auguſt.

No greater treaſure than the true Catholick faith: It gives to the blind light, to the ſick health, to ſinners Repentance, to the penitent ſalvation.

His Soliloquy.

BUt is thy *miſery*, O my ſoul, greater than his *mercy*? 'Tis true, the practice of thy life is *ſin*, but the practice of his Mercy is *pardon*: The wages of thy ſin is *death*, but the merits of his death is *life*. Art thou afraid to think the God of Vengeance *juſt*? and well thou mayſt, if thou deny the God of Mercy to be *merciful*. Old *Adam* hath run thee in *debt*, and *young Adam* hath paid the *ſcore*, and wilt thou not acknowledge it? O my diſtruſtful ſoul, darken not the Sun-ſhine of his power with the clouds of thy *infidelity*; Eclipſe not the illuſtrious body of his Mercy with the interpoſition of thy *deſpair*. Think not thy great *Creator* is thine enemy, when thy gracious *Redeemer* is thy friend. Haſt thou ſinned againſt thy *Creation*? thou art abſolved by thy *Redemption*. Art thou penitent for thy rebellion? thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou haſt ſhed thy Saviour's *Bloud*: Take comfort, that very bloud which thou haſt ſpilt will *ſave* thee. But thou haſt crucified the Lord of glory: The Lord of glory, whom thou haſt crucified, hath crucified thy *ſins*. Fear not then, my ſoul, to flie to ſuch a *Friend*, whoſe arms are open to *embrace* thee, whoſe eyes are open to *behold* thee, whoſe lips are open to *plead* for thee, whoſe wounds are open to eaſe thy *pains*, whoſe ears are open to hear thy *Prayers*.

His Prayer.

O God, that madeſt all things to ſerve Man, that Man might the more chearfully ſerve thee, that gaveſt him power to continue in that perfect ſtate thou madeſt him, and a will to uſe that power to thy glory and his own comfort; I the *unhappy* ſon of my unhappy parents, made *more unhappy* by my own tranſgreſſions, do here in all humility and contrition acknowledge my ſelf the *miſerable ſubject* of thy utter *wrath*. Lord, I have loſt the power to do what thou commandeſt, and am only left to ſuffer what thy diſpleaſure ſhall lay upon me. But yet, O God, thy mercy is no leſs infinite than thy juſtice, and far more infinite than my ſins, and thou haſt promiſed life to all believers. Give therefore duſt and aſhes leave, O Lord, to claim this gracious *Promiſe*; and what thou haſt commanded to be done, O give me power to do. Enter not into judgment with thy ſervant, O Lord, for in thy ſight ſhall no fleſh be juſtified. Look not upon thy ſervant, O God, but through the Bloud of thy *Son*; and let the *merits* of a *Saviour* outcry the *demerits* of a *Sinner*. Remember not what I a ſinner have *done*, but call to thy remembrance what he my Saviour hath *ſuffered*. O let his bloudy *ſweat* anoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his *Death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord, I am ſick, I flie to him as my *Phyſician*; I am a treſpaſſer, I flie

to him my *Advocate*; I am a ſuiter, I flie to him my *Mediator*; I am a Delinquent, I flie to him my *Sanctuary*; I am a ſinner, I flie to him my *Saviour*. Let the ſhamefulneſs of his *death* expiate the ſinfulneſs of my *life*; and let the willingneſs of his *Obedience* ſatisfie for the wilfulneſs of my *Rebellion*. Let my ſins, that cry louder than the ſins of *Cain*, be waſh'd in *his bloud*, which ſpeaks better things than the bloud of *Abel*. Remember thy *Promiſes* to thoſe that believe. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief. Quicken my ſoul with *faith*, inflame my affections with *love*, and fill my mouth with *prayers*: that knowing him, I may believe in him; and believing in him, I may love him; and loving him, I may praiſe him with *Hoſannahs* here in the Church militant, and *Hallelujahs* hereafter in the Church Triumphant.

Boeth.

There lies on us a great neceſſity of doing well, ſince we do all things under the eyes of that Judge that ſees all.

The poor man's want.

GOD that created all things for man's uſe, created man for his ſervice, who by the accommodation of all the *Creatures* might be enabled the better to do ſervice to his *Creator*. But when the proud diſloyalty of man *rebelled*, the *Creature*, that knew not how to ſerve man on ſuch conditions, returned to his firſt Creator, to be a-new diſpoſed of by him according to his pleaſure. How dare I then preſume to expect from his hands what I have diſinherited my ſelf of by my *Rebellion*? Or how can I a *dog* claim any intereſt in the *Childrens bread*? How dare I a *ſinner* intrude into the *portion* of the *righteous*? And if the righteous only ſhall inherit the Land, in what quarter lies mine inheritance? If *bleſſings* be the proper dues of *ſons*, what is due to me the greateſt of all *ſinners*? I am no Son, and therefore no *Heir*; inſomuch that what I poſſeſs I enjoy not by *right*, but *uſurpation*. What have I that I can call mine own? Or wherein can my *title* prove a *right*? I am wretched, for I am a *ſinner*; I am poor, for I want the thing I have; I am blind, for I cannot ſee my wants; I am naked, for I cannot hide my ſhame. I can challenge nothing but my ſin, my ſorrow, my puniſhment, my ſhame. I can ſee nothing but that I am wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked.

I can expect nothing but what I firſt muſt receive. I can receive nothing but what muſt firſt be given. Nothing can be given but by *Prayer*. Prayer hath no vertue but by *Faith*; and whatſoever is not of faith is *ſin*. How then ſhall I ſupply this *emptineſs*? By what means ſhall I relieve my *wants*? By what art ſhall I clear this *blindneſs*? What cloaths ſhall hide my *nakedneſs*? If I pray for what I want, I fear I ſhall not want what I deſerve. I am a *Prodigal*, and have ſpent my *talent*; I have divorced my preſence from my angry *Father*; I am not worthy to be called his *Son*, and he too worthy to be called my *Father*; I have forſaken my God, and his *bleſſings* have forſaken me; I that have baniſh'd my ſelf from my *Father*'s bounteous table, am now marſhall'd among *ſwine*.

His Supply.

Return, return thee, O my ſoul, into thy Father's arms; Confeſs thy wants, and his mercy will relieve thee, who ſaith,

John 16 23.

Whatſoever ye ſhall ask my Father in my name, he ſhall give it unto you.

His

His Proofs.

1 John 5. 14, 15.

AND *this is the confidence we have in him: If we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us. If we know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know we have the petitions we desire of him.*

John 14. 13, 14.

Whatsoever ye ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Mat. 7. 7.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.

Psal. 21. 4.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.

Isidor.

He that obeys not the Law of God, obtains not the thing he desires of God; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we shall doubtless receive what we desire.

Ambr.

We have all things in Christ, and Christ is all things in us. If we are sick, he is a Physician; if we fear death, he is life; if in darkness, he is light; if in want, he is abundance; if hungry, he is food; if thirsty, he is drink; if miserable, he is mercy; if covetous of Heaven, he is the way.

His

His Soliloquy.

IF thy own Righteouſneſs only intereſt thee in Heaven, or hadſt thou no beter title to the bleſſing of earth than from thy ſelf, how vain were the *merits* of a *Saviour*, and how poor were the *eſtate* of a *Sinner*? But having no righteouſneſs but in *him*, thou haſt no intereſt in any bleſſing but by *him*. Art thou poor in eſtate, O my ſoul? find him, and thou art *rich*. Art thou wretched? ſeek him, and thou haſt *happineſs*. Blinded with error? ſeek him, and thou art enlightned with *truth*. Naked? find him, and thou ſhalt be cloathed with *Robes*. Challenge nothing but thy *ſin*, and thou ſhalt enjoy all things by thy *Repentance*. Be ſenſible of thy *miſery*, and thou art capable of his *mercy*. Haſt thou waſted thy portion with the Prodigal? return to thy *Father*, like the Prodigal. Acknowledge thy own *unworthineſs*, and thy Father's *indulgence* will embrace thee. Let not the ſins of thy own *wretchedneſs* diſcourage thee, nor the fear of his *diſpleaſure* diſhearten thee. Can an earthly Mother forget her *child*? and canſt thou diſtruſt the mercies of a heavenly *Father*? Go then, my ſoul, flie into his boſom by *contrition*, groan thy ſorrows in his ear by penitent *confeſſion*. He that hath called thee, will *accept* thee: He that hath commanded thee to pray, will hear thy *Prayer*.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art the Creator and giver of all good things, by which we are either made the more ſerviceable to thee, or the more inexcuſable in neglecting thy ſervice; I a poor off-caſt among the ſons of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigal*, have miſpent thy precious bleſſing, do here return from *huſks* and *Harlots* and the lewd *concupiſcence* of my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee, O my offended Father. I have uſurp'd thy favours, intruded into thy bleſſings, and like a *Dog* devour'd the childrens bread. O God, my wants are great; nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that art all goodneſs, *All* in *All*. But yet thy gracious promiſe hath invited me to call on thee in my neceſſities. Be it therefore, O God, according to thy Word. Thy Word is *Truth*; Thy Truth is everlaſting. Lord, as thou haſt made me ſenſible of my *wants*, ſo make me capable of thy *relief*. Remove my *wretchedneſs* by thy *Mercy*; Relieve my *poverty* by thy all-ſufficient *Grace*; Recover my *blindneſs* by thy *Light*; Cover my *nakedneſs* with thy *Robe*. Be thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy Laws be mine *inheritance*. Hear the needy when he calls upon thee, and help the poor that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my truſt even from my Mother's Womb. Make me ſufficient for thy Grace, and thy Grace ſhall be ſufficient for me.

Provoke

Provoke in my ſoul a thirſt after righteouſneſs, that I may take and drink the Cup of thy ſalvation. Teach me to *ask* according to thy *pleaſure*, and grant my Requeſts according to thy *promiſe*. Strengthen my Faith in all my *Supplications*, and give me *patience* to expect thy leiſure. What I poſſeſs, O God, let me enjoy in Thee, and *Thee* in it. Relieve my neceſſities according to thy will, and let thy pleaſure limit my deſires. In my *proſperity* let me not forget thee, and in my *Adverſity* let me not forſake thee. With *Jacob*'s wealth, Lord, give me *Jacob*'s bleſſing; with *Lazarus*'s want, O give me *Lazarus*'s reward. Both in want and wealth give me a *contented mind*: both in proſperity and adverſity give me a *thankful heart*. Lord, hear my prayer for thy mercies ſake, for my miſeries ſake, for thy promiſe ſake, for my Jeſus ſake, to whom be glory and praiſe for ever and ever.

S. Auguſt.

Thy gold cannot do to thee the office of ſilver, thy Mine cannot be thy bread, nor the light cool thy thirſt; but thy God can be all things to thee.

Mat. 6. 33.

Seek ye firſt the Kingdom of God and his righteouſneſs, and all theſe things ſhall be added unto you.

The

The Forgetful man's Complaint.

WE are *Gods husbandry:* our hearts are the *ſoil*, whereof ſome is more *fruitful*, ſome more *barren*, and both unprofitable; his *holy Word* is the *ſeed*, which ſometimes falls upon a *lean ground*, ſometimes upon a *ſtony*, ſometimes upon a *good ground*; the *cares* of the *world* are like *thorns* that ſpring up and choke it; *Perſecutions*, like a ſoultry ſummer, ſcorch it; the *luſts* of the fleſh, like the fowls of the air, which wait upon the *Plough*, and licens'd by the Prince of the air, devour it. How many diſadvantages, O God, attend upon thy *husbandry*? how many loſſes leſſen thy *increaſe*? how many accidents make thy *ſoil* unfruitful, and thy Harveſt eaſie and unprofitable? To what purpoſe do I Till my *land*? To what advantage do I ſtir my *fallows*? I have no ſooner ſowed my willing ground, but the ſeed is ſtoln away. I bring into the *Sanctuary* a *prepared heart*; I hear *glad tidings* with a *chearful ear*, and then repoſe them in a joyful *breaſt*: But when I look into my hopeful *Magazine*, behold there's nothing there but *emptineſs* and *vanity*. The joys of what I *gained* were ſwallowed with the grief of what I loſt. No ſooner had I ſet my portals open to let in the King of *glory*, but lo, the ſlightneſs of my *entertainment* turn'd him out again. I hid my *Saviour* in the Sepulchre of my ſoul, and they have taken away my Lord,

Lord, and I know not where they have laid him: my Beloved withdrew himſelf, and is gone, and I have ſought him, but I could not find him. O treacherous *Memory*! how haſt thou betrayed my *reſt*? how haſt thou loſt the balſam of thy Soul? How art thou heedleſs in preſerving what my poor ſoul was ſo earneſt in purſuing? How canſt thou chuſe but feel the ſtroke of death, having thus loſt the Word of *life*? What ſhall now comfort thee in thy *Afflictions*? O what ſhall ſtrengthen thee in thy *Temptations*? or what ſhall wind up the plummets of thy ſoul in *Deſperation*?

His Conſolation.

Chear up, my ſoul: the *Pearl* which thou haſt loſt is hidden in thy *field*, and time ſhall bring it forth; when ſharp *Afflictions* ſhall plough up the fallows of thy heart, this Pearl ſhall then appear and comfort thee. Turn and read what the Spirit ſaith.

John 14. 26.

The holy Spirit ſhall bring to your remembrance whatſoever I have ſaid unto you.

His Proofs.

John 15. 26.

WHen the Comforter ſhall come, whom I will ſend from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he ſhall teſtifie of me.

1 John 2. 27.

The anointing which ye have received of him abides in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the ſame anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie: and even as it hath taught you, ye ſhall abide in him.

Greg. in Moral.

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It inſtructs, it moves, it admoniſhes; it inſtructs the Reaſon, it moves the Will, it admoniſhes the Memory.

Bede.

There is no dulneſs where the holy Spirit is Teacher, no forgetfulneſs where the holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

Greg.

The holy Spirit is an antidote againſt ſeven poiſons: It is wiſdom againſt folly, quickneſs of apprehenſion againſt dulneſs, faithfulneſs of memory againſt forgetfulneſs, fortitude againſt fear, knowledge againſt ignorance, piety againſt profaneneſs, humility againſt pride.

His Soliloquy.

THe ſtrongeſt City (when force without and treachery within aſſails it) muſt yield; and canſt thou expect, O my ſoul, to be impregnable? Haſt thou the *Devil* and the *World* without thee, and ſo many Regiments of *luſts* within thee, yet thinkeſt thou to ſuſtain no loſs? Art thou ſo unexperienced in the Chriſtian war, to think thy *Magazine* ſafe upon ſo ſtrong a ſiege? Thou ſtoreſt thy heart with plenty of the *bread* of *life*, and canſt thou hope to keep it from the ravenous hand of thy own *corruptions*? Thou ſoweſt thy ground with liberal ſeed, and thinkeſt thou that the Fowls of the air (being *Lucifer*'s own regiment) will not *rob* thee of a ſhare? Thou filleſt thy *Treaſury* with ſums of wealth, and canſt thou hope the Troops within thee will not plunder thee? Vex not thy ſelf, my ſoul; what's taken from thee with too ſtrong an arm, ſhall be no loſs to thee. Conſent not, but continue loyal, and thy *compulſions* ſhall never wrong thee. If thy domeſtick *Rebels* ſequeſter thy whole eſtate, thy loyalty ſhall preſerve thee. Chear thee, O then, my ſoul: the *Comforter* will come, and then thy *Faith* ſhall be repayed, thy wrongs ſhall be repaired; till then, thy *ſufferings* ſhall be remembred, and then thy *Petitions* ſhall be regarded.

His Prayer.

O God, without whoſe ſpecial bleſſing and ſucceſs *Paul* plants in vain and *Apollo* waters to no purpoſe, that with the influence of thy holy *Spirit* enricheſt all thoſe hearts from whom thy patience ſhall expect increaſe; I, the worſt piece of all thy Husbandry, do here acknowledge and confeſs mine own *barrenneſs*, as moſt unworthy of thy pains. Lord, thou haſt often ploughed my heart with *trials* and *afflictions*, manured it with the preſence of thy Heavenly grace, and ſowed it with thy pure *Seed*; yet ſuch is the baſe condition of my unfruitful heart, that either the *coldneſs* of the ſoil ſtarves it, or the *cares* of the World choke it, or the *malice* of the Devil robs it, that it cannot bring forth increaſe worthy of thy pains or expectation. Lord, I am thy *husbandry*, continue thy careful hand upon me, and ſupply my weakneſs with thy ſtrength, and make me fruitful for thy glory. And thou, O God, that haſt given thy word for a *Lamp* unto my feet and a *light* unto my paths, ſo open mine eyes, that I may behold the frailty of my *fleſh*; ſo clear my ſight, that I may avoid the vanities of the *World* and the ſnares of *Satan*. Be thou my *skreen* to preſerve this Lamp: Be thou my *Lantern* to protect this Light, that the corruptions of my *fleſh* may not obſcure it, that the vanities of the *World* may not eclipſe it, that the ſuggeſtions of *Satan* may not conſume

it.

it. Unlock mine ears, that I may hear what thou commandeſt. Lock thou my memory, that I may retain what I hear. Enlarge my heart, that I may practiſe what I retain: and open thou my *lips*, that I may praiſe thee in my practice. Conſider, O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken me according to thy loving kindneſs. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my ways may be directed to keep thy *Statutes*. Remember thy word to thy ſervant upon which thou haſt cauſed me to hope. Behold I am weak, be thou my helper: Behold I am comfortleſs, be thou my comforter. Reſtrain his malice that ſteals thy word from out thy ground, that when the time cometh, thy *Harveſt* may be fruitful, and I thy ſervant being found faithful may enter into my Maſter's joy, and be received into eternal Glory.

S. Hieron.

We are all careful about ſmall matters, and negligent in the greateſt; of which this is the reaſon, We know not where true felicity is.

The Widow's Diſtreſs.

O vain, ſo momentany are the pleaſures of this World, ſo tranſitory is the happineſs of Mankind, that what with the *expectation* that goes before it, the *cares* that go with it, and the *griefs* that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, than miſerable in the enjoying it. The greateſt of all worldly joys, are but bubbles full of air, that break with the fulneſs of their own vanity; and but at beſt like *Jonah*'s Gourd, which pleaſe us while they laſt, and vex us in the loſs. Paſt and future happineſs are the miſeries of the time preſent; and preſent happineſs is but the paſſage to approaching miſery; which being tranſitory, and meeting with a tranſitory *poſſeſſour*, periſh in the very uſing. What was mine yeſterday in the bleſſedneſs of a full fruition, to day hath nothing left of it but a ſad remembrance, it was mine. The more I call to mind the joys I had, the more ſenſible I am of the miſery I have. My *Sun* is ſet, my glory is darkened, and not one ſtar appears in the *Firmament* of my little world. He from whoſe loins I came, is taken from me: He to whoſe boſom I returned, is taken from me. My bleſſing in the one, my Comforts in the other, are taken from me: And what is left to me but a poor third part of my ſelf to

bewail

bewail the loſs of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-caſt title of an *Orphan*. I that was reſpected by the honourable title of a *wife*, am now rejected by the deſpicable name of a *widow*. I that flouriſh'd like a fruitful Vine upon the houſe top, am now neglected and troden under foot. He that like a ſtrong wall ſupported my tender *Branches* is fallen, and left my *Cluſters* to the ſpoil of a ravenous ſwine. The Spring-tides of my Plenty are ſpent, and I am gravelled on the low ebbs of all wants. The *Sonnets* of my mirth are turned to Elegies of mourning. My *Glory* is put out, and my honour grovels in the duſt. I call to my friends, and they neglect me: I ſpread forth my hands, and there is none to help me. My beauty is departed from me, and all my joys are ſwallowed up.

Her Relief.

But ſtay, my ſoul, plunge not too far: ſhall not he take that gave? cannot he that took reſtore? The Lord is thy portion, who ſaith,

Pſal. 68. 5.

I will be an husband to the widow, and a Father to the Fatherleſs.

Her

Her Proofs.

Exod. 22. 22, 23, 24.

YE ſhall not afflict any widow, or fatherleſs child.

If thou afflict them in any wiſe, and they cry at all unto me, I will ſurely hear their cry:

And my wrath ſhall wax hot, and I will kill you with the ſword, and your wives ſhall be widows, and your children fatherleſs.

Mal. 3. 5.

I will be a ſwift witneſs againſt thoſe that oppreſs the widow and the fatherleſs.

James 1. 27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to viſit the fatherleſs and widow in their affliction.

Auguſt.

God is all things to thee. Art thou hungry? he is bread: Art thou thirſty? he is water: Art thou in darkneſs? he is light: Art thou naked? he is a Robe of eternity: Art thou a Widow? he is thy Husband: Art thou an Orphan? he is thy Father.

Idem.

Whatſoever is not God is not deſirable. Whatſoever my God beſtows upon me, let him deprive me of, ſo as he leave himſelf: Let him take away his gift, ſo he give me the giver.

Her

Her Soliloquy.

HOW hath the *Sun-ſhine* of truth diſcovered what appeared not by the *Candle-light* of Nature! How many *Atoms* in thy ſoul hath this light deſcried, which in thy natural *Twi-light* were not viſible! Exceſſive ſadneſs for ſo great a *loſs* can want no Arguments from *fleſh* and *bloud*, which Arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partial *balance* of *Nature*. A Husband is thy ſelf *divided*; thy Children thy ſelf *multiplied*: for whom (when ſnatch'd away) God allows ſome *grains* to thy affections; but when they exceed the allowance, they will not paſs in *Heaven*'s account, but muſt be coin'd again. Couldſt thou ſo often offend thy God without a tear? and cannot he, my ſoul, diſpleaſe thee once without ſo *many*? Doth the want of ſpiritual *graces* not trouble thee? and ſhall a *temporal loſs* ſo much torment thee? Is thy Husband taken away, and art thou caſt down? Hath thy God promiſed to be thy husband, and art thou not *comforted*? True ſymptoms of more *fleſh* than *ſpirit*. Thy husband was the *gift*, thy God the *giver*; and wilt thou more diſprize the *giver* than the *gift*? Be wiſe, my ſoul: if thou haſt loſt a *man*, thou haſt found a *God*: having therefore wet thy wings in natures *ſhower*, go and dry them in the God of Nature's *Sun-ſhine*.

Her Prayer.

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whoſe right hand *pleaſures* are evermore; that makeſt the *Comforts* of this life momentany, that we may not overprize them, and yet haſt made them requiſite, that we may not undervalue them; I a late *ſharer* in this worldly happineſs, but a ſad *witneſs* of its vanity, do here addreſs my ſelf to thee the only *crown* of all my joys, in whom there is no *variableneſs*, nor ſhadow of *change*. Lord, thou didſt give me what my unthankfulneſs hath taken from me, but thou haſt taken from me what thy goodneſs hath promiſed to ſupply. Thou haſt given and thou haſt taken, bleſſed be thy name for ever. Thou then, O God, who art not leſs able to perform than willing to promiſe, whoſe mercy is more ready to beſtow than my miſery is to beg, ſtrengthen my *faith*, that I may believe thy *promiſe*; encourage my *hopes*, that I may expect thy *performance*; quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiſer. Be thou *all* in *all* to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my miſery with the ſenſe of thy mercy, and lighten my darkneſs with the *Sun* of thy *glory*. Seal in my heart the aſſurance of adoption, that I may with boldneſs call thee my Father. Sanctifie my affections with the Spirit of *meekneſs*, that my converſation may teſtifie that I am thy child. Wean my heart from worldly

ſorrow, leſt I mourn like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroom, and let our marriage Chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the odours of thy Spirit. Prevent me with thy bleſſings; Protect me by thy Grace; Preſerve me for thy ſelf; Prepare me for thy Kingdom. Be thou a Father to bleſs me; Be thou a Husband to comfort me. In the midſt of my want, be thou my plenty: In the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raiſe my glory from the duſt, and then my duſt ſhall ſhew forth thy praiſe. Be thou a wall to ſupport my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee: let them flouriſh in the Sun-ſhine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy Name.

Chryſ.

Nothing is more rich than he that undergoes a willing poverty, and bears it with a religious chearfulneſs.

S. Baſil.

Before we do any thing elſe, be we careful to conſecrate the firſt-fruits of the day and the very beginnings of our holy thoughts unto the ſervice of God.

The

The Afflicted man's Trouble.

Hich way ſoever I turn mine eyes, I ſee nothing but ſpectacles of *miſery*, and emblems of *mortality*. If I look up, there I behold an *angry God*, and I am troubled: Look downwards, there I ſee a prepared *Hell*, and I am terrified. Look on my right hand, and there proſperity emboldens me to a ſecure *preſumption*: Look on my left hand, and there adverſity enforces me to a ſad deſpair. Look about me, and there I find legions of *temptations* beleaguering me: Look within me, and there I ſee a guilty *conſcience* accuſing me. In all which I perceive nothing but *miſery*, nothing but *man*; and in that miſery, that *periphraſe* of man, Man that is born of a Woman hath but a ſhort time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not man's time ſhort, man were the miſerableſt of all creatures, and I the miſerableſt of all men. I am ſtill haunted with three Enemies, the *World*, the *Fleſh*, and the *Devil*. The World troubles me with her *cares*; the Fleſh troubles me with *infirmities*; the Devil troubles me with *temptations*. If I am rich, I am troubled with *fears*, to loſe; if poor, I am troubled with *cares*, to get: if ſingle, troubled to ſeek a wife; if married, troubled to pleaſe a wife: If I have children, every child is a new trouble; if childleſs, I am as much troubled for an heir: If ſick, troubled with *di-*

ſtempers and *drugs*; if ſound, troubled with *luſt*, or *labour*: if in my buſineſs, troubled with *vexation*; if in my devotion, troubled with *diſtraction*. Man that is born of a Woman hath but a ſhort time, and is full of trouble. Where ſhall I turn me to avoid this *toil*? What ſteps ſhall I tread to eſcape this trouble? Shall I incline my heart to *mirth*? Mirth is but madneſs, therefore trouble. Shall I quicken my ſpirits with plenteous *wine*? In much wine is much diſtraction, therefore trouble. Or ſhall my wiſer heart ſearch out the bounds of *knowledge*? In much wiſdom is much grief; and who encreaſeth knowledge encreaſeth trouble. Whom ſhall I call to aid? To whom ſhall I addreſs my ſad complaints? Call to my *kindred*, they diſclaim me: Call to my *friends*, and they deride me. O that I had the wings of a Dove, that I might flie away and be at reſt. But whither wouldſt thou flie?

His Deliverance.

Flie from thy ſelf, my ſoul, and haſte thee to that voice that ſays,

Pſal. 50. 15.

Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will hear thee.

His Proofs.

Pſal. 91. 15.

HE ſhall call upon me, and I will anſwer him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.

Pſal. 54. 7.

He hath delivered me out of all my troubles, and mine eyes have ſeen their deſire upon mine enemies.

2 Cor. 1. 4.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort whereby we our ſelves are comforted of God.

Pſal. 81. 7.

Thou calledſt to me in trouble, and I delivered thee: I anſwered thee in the ſecret place of thunder.

Greg. Mag.

It is the work and providence of God's ſecret counſel, that the days of the Elect ſhould be troubled in their pilgrimage. This preſent life is the way to our long home: God therefore in his ſecret wiſdom afflicts our travel with continual trouble, leſt the delight of our journey might take away the deſire of our journeys end.

Bernard.

This life is repleniſh'd with ſo many evils, that death is rather a remedy than a puniſhment: God therefore hath made it ſhort, that ſeeing the troubles thereof cannot be removed from us, we may the ſooner be removed from them.

His Soliloquy.

BE wiſe, my Soul, and what thou canſt not remedy, *endure*. Doth the *World* trouble thee? Cling cloſe to him that hath overcome the World. Doth the *Fleſh* trouble thee? Mortifie the Fleſh in thy members. Doth the *Devil* trouble thee? Reſiſt the Devil, and he will flee from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy *Abundance*? Be not too careful for to *morrow*. Art thou troubled with wants in thy *Adverſity*? Be contented with the Bread of to *day*. Doth *Sickneſs* trouble thee? Make uſe of it, and ſubmit. Doth ſtrength of conſtitution trouble thee with *Concupiſcence*? *Faſt* and *pray*. In thy vocation art thou troubled with *Vexation*? Let thoſe *vexations* wean thee from the World. Is thy devotion troubled with *Diſtractions*? Let thoſe *diſtractions* bring thee cloſer to thy God. Do *Loſſes* trouble thee? Make *Godlineſs* thy gain. Do *Croſſes* trouble thee? Make the *Croſs* thy Meditation. Thus whilſt thou ſtruggleſt againſt the *Stream* of Nature, thou ſhalt be carried with a gale of Grace; and when thy ſtrength ſhall fail thee, a ſtronger arm ſhall ſtrengthen thee. He that brings thee on with courage, will fetch thee off with conqueſt. Do what thou canſt, and pray for what thou canſt not.

His Prayer.

O God, that art the ſearcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquity, the comforter of all true penitents, whoſe ways are inſcrutable, whoſe judgments are intolerable, whoſe mercy is incomprehenſible; I thy *afflicted* ſuppliant, ſenſible of thy diſpleaſure, bewail the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my own Conſcience and thy *fatherly corrections:* which way ſoever I look I ſee nothing but ſin and death, nothing but miſery. But, Lord, ſo infinite is thy mercy above my ſin, and ſo little pleaſure takeſt thou in the deſtruction of a ſinner, that thou haſt commanded me to call upon thee in my *trouble*, and haſt promiſed to hear me. In due obedience therefore to thy ſweet Command, and in firm confidence of thy gracious Promiſe, my bended Knees, O God, preſent thee with a broken Heart. Thy ſacrifices, O God, are a contrite ſpirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe. Lord, I am weak, ſtrengthen me with thy Grace; Mine enemies are ſtrong, weaken them with thy power; Suppreſs the cares of the World that ſo *oppreſs* me; ſubdue the exorbitances of the Fleſh that ſo *moleſt* me; curb the inſolencies of the Devil that ſo *afflict* me; endue my arm with power, and arm my heart with *patience.* Make haſte, O God, to hear me; make ſpeed, O Lord, to help me. Break not thy Covenant with thy ſervant,

O God, nor alter what thy lips have uttered. Remember thy promiſe to the ſon of thy Handmaid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble. I call to thee in the time of my diſtreſs: deliver me, O God, according to thy Word. Conſider, O Lord, I am but duſt: O magnifie thy power in my weakneſs. Remember, O God, that I have been long *afflicted*: O magnifie thy mercy in my deliverance: For in death there is no remembrance of thee, and in the grave what tongue can praiſe thee? My bones are *vexed*, and my ſoul is troubled; but thou, O Lord, how long? how long? Behold my griefs, for they are great: Regard my *troubles*, for they are many. Quicken my ſoul for thy Name's ſake, and bring me out of all my troubles; then ſhall my ſoul rejoyce in thy ſalvation, and magnifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Aug.

No ſervant of Chriſt is without affliction. If you expect to be free from perſecution, you have not yet ſo much as begun to be a Chriſtian.

S. Paul.

Through many tribulations we muſt enter into the Kingdom of God.

The

The Deſerted man's Miſery.

WHen I conſider but the goodneſs of my God in offering his gracious favours to me, and my own vileneſs in refuſing of ſuch gracious offers, I cannot chuſe but wonder at his mercy, in that I live, and am not ſnatch'd away from the poſſibility of *Repentance*. But ah! what comfort is a life that is branded with the *mark* of death? And what happineſs is this *poſſibility* of Repentance, which hath no ſtrength to actuate it but thy own? My ſoul, in what a caſe art thou? Into what a miſerable eſtate art thou reduced? Thou haſt forſaken thy God, and I fear thy God hath forſaken thee. Methinks I want the glory of that *Sun* that once revived me; methinks I lack the Comfort of thoſe *beams* that once refreſh'd me: methinks I fear where no fear is, and where I moſt ſhould fear, I find my ſelf no whit afraid. Thoſe heavenly *Raptures* which heretofore ſurprized my raviſh'd ſoul, have now no reliſh in my drowſie ear: Thoſe heart confounding Judgments whoſe very whiſpers in former times would ſplit my ſoul in ſunder, now move not if they thunder: Thoſe ſinful thoughts that preſt my ſoul like Mil-ſtones, can now be acted and reacted without a ſight: Thoſe heavenly *Prophets* whoſe preſence filled me with delight, now trouble not my patience with

their abſence. My heart is a lump of *dead fleſh*, my ſoul is ſtricken with a *dead palſie*, my affections with a *Lethargie*. My zeal is frozen, my faith is bed-rid, my charity is dead, and my greateſt grief is that I cannot grieve. The *mark* of *Cain* is upon me, and I fear that every beaſt that meets me will devour me. O my ſoul, what comfort can remain with thee, when the God of comfort hath forſaken thee? What *ſafety* canſt thou find, when thou haſt loſt the God of peace? What would I not forgo, that I might re-obtain my God? What pleaſure would I not abjure, that I might regain his gracious pleaſure?

His Comfort.

Chear up, my ſoul; who gives thee a *heart* to deſire, will likewiſe give thee thy *hearts deſire*. Let not his ſeeming abſence diſmay thee: The ſenſe of his abſence is the *Symptom* of his preſence. Let his Word be an *Antidote* for thy deſpair, which ſaith,

Iſa. 54. 7.

For a ſmall moment have I forſaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.

His

His Proofs.

Deut. 4. 31.

THE Lord thy God is a merciful God; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the Covenant of thy fathers, which he sware unto them.

2 Cor. 4. 9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Josh. 1. 5.

I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.

Nehem. 9. 31.

For thy great mercies sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them; for thou art a gracious and a merciful God.

Ambr.

Let no man despair; let none conscious of his old sins make himself uncapable of divine grace: For God knows how to change his sentence, if man endeavour to forsake his sin.

Bernard.

Whenever thou feelest the burthen of temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aid in all extremities; and say, Lord, save us, for we perish. This keeper never sleeps nor slumbers; though for a time he seems afar off, fear not, be will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

His Soliloquy.

IF thy *breath*, O my ſoul, fail thee but a minute, thou dieſt; if thy *health* forſake thee awhile, thou languiſheſt; if thy *ſleep* leave thee, thou art diſtempered: No wonder if thy *God* withdraws, that thou art troubled. Deject not, O my ſoul, nor let thy thoughts deſpair. Stay thee with his Promiſes, and comfort thee with his Mercies. Doſt thou mourn for him? Thou ſhalt be *comforted* in him. Doſt thou thirſt after him? Thou ſhalt be *filled* with him. He that ſuffers not a *cup* of cold *water* for his ſake to go unrewarded, will not permit a *Tear* for his love to be unregarded. He withdraws to ſharpen thy deſire: He ſeems loſt to *inflame* the ſeeker: He forſakes thee awhile, that he may be thine for ever. Thou wanteſt him, becauſe thou deſireſt him: Thou deſireſt him, becauſe thou loveſt him: Thou couldeſt not love him had he not firſt loved thee, and whom he loves he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath ſent him from thee, let thy diligence draw him to thee: if thou haſt loſt him by thy ſin, ſeek him by true Repentance: and if thou find him by thy Prayers, entertain him with thy Thankſgiving.

His Prayer.

O God, without the *Sun-ſhine* of whoſe gracious eye the creature ſits in *darkneſs* and the ſhadow of *death*, whoſe preſence is the very life and true *delight* of thoſe that love thee, caſt down thy eyes of pity upon a *loſt ſheep* of *Iſrael*, which hath wandred from thy *Fold* into the *Deſart* of his own *Luſt*. What dangers can I chuſe but meet, that have run my ſelf out of thy *Protection*? What Sanctuary can ſecure me, that have left the *Covert* of thy wings? What *comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forſaken thee the God of comfort and conſolation? Return thee, O great *Shepherd* of my ſoul, and with thy *Crook* reduce me to thy *Fold*. Thou art my *way*, conduct me: Thou art my *light*, direct me: Thou art my *life*, quicken me. Diſperſe theſe *Clouds* of ſins that ſtand betwixt thy angry face and my benighted ſoul Remove that curſed *bar* which my *Rebellion* hath ſet betwixt thy deafned Ear and my confuſed Prayers: and let thy comfortable *beams* reflect upon me. Leave me not, O God, unto my ſelf: O Lord, forſake me not too long: for in me dwells nothing but deſpair, and the terrors of Hell have taken hold of me. Caſt me not away from thy preſence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove this heart of ſtone, and give me, O good God, a heart of fleſh; that it may be capable of thy mercies, and ſenſible of thy judg-

judgments. Plant in my heart a fear of thy name, and deliver my ſoul from carnal ſecurity. Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou loveſt, and hate what thou hateſt. Kindle my zeal with a coal from thine Altar, and encreaſe my faith by the aſſurance of thy love. O holy fire, that always burneſt and never goeſt out, kindle me: O ſacred light, that always ſhineſt and art never dark, illuminate me. O ſweet Jeſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoul with the ſhafts of thy love, that it may burn and melt, and languiſh with the only deſire of thee. Let it always deſire thee, and ſeek thee, and find thee, and ſweetly reſt in thee. Be thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions; that both my thoughts, my words and my actions being ſanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

S. Chryſ.

To ſuffer patiently is a greater gift than to raiſe the dead.

Mat. 26. 41.

Watch and pray leſt ye enter into temptation.

The

The Humble man's Depreſſion.

HOW more than happy are thoſe ſons of Men that meaſure no further ground than from the ſacred *Font* unto their peaceful *Grave*! How bleſſed are thoſe Infants which never lived to taſte thoſe dear-bought *penny-worths* of deceitful earth! Alas! there is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of pleaſure-gilded *grief*; here is nothing but ſubſtantial *ſorrows*, clothed in the ſhades of falſe delight. Look where I liſt, there is nothing can appear before my eye but ſorrow, the lamentable object of my miſery: contemplate where I liſt, here is nothing can preſent my thoughts but *Miſery*, the object of my mourning. My ſoul is a ſparkle of *divine fire*, but quench'd with *luſt*; an *Image* of my glorious Creator, but blurr'd with *ſin*; a parcel of mortal *immortality*, reſerv'd for *death*. My *underſtanding* is darkned with *error*; my *judgment* is perverted with *partiality*; my *will* is diverted with *ſenſuality*. My *memory*, like a ſieve, retains the *Bran*, and lets the flower paſs: my *affections* are aguiſh to *good*, and fevouriſh to *evil*; my *faith* wavers; my hope *tires*; my *charity* freezes: my *thoughts* are vain, my *words* are idle, my *actions* ſinful. My *body* is a Tabernacle of *grief*, an Hoſpital of *Diſeaſes*, a tenement of *Death*, a ſepulchre of a ſinful *Soul*. O my ſoul, how canſt thou own thy ſelf without

out *dejection*, that canſt not view thy ſelf without *corruption*? How art thou encloſed in walls of duſt, tempered with a few tears; a lump of Earth, quickned with a ſpan of life? Thy life is ſhort and evil; truly miſerable, becauſe evil; only happy, becauſe ſhort. When thou endeavoureſt *good*, thy heart faints: when thou ſtruggleſt with *evil*, thy ſtrength fails. For this my ſoul is humbled, and my ſpirits are depreſt: For this I loath my ſelf, and view my miſery with indignation.

His Exaltation.

But chear up, my ſoul, and let not thy thoughts be over-preſt. The *Ball* that is thrown againſt the ground, rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of Grace. Art thou humbled? fear not: Doſt thou fear? deſpair not: Doſt thou deſpair? perſiſt not. Heark what the God of truth hath ſaid,

Luke 14. 11.

He that is humble ſhall be exalted.

S. Ambroſ. in hexaemer. de Virg. lib. 3.

The Lord's Prayer and the Apoſtle's Creed, which do ſeal up our hearts unto the ſervice and love of God, are daily to be repeated every Morning.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 29. 23.

A Man's pride ſhall bring him low: but honour ſhall uphold the humble in ſpirit.

1 Pet. 5. 6.

Humble your ſelves under the mighty Hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Job 22. 29.

When men are caſt down, then thou ſhalt ſay, there is lifting up; and God ſhall ſave the humble perſon.

Caſſiod.

By humility the Members of Chriſt know how to overcome the pride of the Devil. By this the faithful command: By this tyranny is conquered: By this the Martyrs are crowned. Neither can there be a perfection of vertue, where there is a defect of humility.

S. Auguſt.

The Kingdom is glorious, the way to it lieth low: Wilt thou deſire thy journeys end, and yet refuſe the way?

Ambr.

Humility, by not ſeeking, obtains what it contemns.

His

His Soliloquy.

ALL vertues, as well *Theological* as *Moral*, are beſieged with two *vices*: *Humility*, the fundamental of all vertues, is not exempted. Some puſt up with their own lowlineſs, grow proud becauſe humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperiſtaſis*; this is *Spiritual pride*: Others taking too ſingle a view of their own corruptions, and more ſenſible of the diſeaſe than of the *remedy*, are caſt into deſpondency of mind, and this is called *dejection*. The firſt froths up into *preſumption*; the ſecond ſettles down into a *deſpair*. How canſt thou, O my ſoul, in this Tempeſt eſcape this *Scylla*, or avoid that *Charybdis*? Doſt thou fear the toſſing *waves*? contract thy *ſails*. Feareſt thou the *Quick-ſands*? uſe thy *Compaſs*. He that ſtills the waves will aſſiſt thee; he that commands the Sea will adviſe thee. Look not only on thy *Load-ſtone*, for then thou wilt not ſee thy *danger*; nor only on thy *miſery*, for then thou wilt not be ſenſible of thy *deliverance*. If thy *humility* puff thee up, thou art not fit for mercy: If *Dejection* knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my ſoul, to God's mercy, ſo as thou mayeſt be ſenſible of thy own *miſery*; and ſo look down on thine own miſery, as thou mayeſt be capable of God's mercy.

His Prayer.

ETernal God, who ſcattereſt the *proud* in the Imagination of their hearts, and giveſt Grace to the humble and contrite *ſpirit*, bow down thy gracious ear to me vile duſt and aſhes, whoſe miſery thus caſts it ſelf before thy mercy. Lord, I am aſhamed of mine own corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition. I am not an object for mine own eyes without diſdain, nor a ſubject for my own thoughts without contempt: yet am I bold to proſtrate my vile ſelf before thy glorious eyes, and to preſent my ſinful prayers before thy gracious ears. Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my miſery, I could look for no compaſſion; and if thy grace tranſcended not my ſin, I could expect nothing but confuſion. O thou that madeſt me of nothing, renew me that have made my ſelf far leſs than nothing. Revive thoſe ſparkles in my ſoul which luſt hath quench'd: Cleanſe thine image in me, which my ſin hath blurr'd; Enlighten my underſtanding with thy Truth: Rectifie my judgment with thy word: Direct my will with thy Spirit: Strengthen my memory to retain good things: Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things. Encreaſe my faith; Encourage my hope; Quicken my charity; Sweeten my thoughts with thy Grace; Seaſon my words with thy Spirit; Sanctifie my actions with thy Wiſdom; Subdue the Inſolence of my

my rebellious flesh; restrain the fury of my unbridled passions; reform the frailty of my corrupted nature: Encline my heart to desire what is good, and bless my endeavours that I may do what I desire. Give me a true knowledge of my self, and make me sensible of mine own infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve; that I may be truly thankful for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keep me from despair, in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude; that being timely quickned with the sense of thy goodness, and truly humbled by the sight of mine own weakness, I may be here *exalted* by the vertue of thy grace, and hereafter *advanced* to the Kingdom of thy glory.

S. Bern.

Wherefore should not man greatly humble himself under a God of so great humility?

Mat 5. 9.

Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.

The

The Sinner's Conflict.

WHen *Sin* entred into the World, *Death* followed. The Scripture tells me of two deaths, the first and the second, this *spiritual*, that *natural*: the first, a *separation* of the body and the soul, and is *temporal*; the second, a *separation* of the body and soul from the favour of God, and is *eternal*: the first is *terrible*, the second *intolerable*. If the first death so terrified the Lord of *life*, how terrible will the second be to me the child of *death*? If every trivial grief disturbs my thoughts, if every petty sickness distempers my body, if the very thought of death dismays my soul, how horrible will death it self appear? O when the silver *Cord* shall be dissolved, the golden *Boul* demolish'd, the *Pitcher* at the Fountain broken, the *Cistern*-wheels stopt, how will the whole *universe* of my afflicted body be perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every man that hath been, is, and shall be, a death as oft repeated as the Sea-shore hath sands, all this were nothing to a minutes torment of the *second* death. O treacherous and soul-destroying *sin*, how hast thou thus betrayed me to eternal death by thy false, momentany and deceitful *pleasures*? How hast thou bewitch'd me with flattering smiles, and with thy counterfeit delights thus *tickled* me to death? Thou hast not only deprived me of a transitory

life,

life, but led me into the hideous jaws of an everlaſting *death*. Thou haſt not only divorced my miſerable ſoul from her beloved body, but ſeparated both ſoul and body from the *favours* of my *God*, and left them to the inſufferable *torments* of *eternity*. O my ſoul, can thy life be leſs than *miſerable*, which being ended is tranſported to ſo infinite a miſery? How can thy death be leſs than *terrible*, which opens the Gates to ſuch eternal torments? What wilt thou do? Or whither wilt thou flie? Thy *actions* cannot ſave thee, nor thy *flights* ſecure thee. *Death* is thy enemy, who taking the advantage of thy *luſts*, hath ſtrengthned it ſelf through thy *weakneſs*.

His Conqueſt.

Repair to thy colours, O my ſoul, the *Lord* of *life* is thy *General*: He hath foil'd thy enemy and diſarm'd him. Stand faſt: He is conquered, if thou ſtrive to conquer. Hark what thy General ſaith;

Revel. 2. 11.

He that overcometh ſhall not be hurt of the ſecond death.

S. Chryſ. de orando Deum.

I cannot but admire and wonder at the great love of God towards man, for vouchſafing him ſo high an honour, as familiarity to ſpeak unto him by prayer.

His

His Proofs.

Rev. 2. 7.

TO him that overcometh I will give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midſt of the Paradiſe of God.

Rev. 3. 21.

To him that overcometh I will grant to ſit with me in my Throne; even as I alſo overcame, and am ſet down with my Father in his Throne.

Rev. 2. 17.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white ſtone, and in the ſtone a new name written, which no man knoweth ſaving he that receiveth it.

Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

The valour of a juſt man is to conquer the fleſh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this preſent life, to endure and love the miſeries of the World for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of proſperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adverſity.

Hieron. in Epiſt.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

Savonar.

If there be no enemy, no fight: if no fight, no victory: if no victory, no crown.

His

His Soliloquy.

OUR life is a *warfare*, and every Chriſtian is two *Soldiers*. The Army conſiſts of *good* and *evil* motions; theſe under the conduct of the fleſh, thoſe under the command of the ſpirit. The two *Generals*, God and the Devil: the Field, the Heart: the Word, on the one ſide, *Glory*, on the other ſide, *Pleaſure*: the reward of both, *Eternity*; on that ſide, of *happineſs*, on this ſide, of *torment*. How is thy heart, O my ſoul, like *Rebekah's womb*? How do two *Nations* ſtrive within thee? Chear up, take courage in the *Reward* that is ſet before thee. So fight, that thou mayeſt *conquer*; ſo run, that thou mayeſt *obtain*. Let not the *policy* of the Enemy diſmay thee, nor thine own *fewneſs* diſanimate thee. *Advance* therefore, O my dull ſoul; *fear* not the fiery *darts* of Satan, nor be afraid of his Arrow that flies by night. Preſs towards the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit reſiſt to *Bloud*. Take courage from thy *cauſe*: thou fighteſt for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takeſt up arms againſt his Enemy, and thy rebellious *Luſts*. Is thy Enemy too potent? *fear* not. Art thou beſieged? *faint* not. Art thou routed? *flie* not. Call aid, and thou ſhalt be *ſtrengthned*: Petition, and thou ſhalt be *relieved*: Pray, and thou ſhalt be *recruited*.

His Prayer.

O God to whom belong the iſſues of death, at whoſe terrible Name the very Foundation of my Soul trembles, I a poor convicted ſinner, accuſed by my own Conſcience, and ready to be condemned by thy juſtice, do here, in the very wounding of my heart, confeſs my ſelf a miſerable creature. I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercy; and where ſhall I find that mercy but in my merciful Redeemer? Bleſſed Redeemer, that haſt promiſed victory to thoſe that *ſtrive*, and life to thoſe that *overcome*, teach thou my hands to war, and my fingers to fight. Give me a loyal heart, that the inticements of the World may not ſeduce it; Give me a conſtant ſpirit, that the pleaſures of the Fleſh may not intice it; Give me a wiſe fore-caſt, that the ſubtilty of the Devil may not entrap me. Let not the multitude of mine enemies *diſcourage* me, nor the greatneſs of their powers *diſmay* me, nor the weakneſs of my arm *diſhearten* me. Thou that gaveſt little *Iſrael* victory againſt great *Pharaoh*, ſtrengthen me; Thou that gaveſt little *David* the day againſt great *Goliah*, ſuccour me; Thou that gaveſt ſingle *Sampſon* conqueſt againſt the numerous *Philiſtines*, ſave me. Lord, fight againſt them that fight againſt my ſoul. Ariſe, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded. Lord, ſhield me from the fury of my own corruptions, for they are many; Deliver me from

the imaginations of my own heart, for they are evil, and that continually. Let not the frailty of my youth beſet me, and keep me from the danger of my ſecret ſins. Double my watchfulneſs upon my *Dalilah*, that is ſo apt to kiſs me and betray me. Without thy grace I have no will to ſtrive, no power to ſtand, no hope to conquer. Suſtain me, that I may not faint; Second me, that I may not flie; Strengthen me, that I may not yield. Gird my loyns with Truth, and let my breaſt-plate be thy Righteouſneſs; that putting on the Helmet of ſalvation, I may fight a good fight, and receive a *Crown* of glory; that having paſt the terrors of the firſt death, I may eſcape the torments of the ſecond, and triumph with thee in the Kingdom of glory.

S. Cyprian.

For why were we liſted into the bands of his militia, if we look for nothing but peace, and do ſhun and refuſe the difficulties of his ſervice?

Anonym.

If we do but reſiſt, we have overcome; and cannot be conquered but by our own treachery.

Sion's

Sion's Decay.

Oſt ask me, Why ſo ſad? Or can my ſorrow be thy wonder? Canſt thou, or can thy eye expect a *Sun-ſhine* where the greater *Lamp* of Heaven is *eclipſed*? or can my ſoul be *frolick* when the *Vineyard* of my heart is *blaſted*? Can the *children* of the *Bride-chamber* chuſe but hang their heads, to ſee the *Bridegroom ſlighted*, and the *Bride*'s lovely cheeks *profaned* with every peaſant hand? Can poor affrighted *Lambs* wanton and friſk upon the pleaſant plains, whenas their worried *Mothers* tremble at the Queſt of every *Curr*? What *member* can rejoyce, whenas the *body* is diſmembred? *Sion* the *glory* of Heaven, is darkned, and her bright beams obſcured. *Sion*, the *Vineyard* of our ſouls, is blaſted, and her *cluſters* are grown ſour. *Sion*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer, is defiled, her bloud-waſh'd *Robes* are ſullied and ſlubbered. *Sion*, the *Miſtreſs* of our Flocks, is over-powered, and her tender *Lambs* have no protection. *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her uberous breaſts are dry. *Sion*, the glorious Corporation of the *Elect*, is factious in it ſelf, and her *Members* are disjoynted. Ah! how can my diſtreſſed ſoul find *reſt*, when *Sion* the *reſt* of my diſtreſſed ſoul is oppreſs'd? How many of her deareſt children are now tugging at the ſlaviſh oar of *Infidels*? How many roaring under the

imperious hand of the daughter of *Babylon*? How many baniſhed from their *native ſoils*, and driven from their uſurped *poſſeſſions*? This Vine which Heavens right hand hath planted, is decayed, her Fences broken, her Hedge troden down; her body torn by *Schiſmaticks*, cankered with *Hereticks*, blaſted with fiery *Spirits*; her Branches rent with the wild *Boar*, her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*. Her Shepherds are turned *Wolves*, and have devoured her *Flocks*. Confuſion is within her *walls*, and deſolation is near unto her *gates*. O *Jeruſalem*, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I prize not thee above my greateſt joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof.

Her Defence.

But hark, I hear a heavenly voice whiſpering glad tidings in my ear, which ſaith,

Iſa. 27, 3.

I the Lord do keep it, and will water it.

S. Ambroſ.

The Catholick Church is always veſted with the garments of Chriſt, and therefore ever under his protection.

Her Proofs.

Pſal. 69. 35.

THe Lord will ſave Sion, and will build the Cities of Juda; that they may dwell there, and have it in poſſeſſion.

Pſal. 87. 5.

Of Sion it ſhall be ſaid, This and that man was born in her: and the Higheſt himſelf ſhall eſtabliſh her.

Iſa. 14. 32.

The Lord hath founded Sion, and the poor of his people ſhall truſt in it.

Iſa. 12. 6.

Cry out and ſhout thou inhabitant of Sion, for great is the Holy one of Iſrael in the midſt of thee.

Orig. Hom. 10. in diverſ.

O holy Lord, how happy are they that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certain truth, that thou loveſt all thoſe that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee. For behold, thy Love ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee. She truſted in thee, and ſhe is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee than ſhe expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deſerveth ſo ſweet a ſaying? For their preſence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

Her Soliloquy.

WHO is not intereſted in the *miſeries* of *Sion*? What ſadneſs may not be juſtified in her *calamity*? O my ſoul, thou mayeſt here ſpend thy ſelf in holy paſſion, and diſſolve thy ſelf in tears: But yet be wiſely ſad; let not thy tears exceed thy *confidence*, nor let thy grief exclude thy hope. Mourn not for the *Bride*, as if the *Bridegroom* were not; or being, had no power; or having power, wanted *will*; or having will, were like thy ſelf *forgetful*. No, no, my ſoul, he that ſuffers her to ſuffer, will *ſuſtain* her in her ſufferance and *Crown* her ſufferings; When ſhe is perſecuted, ſhe *proſpers*; when ſhe is oppreſs'd, ſhe *flouriſhes*; in her contempt ſhe gains *honour*; in her wounds, *victories*; in her reproach, *credit*; in her patience, a *Crown*; and with her *Crown* of *thorns*, a *Crown* of *glory*. Can ſhe be more like her Bridegroom than in *affliction*? Can ſhe more reſemble her Husband than in *perſecution*? Remember, O my ſoul, ſhe is a plant of his right hands planting, and who can pluck it up? Fear not, this *Vine* muſt proſper in ſpight of *oppoſition*. Yet know, my ſoul, thou ſhalt not proſper, nor ſee good days, unleſs thou wiſh *proſperity* to *Jeruſalem*, and pray for *Peace* in *Sion*.

The Prayer.

O God, that art the beauty of *Sion*, and the glory of thy *Jeruſalem*, and the joy of thine elect, beheld the mangled body of thy diſtreſſed Church; relieve the miſeries of her diſtempered members. She is our *Lamp*, illuminate her with thy glory; She is thy *Vine*, O fructifie her with thy grace; She is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love; She is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power; She is our *Body*, rectifie her with thy health; We are her *members*, ſanctifie us with thy righteouſneſs. Let not the malice of Satan diſcourage her: Let not the counſels of the wicked diſturb her: Let not the gates of Hell prevail againſt her. Give verity in her doctrine, unity in her ſelf, uniformity in her diſcipline, univerſality in her progreſs: Repair her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wild Boar. Bleſs all ſuch as love her; and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy juſtice. Let her appear to be thy daughter, and let the King's daughter be all glorious within. Let her be known to be thy Ark, and let Dagon fall down before her. Purge her from error, hereſie, ignorance and ſuperſtition; and being purged, O take thou pleaſure in her beauty. Behold her Branches which ſuffer for thy name, and give them deliverance or patience. Let no weapon that is formed againſt thy Church proſper, and let all tongues that ſpeak againſt

her be confounded. Let her gates be always open, and glorifie the houſe of thy glory. Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, that he may guard this Plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy juſtice to the King, and thy righteouſneſs to the Kings Son. Seaſon thy Seminaries with thy truth; and bleſs the houſe of *Levi*, and bleſs the houſe of *Aaron*. Turn thy countenance to thy firſt love, the *Jews*; and take not thy Candleſtick from thy choſen, the *Gentiles*: that having one Shepherd, we may be one *Flock*; and having one faith, we may be one *Church*; and having one heart to pleaſe thee, we may have one voice to praiſe thee, here *militant* in the Kingdom of Grace, and hereafter *triumphant* in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Cyprian.

He cannot have God to be his Father, who owns not the Church as his Mother.

S. Ambroſ.

Ariſe therefore, run to the Church: there is the Father, there is the Son, there is the Holy Ghoſt.

The

The Mourner's Calamity.

FOR Stoicism to rejoyce at *Funerals* and lament at *Births* of men, is more absonant to *Nature* than to *Reason*. Too self-indulgent *Nature* would preserve her self on any terms; but well-instructed *Reason* holds a *Being* but an ill-peny-worth purchased on condition of so long a *misery*. Who knows himself a *Man*, needs seek no further for a cause to mourn: For what is man but a Sampler of *weakness*, the spoil of *Time*, the May-game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconstancy*, the balance of *Calamity*? and what besides, but *Phlegm* and *Choler*? His *Birth* is a painful coming into the World; his *life* a sinful continuance in the World; his *death* a dreadful going out of the World. His *Birth* brings him into the shop of sin; his *Childhood* binds him Apprentice to sin; his *Youth* makes him free in sin; his *full Age* trades in sin; his *old Age* breaks him; his last *sickness* arrests him, and *Death* casts him into Prison. The *pleasure* he takes is to displease his God; his *business* is to disturb his Neighbour; his *Study* is to destroy himself: his best labour is but *vanity*, and the fruit of that labour is *vexation of spirit*. His mirth is a *short madness*, his sorrow a *long torment*, his recreation a *formal Antick*, his devotion an *antick formality*: his course of life is a *Quotidian ague*, whose cold fits are *sloth* and

charity, whose hot fits are *wrath* and *concupiscence*; his *pleasures* are but *airy shadows* to beguile him; his *honours* are but *frothy pleasures* to betray him; his *profit* is but *golden fetters* to beslave him, the effect whereof is *sin*, the end whereof is *death*. In brief, he that would learn to be a *Mourner*, let him remember that he is a *Man*. O my soul, is this the *pleasure* that this *World* promises? Is this that *happiness* that this great *promiser* affords? Had man no hopes of greater happiness than Earth can give, how more unhappy were he than a beast! What happiness can counterpoise his *sorrow*? What mirth can countervail his *misery*? What comfort is there in this House of *Mourning*? Where then shall I repose my trust? On whom shall my crush'd hopes rely?

His Consolation.

Dareſt thou believe the word of Truth? Hearke what the word of Truth hath ſaid,

Mat. 5. 4.

Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted.

His

His Proofs.

Pſal. 119. 50.

THis is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickned me.

Iſa. 61. 2.

Proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance, to comfort all that mourn.

Jer. 31. 13.

I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoyce from their ſorrow.

Pſal. 71. 20, 21.

Thou which haſt ſhewed me great and ſore troubles, ſhalt quicken me again, and ſhalt bring me up again from the depth of the Earth. Thou ſhalt encreaſe my greatneſs, and comfort me on every ſide.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 23.

There was a great dark cloud of calamity before mine eyes, ſo that I could not ſee the Sun of Juſtice and the light of truth: But, Lord, thou art my God, who haſt led me from darkneſs and the ſhadow of death; haſt called me into this glorious light, and behold, I ſee.

Kemp. lib. 3. cap. 50.

There is none under Heaven that can comfort me, but thou my Lord God, the Heavenly Phyſician of ſouls, that ſtrikeſt and healeſt, bringeſt into Hell and draweſt out again.

His

His Soliloquy.

MIſery is the badge of *mortality*, and mortality the *lot* of man. He that views himſelf impartially, needs ſeek no ſubject for a tear; yet, O my ſoul, hadſt thou not ſeen thine own *miſery*, how more miſerable hadſt thou been! Hadſt thou been hood-winkt to thy *corruptions*, hadſt thou been blind to thine *infirmities*, had thy filth been painted over with *vanity*, how had the way to thy redreſs been block'd up; how hadſt thou ſtumbled at thy *ſelf*, and fallen at thine own *deſtruction*! O my ſoul, it is a great part of *ſafety*, to ſee a danger; a good ſtep towards *health*, to diſcover the diſeaſe; a fair progreſs towards *happineſs*, to behold thine own miſery. But *Evils* diſcovered, and no more, grow *ſharper* by the diſcovery. He only *uſes* a *fore-ſeen danger*, that endeavours to *avoid* it: He *profits* by a diſcovered diſeaſe, that labours to *amend* it: He takes *benefit* by *previſed miſery*, that ſtrives to *eſchew* it. Being fairly *warn'd*, my ſoul, be thou as ſtrongly arm'd. Doſt thou plead *weakneſs*? be courageous, and thou ſhalt be *victorious*. Does *ſadneſs* cool thy courage? be patient, and thou ſhalt be *comforted*: remember thou art militant. Doſt thou find thy ſelf *timorous*? ſtrengthen thy ſelf with *reſolution*. Doſt thou find thy ſelf *ſpent*? fortifie thy ſelf by *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God that heareſt the *ſighing* of a contrite heart, and bottleſt up the tears of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious ear and hear the torments of a *grieved* breaſt. Look on my *tears*, and read in them what my cloſed lips are even aſhamed to utter. Thou madeſt me free, but I have loſt my freedom by my rebellion: Thou madeſt me like thy ſelf, but I have blurred thine image by my ſin: Thou madeſt me clean and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of my own corruptions: Thou madeſt me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy diſhonour: Thou madeſt me a Man, but I have made my ſelf a worm, and no man. Lord, I ſee the *miſery* of my own condition, and without thy mercy I am worſe than nothing: But thou art gracious, and of great compaſſion, and thy Truth endures from Generation to Generation. Lord, thou haſt promiſed *joy* to thoſe that *grieve*, and *comfort* to them that *mourn*: In full aſſurance of thy gracious promiſe, upon my bended knees I humbly ſue for thy ſeaſonable performance. Strengthen me, that I may endure this nights *ſorrow*, and let the joy of thy good Spirit *chear* me in the *morning*. Let me not *grieve* like thoſe that go into the pit, nor let my *mourning* be like theirs that have no hope. Let not the vain comforts of the World pleaſe me, nor the dead pleaſures of the earth rejoyce me. Make

me

me a willing Priſoner to my *grief*, until thou pleaſe to ſhew thy ſelf the God of conſolation. Sanctifie my *ſorrows* to me, and direct my *mourning* to the right object. Open the floud-gates of mine eyes, that I may *weep* bitterly for my *offences*. Diſſolve my head into a tide of *tears*, that thou mayeſt waſh away the *filth* of my *corruptions*. Let nothing ſtop the current but the aſſurance of thy love; and let my furrowed cheeks be dried in the Sun-ſhine of thy *favour*. Accept, O God, of this wet ſacrifice of *tears*, and let my groaning be a *peace-offering* for my treſpaſſes. Look at thy right hand, and for his ſake that ſits there, grant theſe my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promiſe and his merits; that my *ſad ſoul* being relieved by thy mercy, may receive endleſs *comfort*, and thy Name *eternal Glory*.

S. Greg.

To conſider what dolours deſerve to be made the puniſhment of diſobedience, will much abate thoſe ſorrows that we have for any affliction.

S. Paul.

For theſe light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for us a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

The

The Serpent's Subtilty.

WHat *miſerable* dignity belongs unto the *honourable* name of *man*! What *ſad* Prerogatives pertain to that *unhappy* Generation of *Mankind*! Ah! what is *Man* but a polluted lump of *living clay*, a little heap of ſelf-corrupted *earth*, created to *happineſs*, born to *ſorrow*? And what is *Mankind* but a tranſitory ſucceſſion of *miſery*, on whom *Mortality* is generally entail'd from Generation to Generation? Each particular man is the ſhort and ſad ſtory of *Mankind*, written by his own dear experience in a more favourable ſtyle, wherein every one is naturally inclined to ſpare himſelf, and hide his nakedneſs among the *ſhades*, where being loſt, he ſeeks himſelf *unfound*, or finds himſelf *unknown*, or knows himſelf moſt miſerable. The Devil appeared not as a *Lion*; ſtrength could not conſtrain an *upright* ſoul. He appeared not as a *Dragon*; fear could not compel a *dauntleſs* Spirit. But he appeared a *Serpent*, to inſinuate and creep into the boſom of his ſoft affections. How often is this ſtory acted by me the *miſerableſt* of *Adam*'s ſons? Behold how the forbidden *Tree* of *vain delights* ſtand laden with her pleaſant *fruits*. See how the *Serpent* twiſts and winds, and tempts the *weaker veſſel* of my *body*, which having yielded, taſtes and tempts my *better part*. Which done, what *nakedneſs*,

what

what ſhame preſents before my guilty eyes? What ſlight excuſes (patch'd like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakedneſs, my ſhame? And when the *voice* of my crying *conſcience* calls me in the *cool* of my luſt, O how I ſtart, and tremble, and ſeek for *covert* among the Trees? where being found at laſt and queſtioned, my ſoul accuſes the *infirmity* of my body, my body accuſes that *Serpentine temptation*; ſo that all three being partners in *ſin*, are ſad partakers of the *puniſhment*. Thus every minute, O my ſoul, art thou *ſurprized*; thus every moment doth this twiſting *Serpent* tempt and *overcome* thy *frailty*; thus every minute are eternal deaths ſtill multiplied upon thee. What hopes haſt thou in thy *collapſed* eſtate to overcome that *Serpent* which *Adam* in his *perfection* did not conquer?

His Defeat.

Chear up, my ſoul, there is a *Champion* found ſhall curb this *Serpents* power, and Heaven hath ſpoke it.

Gen. 3. 15.

The ſeed of the woman ſhall break the Serpents head.

His Proofs.

Rom. 16. 20.

AND the God of peace ſhall bruiſe Satan under your feet ſhortly.

1 Joh. 3. 8.

For this purpoſe the Son of God was manifeſted, that he might deſtroy the works of the Devil.

Rev. 17. 14.

He ſhall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb ſhall overcome him.

Epheſ. 6. 16.

Above all things take the ſhield of Faith, wherewith ye ſhall be able to quench the fiery darts of Satan.

Chryſoſt. ſuper Mat.

He forced him not; he touched him not; only ſaid, Caſt thy ſelf down: *that we may know, whoſoever obeyeth the Devil, caſteth himſelf down: for the Devil may ſuggeſt, compel he cannot.*

Bern. in Serm.

It is the Devils part to ſuggeſt; Ours, not to conſent. As oft as we reſiſt him, ſo oft we overcome him; ſo often as we overcome him, ſo often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God, who propoſeth us, that we may contend; and aſſiſteth us, that we may conquer.

His

His Soliloquy.

MAN by the power of the tranſcendent *Good*, was created *good*, with a power to continue *good*. Man through diſobedience loſt this power, and that arbitrary *goodneſs* is turned to neceſſary *evil*. The whole *Maſs* is *corrupted*, and lies in the ſame condition it made it ſelf: but *God* out of an unſearchable love to his *Creature*, out of his infinite Wiſdom (not violating his Juſtice) found a way to exerciſe his *mercy*; drawing what handfuls he pleaſed (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this *lump*, the reſt he left to it ſelf. As it had been no *injuſtice* in God to leave the whole in the perdition it had caſt it ſelf, ſo it was an inſcrutable *mercy* to draw out ſome part out of that ſelf-made *perdition*. This *Redemption*, O my ſoul, was a *Legacy* given at the death of thy *Redeemer*; and thy buſineſs is to ſearch the *Will*, and in it thy *intereſt*. But where is that *Will*? Search the *Scriptures*. But how ſhall it *appear* by ſearching? By the fruit thou ſhalt know the Tree. Examine thy heart. Doſt thou find there a *love* to God for his *own ſake*, and a *love* to thy Neighbour for *God's ſake*, and to both for *obedience ſake*? Go thy ways, thou art in the *Will*; and the *ſeed* of the woman hath broke the Serpent's *head*.

His Prayer.

O God, that didſt create Mankind for the *glory* of thy holy Name, and redeemedſt Man being loſt with the bloud of thy only Son, and haſt preſerved him by thy free mercy and continual providence; I, a poor ſon of miſerable *Adam*, do here acknowledge my ſelf unworthy of the leaſt of all thy mercies. Lord, what am I, that thou ſhould'ſt look upon me? and what is the ſon of thy handmaid, that thou ſhould'ſt think upon him? I know the beſt of all my actions are unclean, and theſe my very prayers are abomination in thy ſight: My thoughts, my words, nay the whole courſe of my life is *ſin*, and there is nothing in me which deſerves not *death*. Yet, Lord, even for the Altars ſake on which I offer up this ſinful ſacrifice, loath not the Prayers of my polluted lips, or ſtop thy ears againſt my ſad complaints. Lord, I am as vile as *ſin* can make me, and deſerve what curſe thy *wrath* can lay upon me. I brought *corruption* from the Womb, and ſuck'd *Rebellion* from the very breaſt. My life is nothing but a *Trade* of ſin, wherein I hourly heap unto my ſelf wrath againſt the day of wrath: inſomuch that wert thou not more merciful to me than I am or can be to my ſelf, I had been now roaring under thy *juſtice*, that am here begging for thy *mercy*. Lord, I am nothing but *infirmity*, and daily wallow in my own *corruptions*. The *old*

Serpent

Serpent continually *beſieges* me, and the feebleneſs of my *old man* cannot *reſiſt* him. Ariſe, O God, and cruſh thy enemy and mine, whoſe fury through my confuſion aims at thy diſhonour. Let the *ſeed of the woman* quicken in my ſoul, and ſtrengthen my weakneſs to encounter with temptation. Let it, O let it *break the Serpents head*, that I may conquer for the time to come: and give thou me a broken heart, that I may grieve for the time paſt: give me water from the ſpring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of death. Strengthen the *new man* in me, and let the power of the *old man* languiſh daily: that being confident in thy *promiſe*, I may be ſenſible of thy *performance*; and being freed by thy *power*, I may be filled with thy *praiſe*, and glorifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Greg.

Holy Job was more Satans torture, than Satan was the others tempter.

S. Ambroſ.

It is neceſſary that the perverſe ſinner, whom the longanimity of the patience of God could not mend, ſhould be tormented with eternal puniſhments.

The

The Sinner's Poverty.

Herein doth this my *natural State* excel a beaſt? In what one thing? Am I not worſe? Their outward ſenſes are more *perfect*; my inward ſenſes are leſs *pure*. Their *natural Inſtinct* deſires good, and chuſes it; but my *perverted Will* ſees good, and yet declines it. They eat being ſatisfied with *moderation*: perchance I *want*, or *ſurfeit*. They ſleep ſecure from *fears* and *cares*, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to Heaven and are fed by *providence*; I, truſting to my ſelf, want through my *Improvidence*. The worthleſs *Sparrows* are lodg'd in their downy feathers; the ſilly *Sheep* repoſed in their warm fleeces: but I have nothing to cover my *nakedneſs*, nothing to hide my *ſhame*. Naked I was born into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call my own, or if I have, it is loſt with the deſire of having. I look into my *Soul*, and can find nothing there but the *abſence* of what I had, or the *defect* of what I want. I pry into my *Underſtanding*, and there I find nothing but *darkneſs*: I ſearch into my *Will*, and there I find nothing but *perverſeneſs*: I examine my *Affections*, and there I find nothing but *diſorder*: I view my *diſpoſition*, and there I find nothing but *diſtemper*. What I had I have not, and what I want

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Holy Job was more Satans torture, than Satan was the others tempter.

S. Ambroſ.

It is neceſſary that the perverſe ſinner, whom the longanimity of the patience of God could not mend, ſhould be tormented with eternal puniſhment.

The

The Sinner's Poverty.

WHerein doth this my *natural State* excel a beaſt? In what one thing? Am I not worſe? Their outward ſenſes are more *perfect*; my inward ſenſes are leſs *pure*. Their *natural Inſtinct* deſires good, and chuſes it; but my *perverted Will* ſees good, and yet declines it. They eat being ſatisfied with *moderation*: perchance I *want*, or *ſurfeit*. They ſleep ſecure from *fears* and *cares*, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to Heaven and are fed by *providence*; I, truſting to my ſelf, want through my *Improvidence*. The worthleſs *Sparrows* are lodg'd in their downy feathers; the ſilly *Sheep* repoſed in their warm fleeces: but I have nothing to cover my *nakedneſs*, nothing to hide my *ſhame*. Naked I was born into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call my own, or if I have, it is loſt with the deſire of having. I look into my *Soul*, and can find nothing there but the *abſence* of what I had, or the *defect* of what I want. I pry into my *Underſtanding*, and there I find nothing but *darkneſs*: I ſearch into my *Will*, and there I find nothing but *perverſeneſs*: I examine my *Affections*, and there I find nothing but *diſorder*: I view my *diſpoſition*, and there I find nothing but *diſtemper*. What I had I have not, and what I want

want I cannot gain. If I have obtained any thing that is *good*, I quickly loſe it, for want of *knowledge* how to prize it. If I find any *good* which I had *loſt*, I keep it not, for want of *wiſdom* how to *uſe* it. When I call my *conſcience* to account, mine own ſoul is brib'd againſt me; and when I call my courſe of *life* to queſtion, my frailties flatter me. If the ſenſe of miſery ſhould force me to my forgotten prayers, I faulter, and my *diſtraction* denies me *utterance*; or if my hopeful thoughts permit my formal lips to recommend my griefs to Heaven, my *guilt* deſpairs of *entrance*; or if a flaſh of *zeal* ſhould wing my prayers, and dart them up into the Almighties ears, my unrepented *ſins* forbid them *audience*. Heavens *gates* are lock'd againſt me, and the *keys* are loſt by my neglect. My *ſighs* want ſtrength to ſhoot the lock, nor can my ſtronger *groans* enforce the portals open.

His Relief.

Chear up, my ſoul, the keys are in a faithful hand, nor is the keeper far: Call him, and thou ſhalt hear him ſay,

Luke 11. 9.

Ask, and thou ſhalt have; ſeek, and thou ſhalt find; knock, and it ſhall be opened to thee.

His

His Proofs.

Mat. 7. 11.

IF you, being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more ſhall your Father which is in Heaven give good things unto them that ask him?

John 11. 22.

But I know that even now whatſoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it unto thee.

Mat. 21. 22.

All things whatſoever ye ſhall ask by prayer, believing, ye ſhall receive.

James 1. 5.

If any of you lack wiſdom, let him ask it of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it ſhall be given him.

S. Bern.

It is eaſier that heaven and earth ſhould paſs, than if thou ſeek God, not to find him, or than if thou ask, not to receive, or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chryſ. hom. 5. in epiſt. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things, becauſe I have Chriſt: having therefore all things in him, I ſeek no other reward, for he is the univerſal reward.

His

His Soliloquy.

CAnſt thou, O my ſoul, wonder at thy wants, when thou wanteſt *Him* that is the only *ſupplier* of all *wants*? The *beaſt* performs his duty, and (made for thy ſervice) *ſerves* thee; and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtains it. The *fowls* of the air (being pinched with hunger) carol forth their ſweet *Hoſanna's* and are filled, and then return muſical *Hallelujahs*. Canſt thou, my ſoul, expect *ſupplies* like them, and uſe leſs means than they? Come, thou art worth many *ſparrows* (were not five ſold for a farthing?) The bloud of Jeſus is thy *price*, and for his ſake all things are thine. Shall *beaſts* for their own ſakes be *ſupplied*, and ſhalt thou in the *Name* of Jeſus be *denied*? Can a *Mother* pity the trickling tears of an unfed Infant, and can the God of *mercies* be obdure to thee? Art thou commanded to *ask*, *ſeek*, and *knock*, in vain? I, but my tongue is ſlow. Was not *Moſes* the man of God ſo? When I *ſeek*, my *luſt* diverts me, and I am loſt. Is not the great Shepherd come to reduce his loſt ſheep? But, alas! I *knock* at the *wrong* door. Fear not when thou knock'ſt with a right heart. He that is every where will be *found*; He that made the ear will *hear* thee.

His Prayer.

O God that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knoweſt what to give than I to ask, and withholdeſt no good thing from him that ſeeks thee with an upright heart; I a poor ſuiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truly ſenſible of mine own defects, and timorouſly conſcious of my evil deſerts, do here even caſt my ſelf on thy gracious providence. And ſince, O Lord, thou haſt commanded me to ask of thee the things I *want*, bow down thine ear, and hear the Prayers which a poor ſinner, emboldned by thy promiſe, preſents before thee; by whoſe free favour I have received whatſoever I have obtained, and by my own folly loſt whatſoever I had received. Give me a clear ſight of my own *poverty*; ſhew me the poverty of mine own *relief*; that ſo I may forſake the broken reed of my own *power*, and ſtrengthen my weakneſs in the comfort of thy *promiſe*. Lord, thou haſt commanded me to *ask*, but my ſins cry louder than my ſuits: Thou haſt commanded me to *ſeek*, but mine own guilt leads me the wrong way; Thou haſt commanded me to *knock*, but Satan holds my hands. Lord, let the bloud of my bleſſed Saviour ſtop the mouth of my crying *ſins*; let his full ſatisfaction take away my guilt. Bind him in chains that captivates my *power*. Teach me to *ask* that haſt commanded me to

ask; Thou that haſt commanded me to *ſeek*, direct me; and let my *knocking* be guided by thy hand. Give me knowledge, that I may *ask* what I ſhould; grant me prudence, that I may *ſeek* where I ſhould, give me providence, that I may *knock* when I ſhould. Let not my faintneſs in *asking* teach thee to deny: Let not my fooliſhneſs in *ſeeking* tempt me to deſiſt: Let not my unſeaſonableneſs in *knocking* ſtrike me with deſpair. Give me a fervent Faith, that I may *ask* with confidence; a conſtant hope, that I may *ſeek* with courage; an unwearied patience, that I may *knock* with conſtancy. Let me *ask* like the importunate woman, till I obtain thee: Let me *ſeek* like thy bleſſed Mother, till I find thee: Let me *knock* like the ſinful Publican, till thou open to me: that having *found* thee here by grace, in the company of Saints, I may live with thee in glory, with the Society of Angels.

S. Aug.

An evil Conſcience cannot hope.

Idem.

No praiſes heal an ill Conſcience, nor does any railery wound a good one.

Anonym.

How can they want who have him that hath all things?

The

The Faithful man's Fear.

Do this and live. Some comfort yet remains: though life be not absolutely granted, yet death is but conditionally threatned. *Do this and live.* But what is the *work* that may deserve such *wages*? Give perfect *obedience* to thy God, and perfect *love* to thy Neighbour. But will not the utmost of my *power* do? Will not the best of my *endeavour* serve? No, he that is perfect made thee perfect, and requires a *perfection*. Alas! if life depends upon such terms, what flesh can live? Thy unability for the *work* propheſies the impoſſibility of the *reward*. My ſoul, thou art become a legal debtor, and the utmoſt *farthing* is expected. Thou canſt neither pay thy *debt*, nor hide thee from thy Creditor. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou plead *immunity*? Thy own *hand* will condemn thee. Wilt thou plead *payment*? Thy own *poverty* will implead thee. Wilt thou plead *mercy*? Thy own *rebellion* will diſmay thee. My ſoul, what *ſecurity* wilt thou put in? or to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou flie? O flatter not thy ſelf, and put not the *evil day* from thee. Thou haſt not only *not done what thou ſhouldeſt*, but thou *haſt done what thou ſhouldeſt not*. Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Creation*, by diſobeying thy Creator: Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Redemption*, by crucifying thy Redeemer: Thou haſt

ſinned againſt thy *Sanctification*, by quenching of the Spirit. Thou haſt ſinned againſt Gods *judgments*, by thy preſumption: Thou haſt ſinned againſt his *mercies*, by thy deſpair: Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *conſcience*, by thy rebellion: Thou haſt ſinned againſt *Providence*, by thy diſtruſt. Every day brings in an *Inventory* of thy *ſins*, and every ſin brings in a *Faggot* to thy *execution*. O my ſoul, behold the *miſery* of thy eſtate, and tremble: Behold the *Mercies* of thy God, and wonder. Tremble, for he is a God to puniſh thine *iniquities*: Wonder, for he is become a Man to bear thy *iniquities*. Tremble, for thou art not able to do his *Commands*: Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canſt do. Will not the frailty of thy fleſh permit thee to do? let the faithfulneſs of thy heart encline thee to deſire. *Do* what thou canſt, and *Believe* what thou canſt not.

His Crown.

Chear up, my ſad ſoul, for he that hath conſidered the frailty of thy hands, hath freely accepted the faithfulneſs of thy heart; who ſaith,

Rev. 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life.

His

His Proofs.

Mat. 25. 21.

WELL done, good and faithful ſervant; thou haſt been faithful over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things: Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

So then, they that be of faith, are bleſſed with faithful Abraham. Gal. 3. 9.

2 Tim. 4. 8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteouſneſs, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, ſhall give me at that day.

Jam. 1. 12.

Bleſſed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried he ſhall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promiſed to them that love him.

Bernard.

O only ſafe fight, which for and with Chriſt is undertaken! in which the Chriſtian Souldier neither wounded, nor overthrown, nor troden under foot, no nor ſlain, can loſe the victory, if he manfully ſtand to it, and do not betake himſelf to a ſhameful flight.

Aug. in Senten.

Whatſoever rageth againſt the Name of Chriſt is tolerable if it may be overcome; and if it cannot, it haſteneth the receiving of our glorious reward: for the faithful man in the end of his temporal evils paſſeth into the fruition of his eternal good.

His Soliloquy.

STand not, O my ſoul, upon the *legs* of a ſinner, but flie into the *arms* of thy Saviour; and what thou canſt not purchaſe by thy endeavour, endeavour to believe. Acknowledge thou thy *debt*, and thy Jeſus will juſtifie thy payment. Truſt not in thy ſelf, leſt thou be deceived by thy ſelf. Doſt thou, O my ſoul, deſire faith? *Renounce* thy ſelf. Wouldeſt thou preſerve thy faith? *Condemn* thy ſelf. Thy way to faith is *from* thy ſelf. Is thy ſoul *dark*? Faith *enlightens* it: Is the gate of Heaven *ſhut*? Faith *unlocks* it: Is the way *dangerous*? Faith *ſecures* it: Is thy heart *timerous*? Faith *emboldens* it: Is death *terrible*? Faith *conquers* it: Is the Crown of life *difficult*? Faith *obtains* it. *Be thou faithful unto death*, and I will give thee the *Crown of life*. Fear not thy weakneſs, O my ſoul; It ſhall not be to thee according to thy works, but faith. If thy good works cannot ſave thee before faith, thine evil works cannot damn thee after *Repentance*. As he that crowns thy good works, crowns his own *gifts*; ſo he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own *mercy*. Caſt Anchor here, my ſoul, and if the waves of thy *corruptions* overwhelm thee, pump them out by true *Repentance*.

His Prayer.

MOſt glorious God, in reſpect of whom the very Angels are impure, before whom the Cherubims do veil their bluſhing faces; I the wretched off-ſpring of preſumptuous fleſh and bloud fall down before the foot-ſtool of thy gracious preſence, and humbly preſent thee with my ſinful prayers. If thou ſhouldſt weigh my actions with thy righteous balance, or try me with the touch-ſtone of thy ſacred Laws, the vials of thy wrath would pour upon me, and thy juſtice would be magnified in my confuſion. But, Lord, thou delighteſt not in the death of a ſinner, nor takeſt pleaſure in the deſtruction of thy creature. Lord, thy Commandments are moſt juſt, and my performance is moſt imperfect: the beſt of all my words deſerve not the leaſt of all thy mercies; and the pureſt of all my actions, nay my very prayers, are ſin. I have ſinned againſt my Creation, and yet, Lord, thou haſt redeemed me: I have ſinned againſt my Redemption, and yet, O God, thou haſt in ſome meaſure ſanctified me: I have ſinned againſt my Sanctification, and yet, O God, thou haſt not forſaken me: I have ſinned againſt the continuance of thy Mercies, yet haſt thou not confounded me. The whole practice of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evil and that continually: wherefore I wholly renounce my ſelf, O God, and

utterly disclaim the works of mine own hands. In thy goodness, O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I seek for refuge. Grant me the power to do what thou commandest, and then command me what thou pleasest. Crucifie the flesh within me, and deliver my soul from the spirit of bondage. Free me, O Lord, from the oldness of the letter, that I may serve thee hereafter in the newness of the spirit. Let the Rebellions of old *Adam* be lost in thy remembrance, and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy sight. Purge from my heart the dregs of unbelief, and kindle in my soul the fire of devotion. Quicken my soul with a lively faith. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief: that so being faithful to the death, according to thy command, I may receive the Crown of life, according to thy promise.

Sen.

The greatest safety is to fear nothing but God. Nothing should startle a wise courage but the close remembrance of an evil life.

2 Tim. 1. 12.

I know whom I have believed; and I am perswaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

The

The Fearful man's Conflict.

OW potent are the infirmities of flesh and bloud! How weak is *Natures* strength! How strong her weakness! How is my easie faith abused by my deceitful sense! How is my *Understanding* blinded with deluding *Error*! How is my *Will* perverted with apparent *good*! If real good present it self, how purblind is mine *eye* to view it! if viewed, how dull is my *understanding* to apprehend it! if apprehended, how heartless is my *judgment* to allow it! if allowed, how unwilling is my *will* to chuse it! if chosen, how fickle are my *resolutions* to retain it! No sooner are my resolutions fixed upon a course of *Grace*, but nature checks at my *Resolves*; no sooner check'd, but streight my *Will* repents her *choice*, my *Judgment* recals her *sentence*, my *Understanding* mistrusts her *light*: and then my *Sense* calls Flesh and Bloud to counsel, which wants no *arguments* to break me off. The difficulty of the *journey* daunts me; the straitness of the *Gate* dismays me; the doubt of the *Reward* diverts me: the *loss* of worldly pleasure here deters me; the *loss* of earthly honour there dissuades me: here the strictness of *Religion* damps me, there the worlds *contempt* disheartens me; here the fear of my *preferment* discourages me. Thus is my yielding sense assaulted with my conquering *doubts*.

Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *fears*: whence if haply ranſom'd by ſome good *motion*, the Devil preſents me with a bead-roll of my *Offences*, the Fleſh ſuggeſts the neceſſity of my ſin, the World objects the foulneſs of my ſhame; where, if I plead the mercy and goodneſs of my God, the *abuſe* of his mercy weakens my truſt, the *ſlighting* of his goodneſs hardens my heart againſt my hopes. With what an *hoſt* of enemies art thou beſieged, my ſoul! How, how art thou beleaguered with continual fears! How doth the guilt of thy *unworthineſs* cry down the hopes of all compaſſion! Thy confidence of mercy is conquered by the conſciouſneſs of thy own demerits; and thou art taken priſoner, and bound in the horrid chains of ſad deſpair.

His Prize.

But chear up, my ſoul, and turn thy fears to wonder and thankſgiving; truſt in him that ſaith,

Luke 12. 32.

Fear not, little flock, for it is your fathers good pleaſure to give you a Kingdom.

His Proofs.

Col 1. 13.

HE hath delivered us from the power of darkneſs, and tranſlated us into the Kingdom of his dear Son.

Acts 14. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that we muſt through many tribulations enter into the Kingdom of God.

Jam. 2. 5.

Hath not God choſen the poor of this world, that they ſhould be rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom which he promiſed to them that love him?

Luke 22. 29.

I appoint you a Kingdom, as my Father appointed me.

S. Aug.

Though we labour in a boiſterous Sea, yet thou, Lord, art our Pilot, and ſteereſt our courſe between Scylla and Charybdis; ſo that, both dangers eſcaped, we ſhall at length arrive at our Port ſecure.

Macar.

Let us ſuffer with thoſe that ſuffer, and be crucified with thoſe that are crucified; that we may be glorified with thoſe that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miſerable is his felicity who was never thought worthy to wreſtle with miſeries, by which contention honour is obtained.

His

His Soliloquy.

HAſt thou crucified the Lord of *Glory*, O my ſoul, and haſt thou ſo much boldneſs to expect his *Kingdom*? Conſult with *Reaſon*, and review thy *Merits*; which done, behold that *Jeſus* whom thou crucifiedſt even making *Interceſſion* for thee, and offering thee a *Crown* of Glory. Behold the *greatneſs* of thy Creator veil'd with the *goodneſs* of thy Redeemer; the juſtice of a firſt Perſon qualified by the mercy of a ſecond; the purity of the *Divine* nature uniting it ſelf with the *Humane* in one *Emanuel*; a perfect *Man* to ſuffer, a perfect *God* to pardon; and both God and Man in one *perſon*, at the ſame inſtant able and willing to give and take a perfect *ſatisfaction* for thee. O my ſoul, a wonder above wonders! an *incomprehenſibility* above all admiration! a depth paſt finding out! Under this ſhadow, O my ſoul, refreſh thy ſelf. If thy ſins fear the hand of juſtice, behold thy *ſanctuary*; if thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Advocate*; if thy creditor threaten a priſon, behold thy *bail*. Behold the *Lamb* of God that hath taken thy ſins from thee: Behold the *Bleſſed* of Heaven and Earth that hath prepared a Kingdom for thee. Be raviſh'd, O my ſoul: O bleſs the name of *Elohim*; O bleſs the name of our *Emanuel*, with praiſes and eternal Hallelujahs.

His Prayer.

GReat Shepherd of my ſoul, whoſe life was not too dear to reſcue me the meaneſt of thy little flock, caſt down thy gracious eye upon the weakneſs of my nature, and behold it in the ſtrength of thy compaſſion. Open mine eyes, that I may ſee that object which fleſh cannot behold: Enlighten my underſtanding, that I may clearly diſcern that truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend: Rectifie my judgment, that I may confidently reſolve thoſe doubts which my underſtanding cannot determine: Sanctifie my will, that I may wiſely chuſe that good which my deceived heart cannot deſire: Fortifie my reſolution, that I may conſtantly embrace that choice which my inconſtancy cannot hold: Weaken the ſtrength of my corrupted nature, that I may ſtruggle with my luſts, and ſtrive againſt the baſe rebellions of my fleſh: Strengthen the weakneſs of my dejected ſpirit, that I may conquer my ſelf, and ſtill withſtand the aſſaults of mine own corruption: Moderate my delight in the things of this World, and keep my deſires within the limits of thy will. Let the point of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes reſt in the aſſurance of thy favour. Let not the fear of worldly loſs diſmay me, nor let the loſs of the Worlds favour daunt me. Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly grief, and let the love of thee expel all carnal fear. Let the

multitudes

multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compaſſions; and let the reproachfulneſs of that death which thy Son ſuffered for my ſake, enable me to ſuffer all reproach for his ſake. Let not my ſin againſt thy mercies remove thy mercies from my ſin; and let the neceſſity of my offences be ſwallowed up in the all-ſufficiency of his merits. Let not the foulneſs of my tranſgreſſions lead me to diſtruſt; nor let the diſtruſt of thy pardon leave me in deſpair. Fix in my heart a filial love, that I may love thee as a Father; and remove all ſervile fear from me, that thou mayeſt behold me as a ſon. Be thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to diſpleaſe thee; that being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promiſe, die in the fulneſs of thy favour, and riſe to the inheritance of an everlaſting Kingdom.

Caſſian.

Humane fear breedeth diſtruſt; but the divine does great advantages to our hope.

S. Greg.

No kind of death is to be feared by him that has lived well.

The Plague-affrighted man's Danger.

HOW is the *language* of Death heard in every ſtreet, which by continual *Paſſing-bells* proclaims mortality in every ear! How many at this inſtant lie groaning in their ſick-beds, and marked for death, whilſt others that lived yeſterday are now laid out for evening burial! How many that are now ſtrong and healthful, and laying up for many years, are deſtined for the enlargement of the next weeks Bill! How many are now preparing to ſecure their lives by flight, who whilſt they run from the *tyranny* of their fears, flie into the very boſom of danger! What *air*? what *diet*? what *antidote* can promiſe ſafety? What *ſhield* can guard the angry Angels blow? What *rhetorick* can perſwade the heaven-commanded Meſſenger to ſlack the fury of his reſolute arm? It is an *arrow* that flies by day; yet who can ſee it? It is a *terror* that ſtrikes by night; and who can eſcape it? It is the *peſtilence* that walketh in darkneſs; and who can ſhun it? The ſtrength of *youth* is no priviledge againſt it; the ſoundneſs of a *conſtitution* is no exemption from it; the ſovereignty of *drugs* cannot reſiſt it; Where it liſts, it wounds; and whom it wounds, it kills. It is God's Artillery, and like himſelf reſpects no perſons. The rich mans *coffers* cannot bribe it: the skilful *artiſt* cannot preſcribe

ſcribe againſt it: the black *Magician* cannot charm it. My ſoul, into what a calamity art thou plung'd? with what an *enemy* art thou beleaguered? What oppoſition canſt thou make? what *Auxiliaries* canſt thou call in? How many ſad *copies* of thy deſtruction are daily ſet before thee? How continually is thy death acted by others to thee? What comfort haſt thou in that life which every minute threatens? What pleaſure takeſt thou in that breath which draws and whiffs perpetual fears? What art thou other but a man condemned, expecting execution? And how is the bitterneſs of thy death multiplied by the quality of thy fears? Were it a ſickneſs whoſe diſtraction took not away the means of preparation, it were an eaſie calamity; were it a ſickneſs whoſe contagion diſſolved not the comfortable bands of ſweet ſociety, it were but half a miſery. But as it is ſudden, ſolitary, incurable, what ſo terrible? what ſo comfortleſs?

His Deliverance.

Sink not beneath thy fears, my ſoul! Thy deliverance is God's *royalty*, and under his wings is thy ſalvation; in the midſt of danger no danger ſhall befall thee.

Pſal. 91. 10.

Neither ſhall the Plague come nigh thy dwelling.

His

His Proofs.

Pſal. 91. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

WHoſo dwelleth in the ſecret of the moſt High, ſhall abide in the ſhadow of the Almighty. Surely he will deliver thee from the ſnare of the hunter, and from the noiſom Peſtilence. He will cover thee under his wings, and thou ſhalt be ſure under his feathers: his truth ſhall be thy ſhield and thy buckler. Thou ſhalt not be afraid of the Arrow that flieth by day. Nor of the Plague that deſtroyeth at noon-day. A thouſand ſhall fall at thy ſide, and ten thouſand at thy right hand; but it ſhall not come near thee.

Giſten. in cap. 2. Cant. Expoſ.

O happy ſickneſs, where the infirmity is not to death but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy Fever, that proceedeth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! O happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoul reliſheth no earthly things, but only ſavoureth divine nouriſhment!

Greg. in Paſtoral.

O wiſdom, with how ſweet an Art doth thy Wine and Oil reſtore health to my healthleſs ſoul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! powerful for me, merciful to me.

His Soliloquy.

AND can the *noiſe* of death, O my ſoul, ſo fright thee in the ſtreet, and the *cauſe* of death not move thee in thy boſom? Shall *paſſing-bells* tolling for dying men afflict thee, and not the *Judgments* of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a ſilly Pariſh-clerk more move thee than the ſacred *Oracles* of a holy Miniſter? Shall the *Plague* inflicted upon others more ſtartle thee than many plagues denounced upon thy ſelf? Be wiſe, my ſoul, avoid the *Cauſe*, and thou ſhalt prevent the effect; be afraid of *ſin*, and thou needeſt not fear the puniſhment. Feareſt thou the infection? Flie from it: but whither? Under the wings of the Almighty. But thy ſins deny protection there: then nail them to thy Saviours *Croſs*. Feareſt thou yet? O my ſoul, haſt thou ſo long, haſt thou long ſubſiſted under thine own *protection*, and dareſt thou not venture under his? Can there be a Sanctuary more ſecure? a protection more ſafe? Feareſt thou death under the wings of life; or danger under the *ſhadow* of the Almighty? But the ſuddenneſs of that death denies preparation. His wings continually prepare thee. It baniſhes all my friends, and in them my comfort. When thou haſt God to thy friend, what comfort canſt thou want that may be found by Prayer?

His Prayer.

LOrd, in whoſe hands are the keys of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciouſly incline thy tender ear, and mercifully hear the ſupplications of thy ſervant, who hath no hope but in thy goodneſs, and no comfort but in thy promiſes. My hainous ſins, O God, have provoked thy heavy indignation, and I am humbly ſenſible of thy ſore diſpleaſure. Thy judgments are come abroad amongſt us, and the vials of thy conſuming wrath are poured out upon us. The ſins of our Nation have cried to thee for vengeance, and thou haſt viſited us with great mortality. Thy people are poured out like water, and our land is become a land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned; and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the ſorrow and contrition of thy ſervants; and ſay unto thy Angel, It is enough. Be thou my refuge, and my fortreſs, O God; and give me confidence to repoſe under the ſhadow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings; and let thy truth be my buckler and my ſhield. Defend me from the Peſtilence that walketh in darkneſs: Deliver me from deſtruction that waſteth at noon-day. Give thy Angels charge over me, to protect and guide me in all my ways. Prepare me, O Lord, againſt the hour of death, and ſtrengthen my ſoul in the aſſurance of thy Mercy. Humble my heart

heart with the true ſenſe of my tranſgreſſions, and work in my ſoul an unfeigned Repentance. Enlarge mine eyes that I may weep day and night, for grieving and offending ſo gracious a Father. Wean me from the truſt of all tranſitory things, and let the worlds vanity daily dye in me. Take from me the immoderate fear of death; and train me, O God, for the day of my diſſolution. Inſtruct and rectifie my vain deſires, that all my wiſhes may ſtand with thy will. In life be thou my Governour, in death be thou my comfort; that living or dying I may be thine. Teach me by thy judgments to hate ſin, and let thy mercies breed in me a filial love. Be gracious to thoſe whom thou haſt marked for death, and ſeal in their hearts the aſſurance of thy favour; that being members of one body, we may rejoyce in one head; that having numbred our days in wiſdom, we may be numbred with thy Saints in glory everlaſting.

S. Aug.

That muſt not be thought an evil death which follows a holy life. For nothing makes an evil death, but that which comes after death.

1 Cor. 15. 55.

O death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The

The Perſecuted man's Miſery.

RE theſe the *gains* of Godlineſs? Are theſe the *wages* of a holy life? Hath the ungrateful world no other thanks for him that honours his *Creator*, but *ſcorn*, *contempt* and *perſecution*? Whileſt I prized the World, I wanted nothing that the World calls *good*: neglected honour followed me; unſought for pleaſure courted me; unpurchaſed fortunes fell upon me: I could not wiſh that happineſs I had not; I could not want the happineſs earth had. Nothing was too *dear*; nothing was too *precious*. Thus whileſt I prized the World, the World prized me. If I were ſad, her mirthful ſmiles would chear me; if ſick, her mournful ſons would viſit me; if weary, her wanton lap would dandle me, where rocked into a *ſlumber*, I dreamed all this was but a *dream*, and waking found it ſo. Not willing to be fed with *ſhadows*, I changed my thoughts, and my affections altered; and finding Earth too *ſtrait* for my deſires, I caſt mine eye to Heaven, and after many conflicts betwixt my *members* and my *mind*, even there I fixed. The jealous Earth grew angry, frowned and called me fool, withdrew her *honours*, withheld her *pleaſures*, recalled her *favours*; and now I live deſpiſed, contemned and poor. O ſad condition of Mankind! How plauſible are his ways to death! and how unpleaſant

are

are his paths to *life*! No ſooner had I made a *Covenant with God*, but the world made a Covenant againſt me, ſcandall'd my *name*, ſlandered my *actions*, derided my *ſimplicity*, deſpiſed my *integrity*. For my *Profeſſions* ſake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the World have fallen upon me. If I chaſtned my ſoul with *faſting*, it ſtyl'd me with the name of *Hypocrite*; if I reprove the *vanity* of the times, it derides me with the ſtyle of *Puritan*. I am become a *ſtranger* to my brethren, and an *alien* to my mothers ſon. I go mourning all the day long, and my boſom friends are eſtranged from me. They afflict my body with open *puniſhment*, and make a paſtime of my affliction. They that ſit in the Gate ſpeak evil of me, and Drunkards make their Songs againſt me.

His Reward.

But be thou not diſmayed, my ſoul, nor let the arm of fleſh diſcourage thee. Thy *Perſecutions* here are nothing but the prophecies of a *Paradiſe* hereafter. He that is born of the fleſh, inherits the *Pleaſures* of the World; but thou that art born of the Spirit, hear what the Spirit ſaith,

Mat. 5. 10.

Bleſſed are they that are perſecuted for my names ſake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

His

His Proofs.

Luke 6. 22.

BLeſſed are ye when men ſhall hate you, and ſeparate themſelves from you, and ſhall revile you, and caſt out your name as evil, for the Son of mans ſake.

1 Pet. 3. 14.

If ye ſuffer for Righteouſneſs ſake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be ye troubled.

Mat. 10. 22.

Ye ſhall be hated of all men for my ſake: but he that ſhall endure to the end ſhall be ſaved.

Mat. 19. 29.

Every one that forſaketh lands, or brother, or ſiſter, or father, or mother, for my ſake, ſhall receive an hundred fold, and ſhall inherit eternal life.

Chryſoſt.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be encreaſed; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, ſo much and more will he add to our retribution.

Greg. Nyſſ. de Prov.

Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of maſteries, wherein the greateſt Garlands are allotted to them who ſuſtain the greateſt labours: for by the ſmart of our ſtripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

His Soliloquy.

HE that ſhall weigh the *gain* of Godlineſs by the *Scales* of the World, or the pleaſures of the Earth by the *Balances* of the Sanctuary, ſhall upon a review find a bad *Market*. Think'ſt thou, my ſoul, to be made happy by the ſmiles of earth, or unhappy by her frowns? When ſhe fawns upon thee, ſhe *deludes* thee; when ſhe kiſſes thee, ſhe *betrays* thee. She brings thee *Butter* in a Lordly diſh, and bears a *hammer* in her deadly hand. Truſt not her *flattery*, O my ſoul; nor let her *malice* move thee. Her muſick is thy *Magick*; her ſweetneſs is thy *ſnare*, She is the *high-way* to eternal death. If thou love her, thou haſt begun thy journey; if thou honour her, thou mendeſt thy pace; if thou obey her, thou art at thy journeys end. When ſhe diſtaſtes thee, *Chriſt* reliſhes in thee; when ſhe *afflicts* thee, God *inſtructs* thee; when ſhe locks her *Gates* againſt thee, Heaven *opens* for thee; when ſhe *diſdains* thee, God *honours* thee; when ſhe *forſakes* thee, he *owns* thee; when ſhe *perſecutes* thee, he *crowns* thee. Why art thou then diſquieted, my ſoul, and why is thy ſpirit troubled within thee? Truſt thou in him by *Faith*: If thou want comfort, fly to him by *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

THou therefore, O moſt bleſſed and glorious Spirit, in whoſe eyes the Saints are precious, who putteſt all their tears into thy Bottle, and in the midſt of all their ſorrows ſendeſt comfort to thy Elect, behold my ſufferings, and regard my ſorrows. Let not thine enemies triumph and make a ſcorn of him that fears thee. Strengthen me, O God, to maintain thy Cauſe; leſt they that perſecute me think there is no God Thou knoweſt my reproach and ſhame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Ariſe, O God, and plead thy Cauſe, and let them know that thou art God. Make me to hear the voice of joy and gladneſs, that the bones which they have broken may rejoyce. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciouſly deliver me for the glory of thy Name. Remove this bitter Cup of affliction from me: But not my will, but thine be done. Give me patience to endure till thou art pleaſed to releaſe me, and courage to bear what thy wiſdom ſhall permit. Let not the vanities of the World deceive me, nor the corruptions of my fleſh diſturb me: Let not the ſuggeſtions of Satan deter me, nor the threatnings of man divert me. Preſerve my footſteps in the ways of thy truth, and keep me truly conſtant to the end. In all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be ſufficient for me. Seaſon my heart with the ſenſe

of thy love; and ſtrengthen my Faith in all my Trials. Give me an inward thankfulneſs, O God, that thou haſt made me worthy to ſuffer for thy name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee. Be merciful to them that hate me, and do good to thoſe that perſecute me: Open their eyes, that they may ſee thy Truth; and turn their hearts, that they may fear thy Name. In all my tribulations be not thou far from me, and ſanctifie my great afflictions to me. Lord, in the multitude of thy mercies hear me, and in the truth of thy ſalvation help me; that I confeſſing thee here before the children of Men with an undaunted reſolution, may be enrolled in the Kingdom of Grace by thy goodneſs, and hereafter reign in the Kingdom of Glory in thy Eternity.

S. Chryſoſt.

To ſuffer patiently is a greater gift than to raiſe the dead.

Caſſian.

They make free-will-offerings to God, that in the midſt of their ſufferings give thanks.

Pſal. 119. 71.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy Statutes.

The

The Sinner's Accompt.

HOW I can flatter my own *deſtruction*, and with the common ſtream of frail mortality run into the *dead Sea* of everlaſting death! How ſoundly I can ſleep in the wanton lap of treacherous ſecurity, until I wake diſarm'd of all my ſtrength, and turn a prey to that falſe *Philiſtine* that ſeeks my ſoul! When I call to mind the *courſe* that I have run, and ſet to view the *Steps* that I have trod, how eaſily can I excuſe my failings, and ſet them on the ſcore of miſerable *Adam*! But when I ſeriouſly conſider whoſe *Law* I have offended, and ſtrictly examine my actions by that Law, and juſtly proportion my *puniſhment* to thoſe actions, O then I ſtand and tremble, and am ſwallowed up with *deſpair*. O then my ſins appear too great for *pardon*, and my puniſhment too great for *patience*. Which way ſoever I turn, I turn to my diſquiet: Look where I will, I view my own diſcomfort. Look up, I ſee a dreadful *God*; Look down, I ſee a direful *Devil*: Look forward, I ſee a *Roll* of ſins; Look backward, I ſee a roaring *Conſcience*; Look on my right hand, I ſee my bold *Preſumption*; Look on my left hand, I ſee my baſe *Deſpair*: Look within me, I ſee my own *Corruption*; Look about me, I ſee nothing but *Confuſion*. I have ſinned upon *ignorance*, ignorance will not excuſe me: I have ſinned

upon *weakneſs*, weakneſs will not plead for me: I have ſinned againſt my *conſcience*, my conſcience will accuſe me: I have ſinned againſt the *Law*, the Law condemns me. What canſt thou ſay, my ſoul, that *Sentence* of death ſhould not be given againſt thee? Can the *voice* of thy ſorrow out-cry the *language* of thy ſin? Can the *tears* of thine eye ſcour the *ſtains* of thy ſoul? Can the *ſighs* of a *finite* Creature ſatisfie for the *offences* againſt an *infinite* Creator? Or art thou able to endure the puniſhments of *Eternity*? He that made thee without thee will not ſave thee without thee; and what canſt thou do towards thy own Salvation?

Hic Quietus eſt.

Proſtrate thy ſelf, my ſoul: Behold thy *miſery*, and bewail thy ſelf; renounce thy ſelf, abhor thy ſelf, flie to the Horns of the *Altar*, and call for the Promiſe of mercy, in which thou mayſt find comfort.

Ezek. 18. 21.

If the wicked ſhall turn from all his ſins that he hath committed, and keep all my Statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he ſhall ſurely live, he ſhall not die.

His

His Proofs:

Acts 3. 19.

REpent ye therefore, and be converted, that your ſins may be blotted out, when the times of refreſhing ſhall come from the preſence of the Lord.

2 Pet. 3. 9. *The Lord is long-ſuffering towards us, not willing that any ſhould periſh, but that all ſhould come to repentance.*

Ezek. 33. 11.

As I live, ſaith the Lord, I have no pleaſure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?

S. Aug.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mighteſt juſtly damn me, yet thou canſt not loſe that whereby thou mayeſt ſave me. Thou wilt not, ſweet Jeſus, ſo much remember thy juſtice againſt the ſinner, as thy benignity towards thy Creature. Thou canſt forget the inſolence of the provoker, and wilt in mercy behold the miſery of the invoker; for what is Jeſus but a Saviour?

Anſelm.

My ſins plead againſt me, but my Saviour is my Advocate. It is much that my rebellions have deſerved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: ſo that though my fleſh hath provoked thee to vengeance, yet the fleſh of Chriſt can move thee to mercy.

His Soliloquy.

AN humble *Confidence* is the Mean betwixt the two *Extreams*, Preſumption and Deſpair: That uſurps God's *mercy* upon falſe grounds; this excludes it, and all means to it: The firſt takes away the ſenſe of ſin, the laſt blocks up the way to pardon. Take heed, O my dejected ſoul; plunge not thy ſelf in that ſad gulph, leſt (wanting bottom) thou ſink for ever; ſwim not with bladders, leſt thou tire. Having faſtned one eye upon the uglineſs of thy ſin, fix the other upon the merits of a Saviour: So when thou diſcovereſt the *diſeaſe*, thy diſeaſe will diſcover a *remedy*. When the *fiery* Serpent hath ſtung thee, the *brazen* Serpent muſt heal thee. Nothing, O my ſoul, makes thy ſin too great for mercy, but deſpair: this only excludes *Repentance*, and impenitence alone makes thee uncapable of *Pardon*. He that hath promiſed forgiveneſs at thy *Repentance*, hath not promiſed repentance at thy pleaſure. Haſte therefore, O my ſoul, and reconcile thee to thy God to day, leſt it ſhould prove too late to morrow. Turn thy hand from thy preſent ſin, and God will turn his eyes from thy paſt ſin. Cry aloud and ſpare not, leſt thy ſin cry aloud, and he ſpare not. Let thy *Confeſſion* find a tongue, and his *Compaſſion* will find an ear.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art in thy ſelf moſt glorious, but in thy Son moſt gracious; to the rebellious terrible, but to the penitent merciful; I the work of thine own hands, but wholly diſframed by mine own corruptions, humbly proſtrate my ſinful ſelf before the footſtool of thy Mercy-ſeat, totally miſerable through my ſins, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, if thou ſhouldeſt proceed againſt me in thy juſtice, my portion would be no leſs than eternal death. But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the converſion of a ſoul, than exerciſe thy juſtice in the confuſion of a Sinner. Bow down therefore thy gracious ear to a poor wretch that ſtands trembling before the bar of thy Juſtice, and from thence preſumes to appeal to the ſeat of thy Mercy. I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater than my knowledge, but yet thy mercy is greater than mine iniquities: I know moreover that thou art more juſt, but in ſhewing thy mercy thy juſtice will be no loſer. Lord, I am miſerable, therefore a fit object for thy mercy; Lord, I am penitent, and therefore a proper ſubject for thy pity: for I know thou art a gracious God, of long-ſufferance, and ſlow to anger, elſe had I now been roaring under thy Juſtice, that am here ſuing for thy Mercy. Lord, I acknowledge my tranſgreſſions, and my ſin is ever before me; the number of them is innumerable, and

the burthen of them is intolerable. I have ſinned againſt a juſt God, I have ſinned againſt a gracious Father; I therefore fly from thee as a ſharp Revenger, and to thee as a ſweet Redeemer. Remember not thy juſtice towards a Sinner, but think upon thy benignity towards thy Creature. Have reſpect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my ſins have done againſt me. Waſh my guiltineſs in his bloud, and in the multitude of thy compaſſions behold the multitude of my tranſgreſſions. Pardon what is paſt, and arm me for the time to come; that being purged from my ſins, and cleanſed from my offences, I may be clothed here with the robes of grace, and crowned hereafter with a crown of glory.

Incert.

He that hath good thoughts, from him will flow good words and good actions.

Ambroſ.

Thinkeſt thou that God, who gave thee Grace to repent thee of thy Sins, will not pardon them after thy Repentance?

The Sinner's Thirſt.

O, I that like the *Prodigal* had once the freedom of my Father's *Table*, could now be ſatisfied with the *crums* beneath it: I that could cloath me with change of Garments from my Father's *Wardrobe*, could now be thankful but for *rags* to hide my nakedneſs: I that forſook him like a diſobedient ſon, would hold it now a happineſs to be his meaneſt *ſervant*. What ſhall I do? or whither ſhall I go? By whoſe charity ſhall I ſubſiſt? My *weakneſs* will not give me leave to work; my *unworthineſs* will not ſuffer me to appear; nor have I a friend to help me. I that have renounced my *Father*, have made my ſelf no *ſon*; and being no ſon, how dare my boldneſs call him Father? I have offended him, and who ſhall reconcile us? I have grieved him, and who ſhall make my peace? I have forſaken him, and who ſhall reſtore me to him? Can I expect a *Bleſſing* from him I have offended? Can I preſume of *favour* from him I have ſo grieved? Can I deſerve a Birth-right from him I have forſaken? O my ſoul, how, how haſt thou beſlaved thy ſelf, and loſt that freedom without the enjoyment whereof thou art utterly loſt? Thou haſt loſt that Father that was wont to *bleſs* thee: Thou haſt loſt that Lord that was pleaſed to

govern thee? Thou haſt renounced that Saviour that *redeemed* thee; and only haſt reſerved a God to puniſh thee, a Judge to *ſentence* thee: Thou haſt loſt thoſe bleſſings by thy contempt which thou canſt not regain with the price of thy *tears*: Thou haſt quench'd that Spirit whereby thou hadſt the power to quench the fiery *darts* of Satan: Thou haſt diverted the current of that *Fountain* whoſe water ſatisfied thy full deſires. O my ſad ſoul, how!-how wert thou diſtempered, that couldſt not reliſh that which nouriſhed Angels into *immortality*! Why didſt thou not inebriate thy ſelf with that delicious *ſweetneſs*, and ark it up like *Iſrael's Manna*, to remain with thee and the ſucceeding generations? O that mine eyes could teach thoſe bleſſed *ſtreams* to run, which my ungratefulneſs hath ſtopt! Or that my prayers could like *Elijah's*, unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down thoſe celeſtial ſhowers to ſlake my thirſt, that I may drink my fill of that immortal *water*!

His Satisfying.

Take comfort, O my ſoul; thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crowned them with this promiſe.

Revel. 21. 6.

I will give to him that is athirſt of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely.

His

His Proofs.

Mat. 5. 6.

BLeſſed are they that hunger and thirſt for Righteouſneſs ſake; for they ſhall be filled.

John 4. 14.

But whoſoever drinketh of this water that I ſhall give him, ſhall never be more athirſt; but the water which I ſhall give him ſhall be in him a water ſpringing up into eternal life.

John 7. 37, 38.

If any man thirſt, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth in me, out of his belly ſhall flow rivers of living water.

Rev. 22. 17.

Let him that is athirſt, come: and whoſoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Auguſt. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when ſhall I leave this forſaken, impaſſable, and dry earth, and taſte the waters of thy ſweetneſs, that I may behold thy vertue and thy glory, and ſlake my thirſt with the ſtreams of thy mercy? Lord, I thirſt; thou art the ſpring of life, ſatisfie me: I thirſt, Lord, I thirſt after thee the living God.

Cyril. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noiſome thirſt of this world, that ſcoureth all the ſtains of ſinners, that watereth the earth of our ſouls with Heavenly ſhowers, and bringeth back the thirſty heart of man to his only God!

Hit-

His Soliloquy.

IT is leſs danger to want than to be *unſenſible* of thy wants. Doſt thou want, my ſoul? deſire: Doſt thou deſire? ask: Doſt thou ask? thou ſhalt receive, and what thou ſhalt receive ſhall ſatisfie thee. Be not troubled: if thy wants caſt thee down, let thy deſires raiſe thee up. Shall thy natural wants be confident of ſupply from thy natural father, and ſhall thy ſpiritual defects deſpair to be repaired by thy ſpiritual Father? How doſt thou injure *Providence*, O my diſtruſtful ſoul! How doſt thou wrong the God of mercy! how ſlight the God of truth! He that hears the cry of *Ravens*, and feeds them with a gracious hand, will he be deaf to thee? He that robes the *Lilies* of the field, that neither ſue nor care to be apparelled, will he deny thee thoſe graces he hath commanded thee to ask? Art thou hungry? he is the Bread of Life: Art thou thirſty? he is the Water of Life: Art thou naked? fly to him, and he will give thee the *righteouſneſs* of his own Son. Build upon his Promiſe, who is Truth it ſelf: Rely upon his Mercy, who is Goodneſs it ſelf. Art thou a *Prodigal*? yet remember thou art a *Son*: Is he offended? He will not forget he is a *Father*. Come therefore with a filial boldneſs, and he will grant thy hearts deſire.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the well-ſpring of all Grace, and the fountain of all Goodneſs, whoſe promiſes are faithful, and whoſe word is truth, who heareſt the ſighing of a contrite heart, and healeſt the ruptures of an humble ſpirit; I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, proſtrate my ſelf before thee, and preſent unto thee the ſad petitions of a penſive breaſt. I have ſinned, O Lord, I have ſinned againſt Heaven and againſt thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Son. I have caſt off the yoke of my obedience; I have broken the bands of thy Covenant, and caſt them far from me. I have ſinned againſt thy mercies, and ſpurn'd againſt thy judgments: Thy judgments have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me. But I acknowledge my tranſgreſſions, and my ſins are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth, O God, nor the follies of my elder days. Remember not how I have forgotten thee; Remember not how I have forſaken thee. Cloſe thou thine eyes at my rebellion, and open thine ears at my repentance. Be merciful, O God, at my contrition: A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe. Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies, and reſtore me to the joy of thy ſalvation. Eſtabliſh my heart in the love of thy truth, and increaſe in me a Spiritual Thirſt. Make me to underſtand

ſtand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Teſtimonies be my whole delight. As the Hart panteth after the Water-brooks, ſo my ſoul longeth for the Well-ſprings of Life. Lord, thou haſt promiſed to anſwer thoſe that call unto thee, to be found by thoſe that ſeek unto thee, and ſatisfie thoſe that thirſt after thee: make good thy word, O God, and hear my Prayer; make good thy promiſe, Lord, and be not far from me. I have ſought thee in thy promiſe, let me find thee in thy performance; I have thirſted for thy grace, O fill me with thy goodneſs. Open thy Well-ſprings, that I may drink freely of the waters of life; that my ſoul being ſatisfied in the fulneſs of thy pleaſures, my mouth may be filled with the ſound of thy praiſes; that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdom of Grace, I may reign with thee hereafter in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Ambroſ.

None can take Chriſt from thee, unleſs thou take him from thy ſelf.

Iſa. 55. 1.

Ho, every one that thirſteth, come ye to the waters: and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat: yea come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.

The Good man's Diſtruſt.

WHen I conſider the *All-ſufficiency* of my God, I dare not queſtion the performance of his *promiſes*; but when I behold the *inſufficiency* of my ſelf, I cannot but fear the promiſes of his *performance*. When I behold in him the goodneſs of a Father, my heart grows confident, and I cannot fear; but when I find in me the diſobedience of a *Son*, my ſoul grows conſcious, and I dare not hope. When I dive into the depth of my own *Miſery*, I ſearch further, and find a greater depth of his *Mercy*, and am ſecure; but when I find the freeneſs of his *mercy* requited with the wilfulneſs of my *rebellion*, O then my ſoul deſpairs, and thus deſtroys the *grounds* of all my comfort. He invites my laden ſoul to come, and offers *reſt*: Alas! I come, and yet my laden ſoul can find no *eaſe*. He promiſes eternal life to my belief; but yet he gives me not the power to believe. He bids me in his name propound my wants, with promiſe of ſupply; and yet I ſue, and ſue, and ſtill I ſue in vain. He promiſes a Comforter to ſtrengthen my remembrance; yet ſtill my treacherous memory fails me. He promiſes to be a father to the fatherleſs; yet ſtill my wants perſwade me that I want a father. He promiſes audience in my time of trouble; and yet I call unheard, and mourn without redreſs. He promiſes forgive-

neſs

neſs to the true repentant; but who ſhall give me power to repent? He promiſes to gather me in mercy, though a while forſaken; yet I have long expected, with a fruſtrate expectation. He promiſes an exaltation to him that is humbled; yet my dejected heart is ſtill ſuppreſt. He promiſed freedom from the ſecond death to him that conquers; I ſtrive to overcome, yet feel a hell. His promiſe was to guard his Vineyard, and to dreſs it; yet Foxes deſtroy it, and the wild Bore ſupplants it. He promiſed comfort to all thoſe that mourn; and yet I mourn without a comforter. He promiſed that the Woman's ſeed ſhould break the Serpent's head; and yet the Serpent never was more ſtrong. He bid me ſeek, and I ſhould find; and yet alas! I ſeek, but can find nothing but my wants. He calls them Bleſſed that ſuffer for his Name; yet who more miſerable? He promiſes the ſprings of life to him that thirſts; and yet I thirſt to death. My ſoul, what are his promiſes to thee, that art not able to perform thoſe hard conditions that give thee intereſt in thoſe promiſes?

His Satisfaction.

Chear up, my ſoul, and what thou canſt not do, endeavour. He that accepts the *will* for the *deed*, is in his promiſe Yea and Amen.

Mark 13. 31.

Heaven and earth ſhall paſs away, but not one tittle of my word.

His

His Proofs.

1 Kings 8. 56.

BLeſſed be the Lord that hath given reſt unto his people, according unto all that he hath promiſed. There hath not failed one word of all his good promiſes which he hath promiſed.

2 Cor. 1. 20.

For all the promiſes of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen.

2 Kings 10. 10.

Know then, that there ſhall fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

Pſal. 119. 89.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is ſetled in Heaven.

Author Scalæ Parad tom. 9. Aug. c. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor deſpair: think not thy ſelf contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while. All things co-operate for the beſt: both from his abſence and his preſence thou gaineſt light. He cometh to thee, and goeth from thee: he cometh to make thee conſolate; he goeth to make thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languiſhing ſoul may be comforted; he goeth, leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned, and being abſent to be more deſired, and being deſired to be more earneſtly ſought, and being long ſought to be more acceptably found.

His

His Soliloquy.

WIlt thou never, O my diſtruſtful ſoul, ſubmit thy will unto his will that made thee? Muſt his goodneſs be always the *circumference* of thy deſires, and thy pleaſure ſtill the *centre*? Is it not enough that *Yea* and *Amen* hath promiſed the *ſubſtance* of thy happineſs, but muſt thou bind him to thy *circumſtances*? Shall the power of an infinite *Creator* be confined to the pleaſure of a finite *creature*? Stand not in thine own light, my ſoul; the *Independence* of thy exorbitant deſires ſhuts the door upon that *happineſs* thou deſireſt. Art thou covetous of a *bleſſing* before thou art qualified to receive it? He that intends thee a *Kingdom*, will firſt make thee capable of a Kingdom. Thou that ſhalt be a *gainer* by his favour, ſhalt be no *loſer* by his delay. Canſt thou hope to be filled with the water of life, not firſt purged with the fire of affliction? How often haſt thou murmured for that, which if enjoyed had been thy ruine? God hath promiſed, but hath delayed performance, to exerciſe thy *patience*. He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectifie thy *faith*. If *faith* be able to remove mountains, endeavour to remove thy infidelity. Endure, hope, believe; and he that comes will come, and will not tarry. O my ſoul, as nothing hinders the performance of his promiſe but diſtruſt, ſo nothing haſtens the promiſe of his performance but thy prayer.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art all-ſufficient in thy ſelf, all-gracious in thy Son, moſt abſolute in thy purpoſes, and moſt faithful in thy promiſes; I, the miſerable object of thy mercy, here humbly preſent my ſelf before thee, the merciful beholder of my miſery. Lord, wherein have I to truſt but in thy mercies? and whereupon have I to build but on thy promiſes? Every ſin is full of death, and every action is full of ſin; inſomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion againſt thee: But, O my God, thy goodneſs is like thy ſelf, infinite; and thy mercy is paſt my comprehending. Thou knoweſt that I am evil, and wholly evil, and that continually. Thou knoweſt I am but duſt and aſhes, and the very off-ſpring of corruption, and thy glory is no leſs magnified in my confuſion than in my ſalvation. But, Lord, thou art a gracious God, and takeſt no pleaſure in the death of a diſtreſſed ſinner. Thy mercy is over all thy works, and thy goodneſs is from Generation to Generation. When I was in open rebellion againſt thee, thou reconcileſt thy ſelf to me; when I was utterly loſt, thou redeemedſt me with the innocent bloud of thy dear Son; and being redeemed, thou haſt ſanctified me with the freeneſs of thy Spirit. Thou haſt raiſed me by thy power, and ſtrengthened me by thy promiſes. What ſhall I return thee, O my God,

for

for what kind of recompence can duſt and aſhes make thee? My tongue ſhall ſing the wonders of thy goodneſs, and praiſe thy Name for ever and ever. Continue, O Lord, thy mercies to me, and viſit me according to thy wonted kindneſs. Give me a wiſe heart, that I may give reſpect unto all thy commandments, and a full confidence in all thy promiſes. Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give me patience till then to attend thy leiſure. Lord, where I cannot underſtand, O teach me to wonder: and what I cannot do, give me power to believe. Let not the apparition of mine own corruptions plunge me in deſpair, nor yet the ſenſe of thy indulgent love give me occaſion to preſume; that living here in the expectation of thy Truth, my hopes may be perfected into the glory of thy Name.

Philip. 2. 12.

Work out your own ſalvation with fear and trembling.

Mat. 24. 46.

Bleſſed is that ſervant, whom his Lord when he cometh ſhall find ſo doing.

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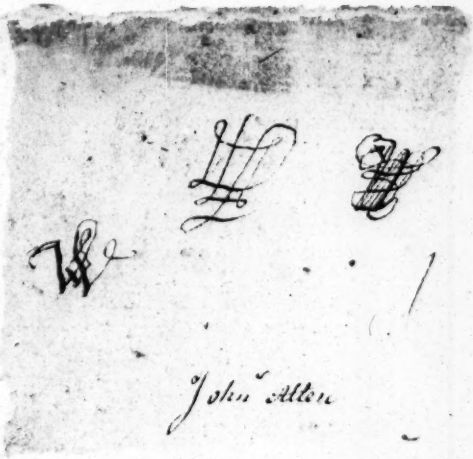
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